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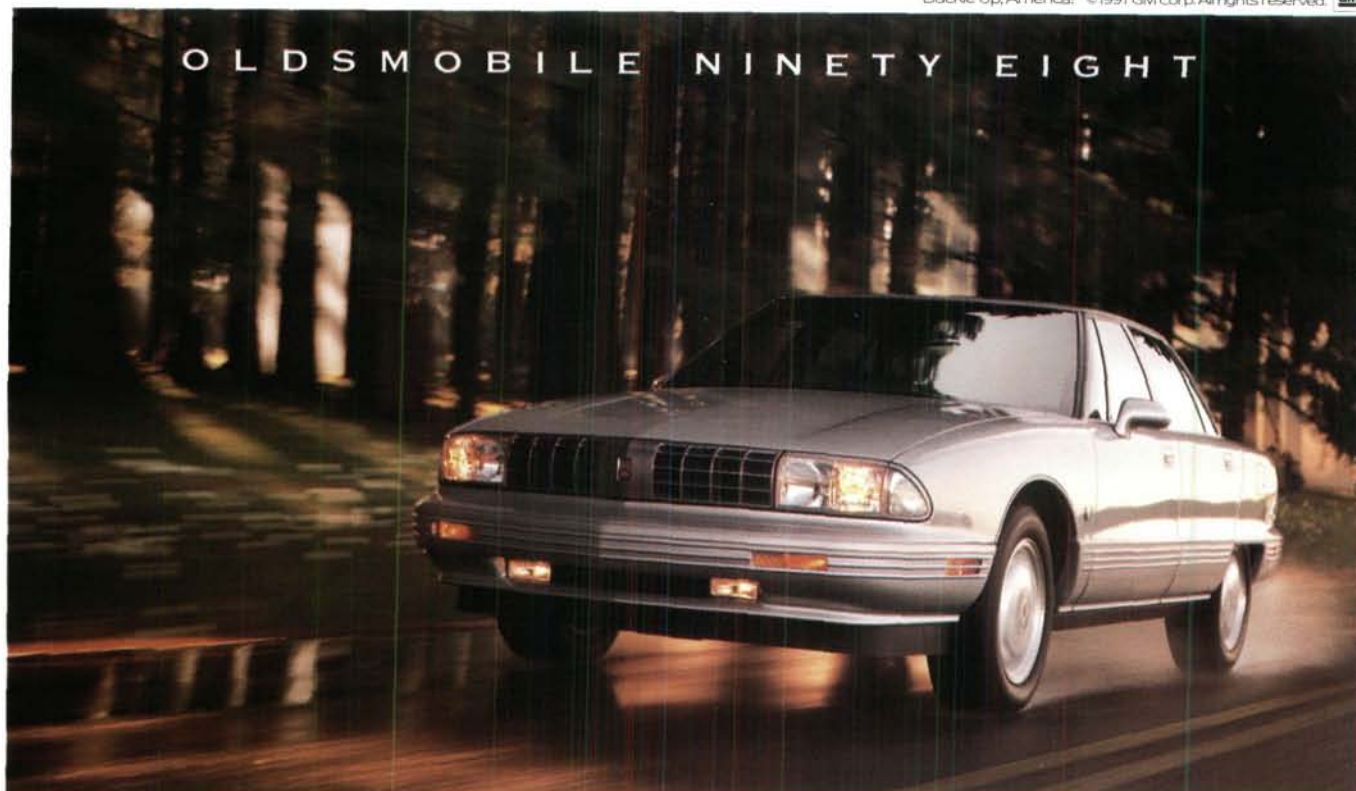
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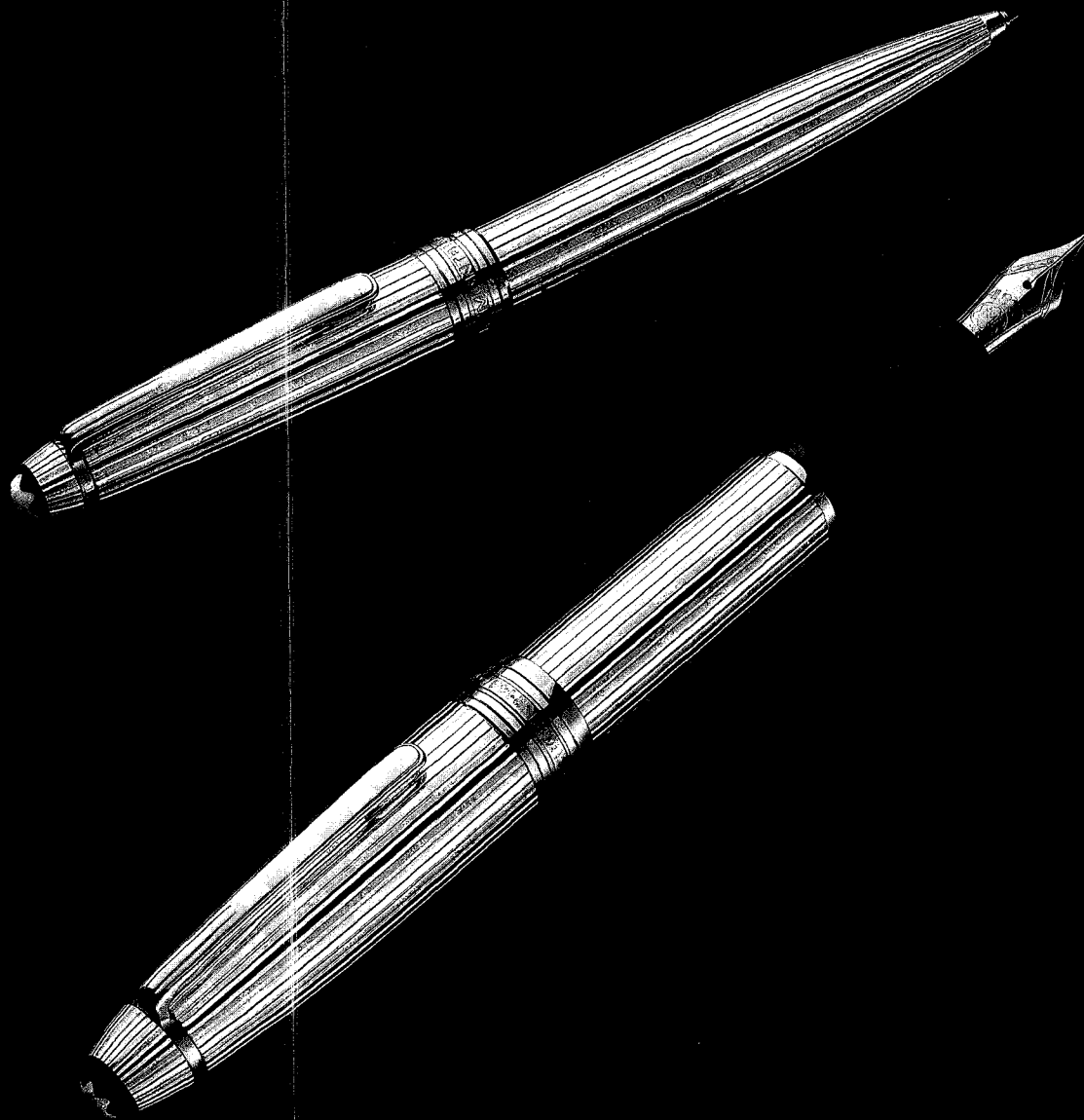
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

HAS it really been a decade since "Dreamgirls" lit up the Imperial? The interval feels both longer and shorter. Longer, because this sensational musical—about a girl group that was compared to the Supremes but whose titanic original lead, played by Jennifer Holliday, was also modelled on the molten Etta James—emerged in an age when synthetic pleasures seemed to stretch to infinity: a time before AIDS was to claim so many of the theatre's talents, including the show's director, Michael Bennett. The years feel shorter because of recent musical trends. The revival of R. & B., for instance, and the currency of rap (whose usage on Broadway was pioneered by "Dreamgirls") make the show's cast album sound as crackling as today's radio waves.

The decade kicked off by "Dreamgirls" is the one, essentially, covered by Martin Gottfried in "More Broadway Musicals" (Abrams), the enjoyable sequel to his steady-selling "Broadway Musicals." In the text of the new, photo-rich volume, Mr. Gottfried is uncowed by prevailing critical winds. He is not a member of the "I don't give a damn if we do still have Stephen Sondheim and Tommy Tune, Broadway died with Michael Bennett" clique. In fact, he thinks that Mr. Tune, far from being a purveyor of empty spectacle, is as accomplished as his mentor, Mr. Bennett. Mr. Gottfried also champions the Lloyd Webber school of "sung-through" musicals, even throwing a bouquet to "Aspects of Love." The author's perversity does have limits, however. He tends to ignore Broadway disasters, preferring not to join the argument that failures can advance the musical as surely as smashes can.

For that viewpoint, we have Ken Mandelbaum, whose essential, hilarious book "Not Since Carrie: Forty Years of Broadway Musical Flops" (St. Martin's) we've been meaning to mention all fall. Mr. Mandelbaum's ur-bomb "Carrie" exploded on Broadway in 1988, and to some observers its literally bloodied heroine seemed all too apt a symbol of the American musical at decade's end. We prefer to see the show in a slightly different light: "Carrie" was the last great bad synthetic musical, just as "Dreamgirls" was the last great good one. May the new year bring us an example in each category.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)
DEARLY DEPARTED—A new comedy, set in the rural South, written by David Bottrell and Jessie Jones. Gloria Muzio directed. Dylan Baker, Leo Burmester, Linda Cook, Mary Fogarty, Greg Germann, J. R. Horne, Ms. Jones, Jill Larson, Wendy Lawless, and Sloane Shelton are in the cast. Opens Dec. 23 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

NEW YORK GILBERT & SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting **THE MIKADO**. Opens Dec. 26 at 8, and runs

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29	30	31	1			

through Jan. 5. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

TWO SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS—Brian Bedford and Victor Garber star in Richard Nelson's comic drama about the rivalry between the nineteenth-century actors William Macready (a Brit) and Edwin Forrest (a Yank). Jack O'Brien directed. The show originated in England. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AS YOU LIKE IT—Joanne Camp is Rosalind and Arnie Burton is Orlando in this production of Shakespeare's play, directed by Anthony Cornish. Also with Craig Bockhorn, Robin Leslie Brown, David Gottlieb, and Stuart Lerch. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman, with Laura Patinkin and Tom Hewitt. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BLUEBEARD—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company revives Charles Ludlam's 1970 play. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillingier directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Ro-

ney Randall's incipient National Actors Theatre—look distressingly like schoolchildren in an end-of-term play. (12/23/91) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE DON JUAN AND THE NON DON JUAN—A new musical by Neil Radisch, James Milton, and David Goldstein, which is based on two novels by Marvin Cohen. With Joseph Adams, Monica Carr, Vicki Lewis, Karen Mason, and Polly Pen. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874.)

FINKEL'S FOLLIES—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

FOOLS—A revival of Neil Simon's 1981 play, presented by the Colony Theatre. Performances resume Jan. 1. (Taylor Hall, 152 W. 71st St. For reservations, call 595-0355.)

FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA—Essayist Roger Rosenblatt in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

I WON'T DANCE: STEVE ROSS SINGS FRED ASTAIRE—Mr. Ross in an "all-singing, all-playing, non-dancing" tribute. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 688-7253.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: George Bernard Shaw's **GENEVA** and Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

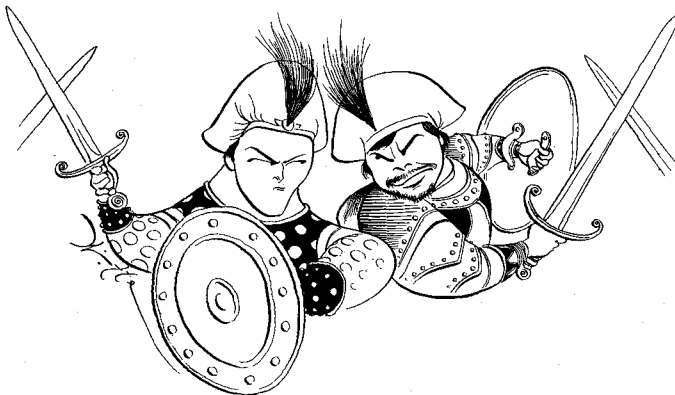
LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony

Heald. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

MAD FOREST—This Caryl Churchill play, written after a "fact finding" trip to post-Ceausescu Romania, was directed by Mark Wing-Davey (he formerly ran the Central School of Speech and Drama, in London), and the ensemble acting in it is so wonderful that the production is definitely worth seeing, even though the play may leave you feeling that Churchill's visit (which lasted only a few weeks) and her own abiding Marxism do not quite equip her to tackle the complexities of post-totalitarian Europe. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 302-6989.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monson. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

MISS SAIGON—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)



Victor Garber and Brian Bedford in
"Two Shakespearean Actors"

man and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—Patrick Stewart performs a solo version of the Dickens classic. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 29.)

CINDERELLA—The Riverside Shakespeare Company presents an English pantomime version of the fairy tale. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Mason Adams, Joan Copeland, Larry Keith, and Ruby Holbrook star in **THE ROSE QUARTET**, a play by Tom Cumella. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Dec. 29.)

COLE AND COWARD: JULIE WILSON WITH WILLIAM ROY—Porter and Noël, by the singer and her accompanist. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 31.)

THE CRUCIBLE—Maryann Plunkett's performance is the only bright spot in this otherwise dreadful revival of the Arthur Miller clunker. For the rest, the company—all members of



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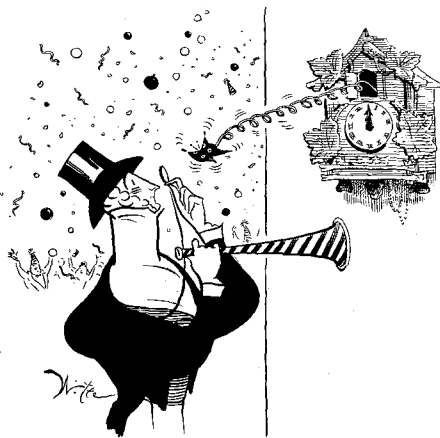
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Presenting an evening of one-act plays, with works by Charles Busch, Mimi Kennedy, and others. Music composed by Al Carmines rounds out the program. (SoHo Repertory Theatre, 46 Walker St. Closes Dec. 30. For information about tickets, call 757-8549.)

NO CURE FOR CANCER—Denis Leary's one-man show, which received its premiere at last summer's Edinburgh Festival. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes Jan. 5.)

ON BORROWED TIME—A first-rate revival of Paul Osborn's charming fantasy, which was originally done here in 1938. George C. Scott is Gramps; Teresa Wright is his wife; Matthew Porac is his little grandson; and Nathan Lane is Death, whom Gramps traps in an apple tree. All of them are splendid. Mr. Scott directed. (10/21/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

PAGEANT—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

PARK YOUR CAR IN HARVARD YARD—Jason Robards, white-bearded and padded to portliness, plays a retired teacher, and Judith Ivey is a former student who gets a job as his housekeeper, in Israel Horovitz's very funny, touching play, which is set in Gloucester, Massachusetts, over a year's time. Under Zoe Caldwell's expert direction, the performances are as near to perfection as makes no matter. (11/18/91) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PENN & TELLER ROT IN HELL—The dynamic duo are performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

PETER PAN—A return engagement of the production led by Cathy Rigby. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 5.)

RAFT OF THE MEDUSA—A new play by Joe Pintauro; directed by Sal Trapani. With Robert Alexander, Annie Corley, Brenda Denmark, William Fichtner, Dan Futterman, Robert Jiménez, Steven Keats, David Loudon, Bruce McCarty, Reggie Montgomery, Patrick Quinn, Abigail Sanders, and Cliff Weissman. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

RAGS—Ann Crumb, Philip Hoffman, and Crista Moore star in this revised version of the 1986 musical by Charles Strouse, Stephen Schwartz, and Joseph Stein. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre and directed by Richard Sabellico. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Dec. 29.)

THE REAL LIVE BRADY BUNCH—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reenacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

RENO ONCE REMOVED—Reno, comedienne/performance artist/teller of tales, in a one-woman show. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Jan. 5.)

RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN PLANET—Gabriel Barré, Julie Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all adorable in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with

Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

THE SECRET GARDEN—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SONG OF SINGAPORE—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

TUBES—A work by Blue Man Group. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

WHAT ABOUT LUV?—Austin Pendleton, David Green, and Judy Kaye star in a revival of the musical version of Murray Schisgal's play "Luv." The book is by Jeffrey Sweet, the lyrics are by Susan Birkenhead, and the music is by Howard Marren. (York, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

WILLIE & ESTHER—Hugh Dane and Bern Nadette Stanis in a two-character play by James Graham Bronson. The work was first produced in Los Angeles, earlier this year. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE KANDER & EBB MUSICAL: A musical revue, with Karen Ziemba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marlin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T.S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)

CITY OF ANGELS: Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

THE FANTASTICKS: The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY: This revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. A holiday edition, "Forbidden Christmas," runs through Jan. 19. Starring Mary Denise Bentley, Susanne Blakeslee, Herndon Lackey, Michael McGrath, and Brad Ellis (on piano). (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

FOREVER PLAID: Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. Ryan Perry, Drew Geraci, Greg Jbara, and Joel Malina constitute the cast. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

GRAND HOTEL: The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. Cyd Charisse joins the cast on Dec. 31. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LOST IN YONKERS: There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons

with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

LES MISÉRABLES: The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

NUNSENSE: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

PERFECT CRIME: A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA: This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION: You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, the director Jerry Zaks, and the actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, the individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 5.)

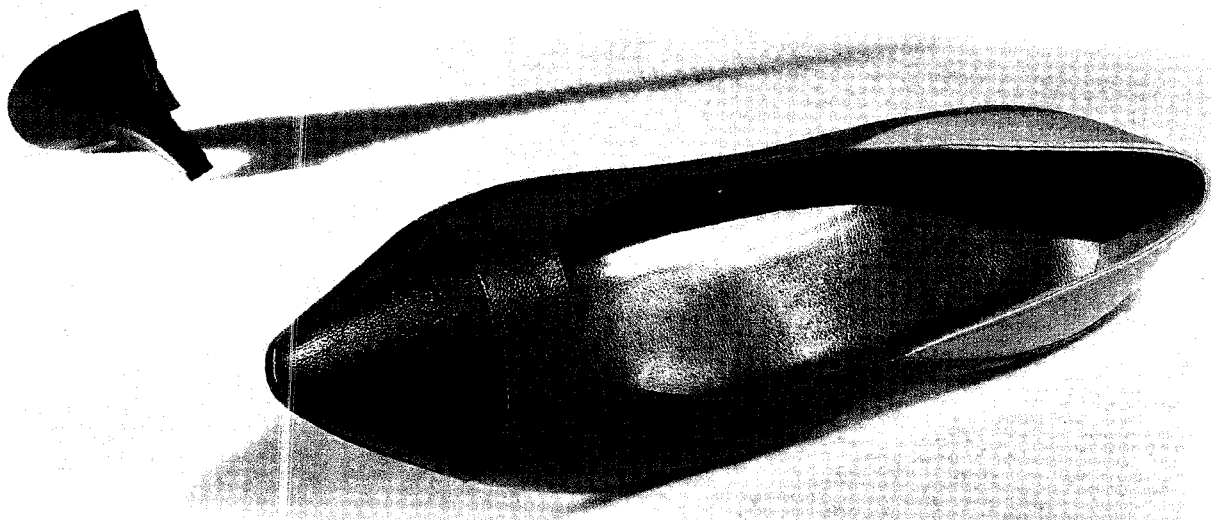
DANCE

If dancing means to you live performance, then the chance to catch a performance telecast from a theatre won't seem very exciting. It will probably also seem less promising than the idea of ballet on film, in which a production has been reconceived for a two-dimensional medium. It was in such a spirit that we approached a preview of the "Great Performances" program of "La Bayadère" ("The Temple Dancer"). Boy, were we wrong.

The production is a slightly abbreviated version of the one that Natalia Makarova staged for American Ballet Theatre; here, it is being performed by England's Royal Ballet. But the full-company passages aren't the reason you'll want to be in front of the tube: the attraction is the roster of principals. We have seen many performances of "La Bayadère" with a great Nikiya (the tragic temple dancer—one of Pavlova's most famous roles), or a great Gamzatti (her aristocratic rival), or a great Solor (the fellow who must choose between them), but here everyone is compelling: Altnai Asylmuratova (Nikiya), Irek Mukhamedov (Solor), Darcey Russell (a vibrant Gamzatti), Anthony Dowell (High Brahmin), David Drew (the Rajah), and Gerd Larsen (Aya). Furthermore, Peter Abegglen is the most sensational head fakir we have ever seen: he hops over the fire like a flea, but he really shows you classical steps, too.

The big disappointment is the fugue of shades descending the ramp in the vision scene. Petipa's magic-mirror imagery, which can be haunting when you and the shades are inspired by the same air, is just too slow for television, and the dancers are not striking enough individually for the eye to savor the slowness of the action. It's a brutal trade-off—vision for stars—but the ballet is still illuminated on an important level, and the radiance of Asylmuratova makes Nikiya seem newborn.

"La Bayadère" will be broadcast on Channel 13 from 9 to 11 p.m. on December 25.



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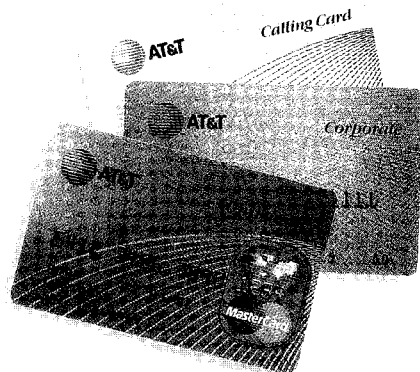
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DANCE—Cont'd

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Presenting "The Nutcracker," through Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Dec. 23 at 2 and 6; Dec. 26 at 6; Dec. 27 at 8; Dec. 28 at 2 and 8; Dec. 29 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 31 at 2 and 7. The season continues through Feb. 23.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement. Dec. 25 at 8: "District Storyville," "Escargot," and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 26 at 8: "Escargot," "A Song for You," "Rift," and "The Stack-Up."... ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "Revelations" and excerpts from "Memoria," "Night Creature," "Opus McShann," "For Bird with Love," "Cry," "Blues Suite," and "A Song for You."... ¶ Dec. 28 at 2: "Hidden Rites," "Rift," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Memoria," and "Revelations."... ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "Shards," "Episodes," "Pas de Duke," and "The Stack-Up."... ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: "Escargot," "Dance at the Gym," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

MOMIX—Dec. 23 at 8 and Dec. 29 at 2 and 7:30. "Passion."... ¶ Dec. 26-27 and Dec. 30-31 at 8 and Dec. 28 at 2 and 8: A program of new and repertory works, including "Natural Endowment for the Arts." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 5.)

NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET—A one-hour version of "The Nutcracker." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 23 and Dec. 28-30 at 1 and 3:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

BARBARA CARROLL is in the middle of her fourteenth season in the Bemelmans Bar, at the Carlyle Hotel. The assured singer-pianist has played there for so long—it's difficult to imagine the venue without her, just as one can't imagine the room across the hall without Bobby Short—that we must admit there have been times when we've taken her presence for granted. Fortunately, a copy of her latest recording, "Barbara Carroll Live at the Carlyle," came across our desk not long ago. It woke us up rather quickly and, we think, for good.

Musically, the album reflects the fact that Carroll's interests have broadened over the years. The instrumental numbers include a brisk, sunny "Surrey with the Fringe on Top," by Rodgers and Hammerstein, and a distinctly classical "I'm Old Fashioned," by Jerome Kern. As for the vocal numbers, of which there is a handful, we're not entirely enamored of Carroll's singing, though we're well aware that there are those who are. The clipped phrasing and the slightly throaty tone, which have struck us as overly tentative, have struck others as simply understated. But we must admit that Carroll is in fine form on a couple of numbers here, namely "Glad to Be Unhappy," by Rodgers and Hart, and "What I Like About You," an obscure song by Shirley Cowell.

The album finds Carroll mixing it up with horn player Claudio Roditi, bassist Jay Leonhart, and drummer Akira Tana. Should you wish to hear Carroll perform solo, she's never hard to find.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is currently at work in the

woody nook known as the Oak Room. Ms. Marcovicci is a formidable raconteur as well as a fine singer, and she's been known to quote from a wide range of thinkers, from Dorothy Parker to Nietzsche to Peter Ustinov. Her program here is titled "Home for the Holidays"; on Saturday nights at eleven-thirty, she's offering a set called "I'll Be Seeing You: The Love Songs of World War II." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The **WISEGUYS** perform Dec. 26-29, and on Dec. 31 the club kicks off its "second annual" Brazilian Festival, featuring **TANIA ALVES**. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen, and at ten-thirty and the wee hour of one on New Year's Eve.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. A couple of upcoming highlights: pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and his quintet Dec. 27-28; **HOUSTON PERSON** and **ETTA JONES** on Dec. 31. Music from nine. Closed Dec. 24-25. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to show up well in advance. The **MONTY ALEXANDER** trio, along with **JAMES MOODY** and **FREDDY COLE**, presents a Nat King Cole show Dec. 24-29; the **KANKAWA BAND** is here on Dec. 30; and **MANHATTAN TRANSFER** begins a week-long gig on Dec. 31 (assisted by Monty Alexander's trio and James Moody on New Year's Eve only). First set at nine. Dining.

BLUE WILLOW, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of youth culture. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Music from seven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman
of the Turtles, at the Bottom Line

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a customized van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you may have missed. The **TURTLES** are here Dec. 28-31. Shows at eight and eleven (except on New Year's Eve, when they begin at ten and one). Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. **KIRK LIGHTSEY**, **STEVE NELSON**, and **SANTI DEBRIANO** work out Dec. 23-28; the **ROBIN EUBANKS** quartet claims Dec. 29; and **KENNY BARRON**, **PAUL WEST**, and **BEN RILEY** get under way on Dec. 30. Music from nine-forty-five (except for New Year's Eve, when seatings are scheduled for nine and one). Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **BOBBY SHORT**, who winds up his engagement here on New Year's Eve. Sets at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays (music from nine on New Year's Eve). No live music Christmas or New Year's Day. ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dec. 31 is also her final night here until April. No live music Christmas or New Year's Day.

CBGB & OMUGU, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffiti-covered walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CBs perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. The New Year's Eve lineup includes the Lunachicks, Karen Black, Fur, and the Voodoo Dolls. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—Jazz clubs aren't always known for their romantic atmosphere, but Condon's earns higher marks than most. It's a low-ceilinged basement establishment, with lemon walls and abundant candlelight. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN's** trio holds forth Dec. 25-31. A foursome led by saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH** begins a week-long engagement on Jan. 1. Music after nine-thirty (except on New Year's Eve, when the proceedings begin at nine).

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—An agreeable bar located not far from the gateway to St. Marks Place and frequented by the same eclectic civilian population: hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, and the occasional skinhead. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and there's a small stage in the corner. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awned, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including blues on Mondays and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the staff, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with

altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

EIGHTY EIGHT'S, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0083)—

This small, mirrored cabaret, in which the staff of waiters dip and sway and struggle to reach their destination, has been home to some first-rate Christmas shows in recent weeks. On Dec. 26, **MARGARET WHITING**, **DEBBI WHITING**, and **CAROL WOODS** take part in "Looking a Lot Like Christmas."

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—

The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. **BETTY CARTER**, who's in action Dec. 26-31, is a terrific jazz and scat singer who breathes new life into standards. A typical Carter song contains a range of emotions, from heavy-lidded low notes to airy, vibratoless passages that bring to mind Chet Baker's trumpet playing. As a performer, she's full of surprises and comic verve; we once saw a show where she began a song with the improvised lyrics, "I recorded this tune in 1963/ So did Tony Bennett/ Guess who made all the money?" Guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio here every Monday; this week, he expands his schedule to include Dec. 24. Music from eight. Closed Christmas. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—

Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker's is an airy, good-spirited place, and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. **LEE MUSIKER** and **JAY LEONHART** hold sway here Dec. 24 and Dec. 26-28; **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** start work for the week on Dec. 31. Music from nine-forty-five.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mt. Berry St. (219-3055)—

Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. Guitarist **JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY** performs on Dec. 31. Music begins at eight-thirty.

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—

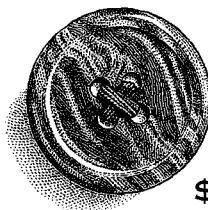
If the hero of a movie walked down this creepy, semi-deserted block, the audience would be throwing things at the screen and shouting "Turn back! Turn back!" Thanks to this fine alternative-music club, though, there's usually a fairly steady flow of traffic through these parts. **MUDHONEY**, one of the prize horses from the stable of Seattle's Sub Pop label, performs on Dec. 28, starting at eight. **BUDDY GUY**, the veteran blues guitarist and singer, will have the stage on Dec. 31, beginning at ten. If his recent album, "Damn Right I've Got the Blues," is any indication, it should be a hot show. The record, which features guest appearances by Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Mark Knopfler, is an expansive mixture of gospel, soul, and Chicago blues. In performance, Mr. Guy is particularly strong on gritty, rocking urban-blues numbers.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—

A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The **LYRES**, who perform on Dec. 31 at ten, are a Boston garage-rock quartet whose sound is composed of crunching guitar riffs, unstoppable rhythmic grooves, pounding organ chords, and the raw-throated vocals of lead singer Jeff (Mono Man) Conolly. Also on the bill are **MUDHONEY** and the **Mummies**. Shows are normally at nine Sundays through Wednesdays, ten on Thursdays, and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—

A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasseled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has



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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

more of a country-club feel. **LA VERN BAKER** is currently in residence. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen (except on New Year's Eve, when the music starts at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays, as well as Christmas and New Year's Day.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **LORNA LUFT**, who comes from what can safely be called a musical family and whose shows are a mix of pop songs, standards, and reminiscences, is holding forth here through Dec. 31. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. **SAM ULANO AND HIS DIXIELANDERS** perform on Dec. 25; **VINCE GIORDANO AND LEW ANDERSON** appear on Dec. 27; and **BOB CANTWELL AND HIS STOMPERS** come in on Dec. 31. Closed on Christmas Eve. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre was once the famous Studio 54, where the late Steve Rubell's henchmen helped popularize the policy of turning away the unbeatiful. Now it's the home of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly housed in a decaying ballroom in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. The **RAMONES** will be doing their thing here on Dec. 29. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to "score." The Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret—where it always looks like Christmas—will belong to the apparently immortal **HILDEGARDE** on Dec. 31, with shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerant stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The **DON GROLNICK** septet is in action Dec. 24-29. **NAT ADDERLEY's** quintet begins an engagement on Dec. 31. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten (except on New Year's Eve, when shows start at nine and at one). Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's like an urban Disneyland (Chelsea Billiards, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is a lot bigger and a lot slicker than the old Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. Music from eight on weeknights and from eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The exceptional trumpeter **ROY HARGROVE** leads a quintet Dec. 24-29; **MICHAEL WHITE'S ORIGINAL LIBERTY JAZZ BAND OF NEW ORLEANS** starts work on Dec. 31. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Shows from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and

always wondered about. The food is Italian, and the décor, pastel. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** work out Dec. 23-24 and Dec. 26-28; **LYNNE ARRIALE** and **GWEN CLEVELAND** team up on Dec. 29; and **KIRK LIGHTSEY**, **CECIL MC BEE**, and **MARCUS BELGRAVE** claim Dec. 30-31. (Mr. Mance will perform on Dec. 31 from six to eight, with the trio following at nine.) Music normally begins at eight. Closed Christmas.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

A PHOTOGRAPH of the interior of Tatou should be in the dictionary right next to the word "fluke." And since nothing is harder to reproduce than dumb luck, it would be wise for the Tatou's new rival The Supper Club to put a lightning rod over its awning in hopes of attracting a stray bolt or two.

For as seductive as the silk-shaded milieus of "Bugsy" and "GoodFellas" may seem, a white-collar recession is not exactly prime time to be asking folks to get out their cummerbunds and ermine wraps for a twirl round the parquet. The Supper Club (240 West 47th Street) might have made life easier for itself had owner Jean de Noyer created a space more *soigné*, but the impression one is struck with upon opening its mirrored silver doors is one of misplaced patriotism. The former Edison Theatre has been transformed into a horseshoe-balconied dining room draped in red, accented in white, and framed in gallons and gallons of bleacher blue—perfect for a Mets pep rally but not exactly the color scheme one thinks of as a backdrop for drinking champagne out of a slipper. The expanse of dance floor has been compromised by tables situated within Martini-olive-spitting distance of the impressive ten-piece-and-two-vocalist band, making the strains of "Isn't It Romantic?" annoying to even the most cooing of conversationalists.

Yet one recent evening, in defiance of the surroundings, a snow-white-haired gentleman possessing the dash of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the suavity of Buddy Ebsen deftly spun, glided, and dipped with a series of charmed, handsome women, turning the dance floor into polished Bakelite. When, finally, he squired his wife—her hair all twisted and knotted with brilliants that matched the appliques on the yoke of her classic black dinner suit—and gently placed one palm in the small of her back, the two skipped and floated to song after song, ignoring everything around them and leaving diamond dust in their wake. A good paint job may give a club panache, but glamour is in the feet of the enfolder.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—
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BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Performances through Jan. 5, in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For information, call 874-8990.

"THE CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR"—Radio City Music Hall's annual Yuletide dancearama—with the Rockettes, of course—runs through Jan. 7. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

"VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN"—An adaptation, by Terry O'Reilly, of the Mary Shelley tale. (Side-shows by the Seashore, Coney Island Boardwalk, at W. 12th St., Brooklyn. 1-718 372-5159. Dec. 27-28 at 2 and 6. Through Jan. 5.)



Lauren Ewing

ART

AN avalanche of mail on the breakfast table, out-of-town herds stampeding through the streets, a congested datebook, congested lists, congested traffic, a congested nose—it was one of those perfectly Frickish times of year in New York, a time for a gently trickling fountain, a Russell Page garden, and some of the quietest great paintings on earth. What's more, we had been looking forward to the museum's exhibition (through January 12) of works by the Parisian genre painter Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743).

It proved disappointing. While Lancret's subjects are invariably charming—charm, you might say, was his métier—the paintings themselves, for the most part, are not. His colors, while sweet, are cold. Heads are pin-size; faces are flattish; expressions are like those on paper dolls. Poems are suggested by virtually every Lancret theme—ages, seasons, times of day; musicales and dances; the games of youth—yet poetry is not actually present. Lancret's paintings are a bit like American-primitive group portraits—those stilted families, with figures all out of proportion and perspective—with elegant French airs. Watteau once advised this slightly younger artist to stick more closely to nature when he painted, but Lancret evidently decided to stick more close to Watteau, who wasn't flattered. He cut the friendship off: imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but only when it's inspired.

So why not pop in to the Frick for some R. & R., at least, then head down Madison to 56th Street, to I.B.M.'s Gallery of Science and Art? Two wonderful shows are up through this week: "Pleasures of Paris: From Daumier to Picasso" is a portrait of the city that Haussmann built; and "Wisdom and Compassion: The Sacred Art of Tibet" conveys some of the beauties of the real Shangri-La.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhibition of East Asian lacquer from the collection of Florence and Herbert Irving may be the most impeccably installed show of the year. The slaty shades of gray on the walls and the pin-spot lights positioned above the vitrines brilliantly set off the already vivid array of red and black boxes, lap desks, *sake* bottles, and such, some of which are inlaid with pearly abalone and gold. There is no fuss here, just punch. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Stuart Davis (1892-1964), including a hundred and seventy-five paintings, murals, watercolors, and drawings. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ "Seurat." A crisply efficient and compartmentalized exhibition of paintings by the short-lived Neo-Impressionist, on the centenary of his death. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors, by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ The redesigned and renovated Arms and Armor galleries are open, and jammed to the hilt. The central Equestrian Court is still here, regally appointed, and it is now surrounded by eight new displays of Japanese, European, Islamic, and American weaponry and armor. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." The Eilenberg collection, from which this show has been selected, is not particularly comprehensive nor focussed on grand masterpieces, but it does sparkle in many unexpected ways. From India come plenty of treasures, such as a prancing mythical "leogryph"; from a southern province of Thailand comes an early and glorious carving of Avalokiteshvara; and from Indonesia comes a group of bronze sculptures that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world. . . . ¶ Candelabras, snuff boxes, and hotel façades are just some of the subject matters depicted in a show of eighteenth-century French drawings. Through March 15. . . . ¶ "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy" is a show of sixteenth-century works that centers on eleven very large tapestries of beautifully intricate detail, made by the most respected Flemish craftsmen, and also includes some of the finest armor ever forged, from Augsburg, in present-day Germany. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Spanish Guitar." Thirty-five specimens, ranging in date from the sixteenth century to the mid-twentieth. Through Jan. 5. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's Christmas tree and eighteenth-century crèche can be seen through Jan. 12. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of works by Art Spiegelman, including the original pages and auxiliary material for "Maus" and "Maus II," his cartoon-strip books about his father's experience of the Holocaust. Part of the museum's "Projects" series. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "Dislocations" comprises seven commissioned installations, by Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Sophie Calle, David Hammons, Ilya Kabakov, Bruce Nauman, and Adrian Piper. The show is a collective reproof of racial, sexual, and class stereotypes, as well as of nationalism, governments, bureaucracies, and war. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Word 2 Me Mother," a video installation by Tony Cokes. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's preoccupation with the life of the home, in more than a hundred and fifty works. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of drawings, photographs, scale models, and a video related to projects by Tadao Ando, one of Japan's leading architects. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The annual "New Photography" series presents recent work by Eberhard Grames, Sheron Rupp, and Stephen A. Scheer. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until May, 1992.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Celebrating Calder." Alexander Calder (1898-1976) was wonderfully inventive, and this show, which draws prima-

rily from the museum's excellent collection of the artist's work, is a fine illustration of his breadth and depth. It begins with his delightful toylike creations—a double cat carved from a long, skinny cylinder of wood; a tiny elephant and horse made of crudely joined sheets of brass; the artist's signature wire sculptures, or, more accurately, drawings in space; and his consummate early creation, "Calder's Circus." Once Calder decided to be a "serious" sculptor, in the early thirties, he became a sponge, soaking up the work of many artists around him, learning their lessons and merging these with his own unique style. Up through the forties the exhibition is first-rate. Once it enters the era of the stabile, it slackens a bit. This may reflect the work itself, but it is also likely a reminder that, even in a stripped-down form, Calder's achievements cannot easily be condensed. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ "New Directions in Holography." Since its inception, in the late sixties, the process of simulating three-dimensionality on a two-dimensional plate of glass has been overburdened by gee-whiz trickery and a dearth of creative thought. This show features work by Rudie Berkhout and the team of Wenyon & Gamble, all of whom are considered to be leaders in the field. Some of Berkhout's pieces examine light sensitively enough, but on the basis of this show we can only conclude that the medium has yet to make a breakthrough on poetic, emotional, psychological, aesthetic, or formal grounds. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Variations on Themes," a show of serial works in various graphic mediums, by, among others, Terry Winters, Dennis Adams, Kiki Smith, and Jasper Johns. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Biomorphism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." . . . ¶ A mid-career retrospective of the works of Sigmar Polke. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Objects of Myth and Memory." A fascinating exhibition of two hundred and fifty of the museum's nine thousand Native American objects. The most engaging items are not the treasures, of which there are a number, but the objects of daily life: games, clothes, pots, baskets, belt buckles, rattles, and hats. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ A companion show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Various museums have been criticized in recent years for participating in the colonialist destruction of native cultures—desecrating hallowed grounds and seizing sacred objects for aesthetic delectation. As if to defend its own history, this institution has chosen to show off the grand sculptural achievements of the Kwakiutl of the Pacific Northwest, by documenting the potlatch, a lavish ritualistic display of wealth and power—the most important ritual in Kwakiutl culture, and one outlawed by the Canadian government. An 1897 letter defending potlatches, written by anthropologist Franz Boas, who assembled the museum's Kwakiutl collection, is used as a banner of political correctness at the entrance to an exhibition that otherwise quite marvelously captures a sense of this potent ritualistic vehicle. The stylized costumes of bees, birds, and grizzlies—some displayed in vintage films of rituals—vividly communicate the Kwakiutl's profound link with the spirit world. Among the most spectacular items are the carved dishes used in the ritual feast. Several, called *dsunuk'was*, are in the form of the recumbent "wild woman" of Kwakiutl myth. They are up to sixteen feet long and have other carved bowls within them which correspond to various anatomical parts. (The chief eats from the head.) Through Feb. 23. . . . **NOTE:** The annual holiday origami tree can be seen through Jan. 5. (Open daily, except Christmas, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural

THE BOFFINS BAFFLED

What chemistry, we are often asked, takes place in the succulent bosom of the sherry casks where The Macallan lies slumbering for a decade (at least) before it is allowed out to meet the bottle?

The fact is, we do not know.



It is a matter of history, of course, that someone in the last century discovered that whisky ages best in oaken casks which have previously contained sherry (and that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky exclusively to be so matured).

And it is a matter of fact that in goes the translucent stripling spirit. And out comes amber-gold nectar positively billowing with flavour.

But let us take our cue from a party of scientists whom we once invited to explore the matter. 'Magic!' they exclaimed, swigging their drams in a most unboffinly manner. 'But magic is merely undiscovered science and we'd like to take some home for further investigation.'

THE MACALLAN. THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BLOCK BOOSTER



For more than two years, the derricks and dumpsters did their thing outside the red brick Georgian building (the former Automobile Association of America headquarters) at the southwest corner of Madison and 78th. The AAA used to be a great place for mooching maps. But now? Was it going to return as the eighties' last folly? A reproof that would stand there, unleashed, forever? Another Gap Kids? Skepticism was in order. The ex-AAA Building, however, is being neighborly again. As the Elysium exhibition space, it has been serving up a peculiarly soothing and none too rational combination of New Age, East/West, and blue chip—it's like a quick trip to La Jolla. Last spring, a perfume called Monet (not seen by us before or since) was sold on the occasion of an exhibition of that artist's late "Water Lilies." Next came a rather solemn show of Rouault's religious works. Then, during this fall's installation of works by the Japanese sculptor Misaki Ando, the plinking sounds of Japanese instruments lured you from one ethereal environment to the next, while, outside, there was an elaborate arrangement of bamboo shoots. Now that Christmas is here, the Shinto spirits have taken their leave. You could head by Elysium on your way home and carol around some pines and firs that have been trimmed with Christmas balls by New York artists of repute (Robert Kushner, Walter Robinson, and Janice Provisor, among others). The sign outside blares "Collectibles"—and so the objects are.

astrolabes, and other Columbian iconography drawn from museums and libraries in Italy, France, and Germany. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ "While They Fought: The Homefront in New York City" includes many posters, photographs (one shows Kate Smith surrounded by sailors), and artifacts from the Second World War. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, Dec. 31, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). Through Feb. 29. (Berg Collection). . . . ¶ Merilin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall). . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, Max Beckmann, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the architect's career. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Two site-specific installations, one by Sam Gilliam, the other by Robert Kushner. (Open daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Undercurrents in the Floating World: Censorship and Japanese Prints." By means of informative wall labels, this exhibition articulately decodes erotic ukiyo-e prints of the Tokugawa period (1615-1868) in several categories: "dangerous pictures," "heroes in disguise," "secret messages," and "forbidden news." The show is an intelligent and impassioned response to recent attempts to legislate "appropriate" subject matter for art. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Motifs and Meanings in Asian Art," a selection of sixty Korean, Chinese, and Japanese works from the Rockefeller collection. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS, 548 W. 22nd St.—The six large paintings that are the centerpiece of Brice Marden's show of works inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Cold Mountain are truly sophisticated: delicate yet grand in scale and unerringly structured by an almost impromptu line. The works on paper are, in contrast, awkward and pale, especially when compared with the Chinese calligraphy that they seem to mimic, halfheartedly. . . . ¶ For those unfamiliar with the Conceptual and graphic work of Lawrence Weiner, this exhibition, titled "Displacement," is a good primer. While the artist is known for creating exquisite artistic moments in the sparest situations, the current show is sort of the inverse. The wittiest piece, expressing a double-edged ambivalence, is on the Center's bathroom doors, which are labelled "Us" and "Them." . . . ¶ On the roof, which offers a view of the Hudson River, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

FRAUNCEYS TAVERN MUSEUM, 54 Pearl St.—"Come All You Gallant Heroes" chronicles—through objects and firsthand accounts—the lives of Continental Army and state soldiers during the Revolutionary War. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, Dec. 31, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 4.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight paintings and fourteen drawings by the French rococo artist Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743). Through Jan. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The permanent collection has been given three new gallery spaces and is shown off in "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Swiss Folk Art," coinciding with the septcentenary of Switzerland, consists of nearly two hundred works, including utilitarian and decorative objects, religious and ceremonial works, and American pieces inspired by Swiss design. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11:30 to 7:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in these pages. Through Jan. 12. . . .

¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the Academy's founder. Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Imagining the New World," a shipload of paintings, drawings, maps,

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—"Closet No. 9," by Kenny Scharf, is one of the artist's surreal Day-Glo environments, incorporating paintings, customized appliances, and industrial materials. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings and sculptures by Mel Chin. Through Feb. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5. Closes at 1 on Dec. 24.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Thirty paintings and sculptures by this year's artists-in-residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, and Eve Sandler. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Africa and the Diaspora," a selection of nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

PHILIP TAAFFE—Mostly large, abstract paintings that are sumptuously ornamental while being both technically and intellectually rigorous. Though they register effortlessly upon the mind and the eye, they are in fact as complex as the ancient Byzantine-Levantine cultures that have provided the artist with many of his motifs. Taaffe's colors, opulent and sometimes weathered yet without the facile decorator's touch of so much recent antiquing in art, may make you yearn for travel and adventure, poetry and pleasure. Through Jan. 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Dec. 24-31.)

"SIX AMERICAN MODERNISTS"—A generous selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by Marsden Hartley, Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and John Storrs. Through Jan. 4. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closed Dec. 24; closes at 3 on Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOAN NELSON—New paintings; no news. Tiny landscapes. Antique-looking. Very pretty. The nicest of all are almost empty: just sky, for instance, and a shrub or the top of a branch. Through Jan. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 1 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—These new wall reliefs look like plaster trowelled into slatelite sheets and then cast in white and black bronze. Though they lack the formal pretensions of the artist's big abstract sculptures, they are perhaps more pretentious—Pepper presumes that merely slathering around some stuff and casting it in an age-old arty material will lead to an aesthetically satisfying object. Through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

DANIEL SPOERRI—Very funny figurative assemblages made up of kitschy German landscape paintings, animal heads, battered albeit gracefully posed mannequins, various scythelike farm implements, and occasional shells and animal horns set bawdily in all the wrong places. Through Dec. 31. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**LOTHAR BAUMGARTEN**, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 18); **WILLIAM BECKMAN**, Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 11); **CLAUDIO BRAVO**, Marborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **GIORGIO CAVALLON**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Dec. 24-26, and Dec. 31; through Jan. 30); **WILLIAM DUNLAP**, French, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 4); **DUNCAN HANNAH**, Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (closes at noon on Dec. 24, through Dec. 28); **AGNES MARTIN**, Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31, through Jan. 4); **ANA MENDIETA**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (closed Dec. 26-31, through Jan. 11); **THEODOROS STAMOS**, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 18); **BILL TRAYLOR**, Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (closed Dec. 24 and Dec. 31, through Jan. 11).

GALLERIES—SoHo

ALAN BELCHER / LAURA BAIRD—Belcher spent most of October working for the World Food Programme in Liberia, a country which has

PHOTOGRAPHY

"LIFE isn't perfect, but then photography isn't either," writes Peter Galassi, at the beginning of his essay for "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort," the book that accompanies his exhibition of the same title, which opened this fall at the Museum of Modern Art and closes on December 31. Like life and photography and almost everything else (including this kind of huge thematic show), the exhibition has its ups and downs. Narrow it isn't, though. It certainly includes many different ways of using photography, which is something that shows at the Modern have for years been accused of not doing. With this exhibition, Galassi, who has just been named the director of the museum's department of photography, brings together many approaches to the medium, and many perspectives on it, in an installation that acknowledges just how messy life really is. But for all its openness, for all the questions it raises, and for all its refusal to offer easy answers, the show just isn't exciting. There are wonderful images; there are discoveries to be made; there are big pictures, small ones, color pictures, black-and-white ones, postmodern work, "straight" photography. But every time we've visited "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" our ultimate response has been that we've seen something gathered and considered but nothing that's either truly pleasurable or truly terrifying.

DIANE ARBUS (1923-71)—Photographs of patients from New Jersey psychiatric hospitals, from a series that Arbus did in 1970-71. The prints were made by Neil Selkirk, under the auspices of the Arbus estate, and many of these photographs have never been published. Through Jan. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Closes at 1 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

EVELYN HOFER—Uniformly stolid black-and-white portraits, titled "The People of Soglio," which were taken in a Swiss village in the area where Hofer grew up and later spent her summers. Also on view are color photos of rooms in the Villa Medici, in Rome; rooms in the Maison de Verre, in Paris; and the glamorous ladies' room at Radio City Music Hall. Through Jan. 18. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Dec. 24, Dec. 26, and Dec. 31.)

"THE LEGACY OF W. EUGENE SMITH"—Sixty vintage prints by Smith and fifteen works each by past recipients of the W. Eugene Smith Grant in Humanistic Photography. Through Feb. 16. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays.)

SHORT LIST—**ZEKE BERMAN**, Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 11); **HARRY CALLAHAN** and **DOUG AND MIKE STARN**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 24 and Dec. 31, through Jan. 11); **MACDUFF EVERTON**, Borden, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 4); **HORST**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (closed Dec. 24 and Dec. 31, through Jan. 25); **SALLY LARSEN** and **LOUIS DE CLERCQ**, Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 18); **SHEILA METZNER** and **BRADFORD WASHBURN**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, through Feb. 2); **PATRICK NAGATANI**, Baum, 588 Broadway (through Jan. 4); **YASUZO NOJIMA**, Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 11); **RUTH THORNE-THOMSEN** and **AARON SISKIND**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 28); **CARL VAN VECHTEN**, Manhattan East Gallery, 202 E. 76th St. (through Jan. 11); **NICK WAPLINGTON**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through Jan. 7); **GEORGE WOODMAN**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 11).

been torn by civil war for two years now. While innocently taking photographs he was imprisoned by Charles Taylor, the rebel leader, on suspicion of being a spy. Eventually, the error was discovered and Belcher was released. The result of this harrowing trip full of unexpected turns is a series of arresting portraits of unnamed Liberians, black-and-white photographs that the artist has strapped onto corrugated-metal mounts. Most of the works are simply propped against the gallery's columns and walls; they are Belcher's bluntest pieces yet. They contrast the permanence of portraits with the transience of the world from which they come. / An exhibition consisting of a needlepoint "Jonestown Carpet," designed like a traditional rug. The central panel, based on a news photo of the mass suicide, depicts the field of the dead; it's surrounded by a decorative border filled with a hodgepodge of modern icons—everything from a television set to a barber pole, from a shopping cart to a Bible. The modest-sized rug is hypnotic and conveys more about death than have certain recent large-scale exhibitions that have attempted to explore the theme. Atop the rug, which lies on the floor, is a disturbing violation in the form of the rocking chair in which the artist sat while making it. The ultimate perverseness of the work is that it is a carpet, something that is walked upon. This maniacally obsessive piece has occupied ten years of the artist's life, and is a fascinating and hope-less act of purification. Through Dec. 28. (Faer, 476 Broome St. Closed Dec. 24-26.)

LAUREN EWING—This very interesting installation artist in object-maker's clothing presents a rumination on the marketplace that could be a critique of the critiques of an artist like Jeff Koons. The focus of the show is three block-front secretaries, all with identical dimensions; two are unpainted, as if they were from a starter-apartment-furniture store, and the third is covered in glitter like that on Dorothy's ruby slippers. The works were inspired by the spectacular sale at Christie's, several years ago, of a Nicholas Brown block-front secretary for \$12,100,000, and are a deliberate indictment of commodity culture: megaphones are attached to the backs of the unpainted desks, while a leather body harness, suggesting enslavement to riches, is to be found behind the ruby-red one. Through Jan. 8. (Brown, 23 Watts St. Closed Dec. 24-31.)

RUSSELL FLOERSCH—Workaday monochrome paintings with a twist. One of the more thoughtful works consists of an Yves Klein blue painting with a wood block attached to it and an ear printed on the block's surface. This must be a reference to the eighties adage that collectors buy with their ears rather than with their eyes. But even at its best, Floersch's is an art at half-mast. Through Jan. 4. (Stux, 155 Spring St. Closed Dec. 24-31.)

IMI KNOEBEL—Thick monochrome paintings on wood whose surfaces have been scratched, gouged, and buzz-sawed to gloriously violent, symphonic, symbolic excess. They are titled "Schlachtbilder," or "Battle Paintings," but these brownish-black, thickly caked works might also symbolize the artist as a child, both creative and destructive, playing with mud. Also on view are two chipper and very beautiful paintings called "Portraits." Through Jan. 11. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Closed Dec. 24-31.)

PETER SCHMERSAL—Fine painter's paintings, done in a fractured style with a medium-width brush. Schmersal's rocky coasts recall Monet's, while his arrangements of dead fish bring Hartley to mind. Through Jan. 18. (Thorn, 103 Prince St. Closed Dec. 24-31.)

BERNAR VENET—The artist has scattered throughout the gallery bent lengths of rusted steel—the fashionably muscular minimalist material. Collectively titled "Random Combinations of Undetermined Lines," the pieces are neither random nor undetermined, but they are far more appealing than Venet's standard arcs and curves, even though the issues they examine have already been brilliantly explored earlier in this century by Arp. In the most interesting section of the show, many of these rusted "lines" have been piled up into a collapsed heap of artistic ennui. Through Jan. 4. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway. Closed Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

"DIE KÜNSTLER AUS GUGGING"—Gugging, the State Institution for Psychiatry, in Austria, encourages patients to make art works. This exhibition includes drawings and paintings by ten of those artists, all of whom work in distinctive styles that should be familiar to fans of outsider art. The influence of such artists on mainstream modernism is well known, and this show offers a fascinating opportunity to reverse historical perspectives by reconsidering the source. Johann Garber's ink drawings, for example, suggest the Hundertwasserian roots of Haring, Philipp Schöppe's trembling drawings of people with penislike noses seem much more interiorized and disturbed, and they have a striking relationship to early Dubuffet, the artist who invented the term Art Brut. However, even without reference to mainstream art, the work by Gugging artists is thoroughly fascinating. Through Jan. 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Dec. 24 and Dec. 31.)

SHORT LIST—**ELLEN DRISCOLL**, Esman, 575 Broadway (closed Dec. 24-31, through Jan. 4); **ANN HAMILTON**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Jan. 4); **ATTILIO SALEMMI**, Nahan, 381 West Broadway (open daily, through Jan. 4); **WILLIAM WEGMAN**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (closes at 2 on Dec. 24, Dec. 26, and Dec. 31; through Jan. 4).

OTHER GALLERIES

"HALSTON: ABSOLUTE MODERNISM"—The very name—which he sold to a conglomerate and was subsequently unable to use commercially—conjures images of disco excess. Yet his fashions were more consistently pure and unadorned than anyone else's. Using luxurious fabrics, and, until the Japanese designers came along, the most stripped-down of palettes, Halston was the model minimalist, whose steady outpouring of dresses, tunics, and silk pajamas followed no real "development" or time-bound trend (with the possible exception, in 1970, of his tie-dyed silk chiffons). In the exhibition's starkly spotlighted main hall, three wide strips of carpet have been pulled up and the resulting glue-marked industrial-chic runways have been populated with dozens of mannequins, wearing virtually every kind of Halston clothing. It's an oddly egalitarian Halston heaven. Through Jan. 11. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open Dec. 26-27, noon to 8; Dec. 28, 10 to 5.)

SHORT LIST—**MIKE HOWARD**, Baby Doll Lounge, 34 White St. (open Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 4 A.M.; through Jan. 3); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM**, P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City (opens at noon Wednesdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, through Sundays; through Feb. 9); **ARTHUR RACKHAM**, Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (open Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, Dec. 31, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 9 to 4:45; through Feb. 19); **BARBARA WESTMAN**, Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (open daily, through Dec. 31).



Imi Knoebel

MUSIC

DURING most of Western music's prime, a well-rounded musician had some capacity on more than one instrument, could sing, and had the rudiments (at least) of composition in hand. Most important composers were primarily keyboard players but could sit in a string section at need; almost all celebrated instrumental performers up to the first quarter of our century performed and published works of their own composition (as did a perhaps surprising number of singers, whose training was traditionally less comprehensive). We understand how the demands of specialization inevitably eroded this system, but we consider this change a great impoverishment. We've always felt suspicious of composers who couldn't perform effectively, and, conversely, we've often had the notion that contemporary music would be in better shape if gifted people like James Levine and Daniel Barenboim had to consider it a matter of professional duty to produce some worthwhile music.

We don't see a renaissance of musical well-roundedness on the horizon, but these reflections recur wherever there is even a hint that a performing musician might shoulder some creative responsibility. The latest glimmer comes from the young Israeli cellist Matt Haimovitz, who is giving a recital at the Metropolitan Museum on December 28. He will play unaccompanied works by Bach, Britten, and Ligeti, and then will be joined by Steven Mackey for what are described as "improvisations for solo cello and electric guitar." Mr. Haimovitz has seemed to us one of the more musical of the young virtuosos, and we take this experiment as evidence and support of that impression.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—THE GHOSTS OF VERSAILLES, with music by John Corigliano and a libretto by William M. Hoffman. The large cast includes Teresa Stratas, Marilyn Horne, Graham Clark, Gino Quilico, Håkan Hagegård, Tracy Dahl, Renée Fleming, Neil Rosenshein, and Peter Kazaras; conducted by James Levine. (Dec. 23, Dec. 27, and Dec. 30, all at 8.) . . . AIDA, with Leona Mitchell, Stefania Toczyńska, Lando Bartolini, and James Morris; Rico Saccani. (Dec. 24 at 7 and Dec. 28 at 1:30.) . . . LA BOHÈME, with Veronica Villarroel, Elizabeth Holleque, Bruno Beccaria, and Kim Josephson; Michelangelo Veltri. (Dec. 26 and Jan. 1 at 8.) . . . LA TRAVIATA, with Marilyn Mims, Jerry Hadley, and Paolo Gavanelli; John Fiore. (Dec. 28 at 8:30 and Dec. 31 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "La Bohème," with Anthony Amato presiding at the podium. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 28 at 7:30, Dec. 29 at 2:30, and Dec. 31 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Slatkin conducts festive works from Vienna (by Josef Strauss and Johann Strauss, Jr.) and France. The concert's centerpiece is Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals," in which Emanuel

Ax and Jeffrey Siegel will occupy the piano benches and Peter Schickele will recite the narration. A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 31 at 8.)

MUSIC SACRA—Richard Westenburg directs Handel's "Messiah," with soloists Jeanne Ommerlé (soprano), Derek Lee Ragin (countertenor), Vinson Cole (tenor), and David Arnold (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 23 at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting. Dec. 24 at midnight: A Christmas Eve concert consisting of Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, Johann Strauss's "Emperor" Waltz, and a reconstruction of Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Solo Flute, Oboe, Bassoon, and Horn (K. Anh. 9). . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: Mahler's arrangement of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet, Johann Strauss's "Voices of Spring," and a reconstruction of Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Solo Flute, Oboe, Bassoon, and Horn (K. Anh. 9).



Jeffrey Siegel and Emanuel Ax
at the New York Philharmonic

NATIONAL CHORAL COUNCIL—Martin Josman and nineteen other conductors direct Handel's "Messiah," in an audience sing-in, with soloists Beverly Myers (soprano), Jeffrey Dooley (alto), Robert Guarino (tenor), and Thomas Sandri (bass); accompanied by organist Kenneth Bowen. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 27 at 7:30.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIC—Vladislav Chernushenko directs a concert performance of Rachmaninoff's one-act opera "Aleko," featuring the Russian Chamber Chorus of New York and vocal soloists from St. Petersburg (in the Commonwealth of Independent States, not Florida). In addition, Metford Mountford will direct the Houston Lutheran Chorale in Puccini's "Messa di Gloria." (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 29 at 8.)

"CONCERT FOR PEACE"—The annual New Year's Eve candle-lighting event features music-making by a scaled-down Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Lukas Foss (who will double as pianist in Bach's Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto), mezzo-soprano Hilda Harris, baritone George Hearn (who will sing selections by Bernstein), folksinger Odetta, and the American Brass Quintet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Jaime Laredo brings in the new year by conducting Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 28 and Dec. 31 at 8.)

AMOR ARTIS CHORUS AND BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary directs an all-Bach concert: the Orchestral Suite No. 3, Fourth "Brandenburg" Concerto, F-Major Mass, and Cantatas No. 158 and No. 189, with vocal soloists Cheryl Bensman Rowe (soprano), Jeffrey Dooley (alto), Patrick Romano (tenor), and John Ostendorf (bass). (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Dec. 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4513.)

RECITALS

POMERIUM MUSICES AND THE BALTIMORE CONSORT—The singers and players, directed by Alexander Blachly, perform Renaissance Christmas

music. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 23 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

BARGEMUSIC—While Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos have somehow emerged as standard New Year's musical fare all over town, their rendition (with mostly one player per part) at New York's only floating concert hall has grown into an annual two-week festival, which is now in its fourteenth year. The tradition of "Brandenburgs on the Briny" seems appropriate in light of the works' aquatic history: they were dedicated to the Margrave of Brandenburg—whose name would become attached to the set—after the composer encountered him at the spa of Carlsbad, where the nobleman had gone to "take the waters." Dec. 24: Concertos No. 1, No. 2, and No. 4. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 and Dec. 31: Concertos No. 3, No. 5, and No. 6. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Evenings at 7:30.)

P. D. Q. BACH—Stop your ears, pinch your nose, and hold your breath! It's that time of year again—"Professor" Peter Schickele is back, in what is billed as "the first of what may prove to be several farewell-return-engagements." The concert, titled "An Evening of Music for People Who Can't Get It Together," includes established classics by J. S. Bach's alleged offspring (the "Fantasieshtick" and madrigals from "The Triumphs of Thunelda"), the professor's own "Eine Kleine Nichtmusik," and two premieres: "Rounds for Squares" and a timely "Safe Sextet." Mr. Schickele is abetted by the New York Pick-Up Ensemble and the Canticum Novum Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 26, Dec. 28, and Dec. 30, all at 8.)

ZORA MIHAILOVICH—The Yugoslavian pianist performs music by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Debussy. (Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. Dec. 28 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

MATT HAIMOVITZ—With electric-guitar player Steven Mackey. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 28 at 7.)

NEW YORK CORNET & SACBUT ENSEMBLE AND ZEPHYRUS—The brass ensemble and the vocal quintet (augmented by guest countertenor Peter Becker) perform music by Schütz, Byrd, and others, including numerous pieces on Christmas themes. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Dec. 29 at 8.)

CARILLON—"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!" sang Tennyson, in words repeated often since his poem was penned, in 1850. The seventy-four bronze bells of the Riverside Church's carillon will ring out wildly to greet 1992, which is the sesquicentennial of the establishment of the church's congregation. The carillonneur will be Joseph Clair Davis. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Dec. 31, with a recital at 10 P.M. and the cacophonous "Swinging Peals" at midnight. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

THE O'JAYS—In the early sixties, the gospel duo of Eddie Levert and Walter Williams formed the O'Jays, one of the most popular vocal groups of the era. Their terrific album "Emotionally Yours," issued not long ago, is a swaggering, soulful affair that recalls earlier times. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Dec. 28 at 7 and 11.)

JOAN JETT—There's nothing passive about the aggression in this no-nonsense rocker's new album of breakup songs, "Notorious." It's one of the great kiss-off records, with odes to ex-lovers that range from blistering ("The Only Good Thing You Ever Said Was Goodbye") to tender ("Backlash") to carnal ("Lie to Me")—a ditty which limns, according to Ms. Jett, that wistful interval when "you just want that one last good night in bed." If you want to ring out the old and bring in the new with a kick in the rear, this is your show. (Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Dec. 31 at 8.)

LAVENDER LIGHT GOSPEL CHOIR—Members of the group in performance. A panel discussion about gospel music in the gay and lesbian community and a screening of a video work about the choir are also on the bill. (Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St. Dec. 27 at 7. For information about tickets, call 620-7310.)

STEPHANIE MILLS AND PEABO BRYSON—Apollo Theatre, Dec. 31 at 7 and 11.

BLUES TRAVELER—With the Spin Doctors. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden, 465-6000. Dec. 31 at 10.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

RANGERS—Vs. the Devils, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Dec. 29. (Game time, 7:30.)

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins Dec. 23 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, Dec. 26 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Dec. 28 at 5:05.

DEVILS—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals Dec. 29. (Game time, 7:35.)

KNICKS—Vs. the San Antonio Spurs, Dec. 26 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, Dec. 28 at 1.

NETS—Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Vs. the Houston Rockets, Dec. 26. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

HORSES—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays and Christmas, at 12:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Christmas and New Year's Day, at 8, and Tuesdays, except Dec. 31, at 1. Post time is 2 p.m. on Dec. 31.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"—A staged reading of the Dickens tale, by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. With the cast in pajamas. Everett Quinton plays Scrooge. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square, 691-2271. Dec. 24 at 7.)

KWANZAA—Which is Swahili for "the first fruits of the harvest," will be celebrated Dec. 27-29, at the American Museum of Natural History. A variety of events will honor the occasion, including an African marketplace, exhibitions of carvings and fabrics, a puppet show, meetings, and lectures. For a complete schedule of events, call 769-5315.

NEW YEAR'S EVE OPTIONS FOR THE BRAVNY—A two-mile run, in Central Park (starting at Tavern on the Green), at midnight. Aid stations serve water and champagne; runners come clad in evening gear and running dress.

... **FOR THE BOOKISH**—The people at the Paula Cooper Gallery are holding their annual non-stop reading, this year of Stein's "The Making of Americans." The reading starts at 6 p.m. on Dec. 30 and ends on New Year's Day, in the evening. (155 Wooster St. No tickets necessary.)

... **FOR THE STARRY-EYED**—Fireworks at midnight: in Central Park, near W. 63rd St. at the South Street Seaport; and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, near Grand Army Plaza.

... **FOR THE SOBER**—A first-ever First Night, modelled after New Year's celebrations in other cities, in which one ticket gains you admittance to a huge variety of events and performances in midtown. The grand finale is a ballroom dance in Grand Central Terminal, with music by the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the Alden-Barrett quintet. A no-alcohol policy will be enforced. For more information, call 818-1777.

WALKS—Dec. 28 at 1: A tour of Hoboken; sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For information, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 1: A stroll way downtown, near City Hall; sponsored by Citywalks. For reservations, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 6: Chinatown, with a stop for dinner; sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring.

BEARS—Of the human polar variety. A hundred or so brave souls will strip to their skivvies on New Year's Day and ritually jump into the Atlantic. Voyeurs and scaredy-cats can watch from the Coney Island Boardwalk, near Nathan's, at 1.

MARATHON READING—At St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, starting at 2 p.m. on Jan. 1 and continuing for about ten hours. Readers include Allen Ginsberg, Spalding Gray, Diamanda Galas, and many, many others. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the event.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
 Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Prospero's Books" (directed by Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 25: "My Father Is Coming" (Monika Treut; in English and German). From Dec. 26: The National Film Board of Canada's Animation Festival.
 Theatre 4: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
 Theatre 5: Through Dec. 24: "Convicts" (Peter Masterson), with Robert Duvall, Lukas Haas, and James Earl Jones. From Dec. 25: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.
 Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "Life Is Sweet" (†). From Dec. 25: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
 "... And the Winners Are: The Tom and Jerry Festival," ten cartoons featuring Tom and Jerry; and "Barocco" (1976, André Téchiné; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Isabelle Adjani. (Closed Dec. 24-25 and Jan. 1.)
MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
 Theatre 1: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
 Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 26: "Hook" (†). From Dec. 27: "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.
LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
 Theatre 1: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Bugsy" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
 Theatre 3: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
 Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: (Matinées only) "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman); and (evenings only) "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides."
 Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
 Theatre 7: "JFK."
CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 "Golden Braid" (Paul Cox).
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
 Theatre 1: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron).
 Theatre 2: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
 Theatre 3: "Young Soul Rebels" (Isaac Julien).
 Theatre 4: "Rush."
 Theatre 5: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
 Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
 Theatre 7: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin.
CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
 "Wings of Desire" (1988, Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English), with Bruno Ganz, Solveig Dommartin, and Otto Sander.
LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
 Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.
 Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
 Theatre 4: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
 Theatre 5: "Hook" (†).
 Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
 "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
 "Cape Fear" (†).
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
 Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

Theatre 2: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).
LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
 Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
 Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
 Theatre 3: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
 Through Dec. 24: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.
 From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
 "The Fisher King" (†).
SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
 Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.
 Theatre 2: "Father of the Bride."
GOUGHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
 Through Dec. 24: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.
 From Dec. 25: "Grand Canyon" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
 "Let Him Have It" (Peter Medak), with Tom Courtenay.
MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
 Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
 "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 26: "Hook" (†). From Dec. 27: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (Jon Avnet), with Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary-Louise Parker, and Mary Stuart Masterson.
 Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).
CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
 Theatre 1: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
 Theatre 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Prospero's Books" (Peter Greenaway), with John Gielgud.
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
 Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
 Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
 Theatre 3: "For the Boys" (†).
 Theatre 4: "For the Boys" (†).
 Theatre 5: Through Dec. 26: (Matinées only) "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film; and (evenings only) "My Girl." From Dec. 27: "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.
 Theatre 6: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
 Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
 "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (†).
LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
 Theatre 1: "The Addams Family" (†).
 Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster and Adam Hann-Byrd. From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
 "Black Robe" (†).
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
 "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
 "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
 Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
 Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
 Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
 Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.
 Theatre 3: "Hook" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 5: Through Dec. 24: "The Last Boy Scout." From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
 Theatre 6: "The Addams Family" (†).
 Theatre 7: Through Dec. 24: "Hook" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides."
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
 Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 31: "Testimony" (1988, directed by Tony Palmer), with Ben Kingsley. From Jan. 1: "Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America" (Craig Baldwin).
 Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
 Theatre 3: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (†).
WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
 Theatre 1: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.
 Theatre 2: "The Addams Family" (†).
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
 Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).
 Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (†).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
 Theatre 1: Through Dec. 26: "Ted & Venus" (Bud Cort), with Cort. From Dec. 27: "My Father Is Coming" (Monika Treut; in English and German).
 Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "City of Hope" (John Sayles). From Dec. 25: "Life Is Sweet" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Overseas" (Brigitte Rouan; in French).
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
 Theatre 1: "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Cape Fear" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
 Theatre 5: "JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.
 Theatre 6: "Rush" (Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.
 Theatre 7: "Bugsy" (†).
 Theatre 8: "For the Boys" (†).
 Theatre 9: Through Dec. 24: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†). From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
 Theatre 1: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.
 Theatre 2: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.
 Theatre 3: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Haas, and Robert Duvall.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
 Theatre 1: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes

West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 4: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito. From Dec. 25: "Homicide" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Dec. 24: "For the Boys" (†).

From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

Through Dec. 24: "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

From Dec. 25: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Dec. 26: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

From Dec. 27: "Naked Lunch" (David Cronenberg), with Peter Weller, Judy Davis, Ian Holm, and Julian Sands.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Barton Fink" (Joel Coen), with John Turturro and John Goodman. From Dec. 25: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Homicide" (†). From Dec. 25: "Madame Bovary."

LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

Through Dec. 24: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

From Dec. 25: "The Inner Circle" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Tom Hulce, Lolita Davidovich, and Bob Hoskins.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Dec. 24: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

From Dec. 25: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

LOEWS COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"JFK" (Oliver Stone), with Kevin Costner.

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

Through Dec. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (†). From Dec. 25: "Cape Fear" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Rhapsody in August" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Richard Gere.

Theatre 2: "High Heels" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (496-7070)

"At the Max" (Julien Temple), a concert film of the Rolling Stones.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 24: "Cape Fear" (†).

From Dec. 25: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.

Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

Theatre 4: "The Addams Family" (†).

Theatre 5: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 6: "Bugsy" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Black Robe" (†). From Dec. 25: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film. From Dec. 25: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, and Martin Short.

Theatre 2: "Father of the Bride."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 3: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 4: "Rush" (directed by Lili Fini Zanuck), with Jason Patric, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 5: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans.

Theatre 6: "Rush."

Theatre 7: "The Last Boy Scout."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Father of the Bride" (Charles Shyer), with Steve Martin, Diane Keaton, Kimberly Williams, Martin Short, George Newbern, Kieran Culkin, and Peter Michael Goetz.



Peter Weller in "Naked Lunch"

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Theatre 2: "Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (†).

Theatre 3: "My Girl" (Howard Zieff), with Dan Aykroyd, Jamie Lee Curtis, Macaulay Culkin, and Anna Chlumsky.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Addams Family" (†).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Cape Fear" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "An American Tail: Fievel Goes West" (Phil Nibbelink and Simon Wells), an animated film. From Dec. 25: "For the Boys" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Dec. 23: "Story of Women" (1989, directed by Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, and "The Cousins" (1959, Chabrol; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain, and Juliette Mayniel.

Dec. 24: "Ophélie" (1962, Claude Chabrol; in French), with André Jocelyn and Juliette Mayniel; and "Wedding in Blood" (1974, Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli.

Dec. 25: "Just Before Nightfall" (1971, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, and François Périer; and "The Horse of Pride" (1980, Chabrol; in French).

From Dec. 26: "Inspecteur Lavardin" (1986, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Jean Poiret, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Bernadette Laifont.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through Dec. 24: "The Apartment" (1960, Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959, Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Lemmon.

Dec. 25-29: "Sherlock Jr." (†) and "The Navigator" (†).

From Dec. 30: "The Three Ages" (1923, Buster Keaton; silent), with Keaton, Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, and Joe Roberts; and three Keston short films—"One Week" (1920), "The Balloonatic" (1923), and "Hard Luck" (1921).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 23: "Vampyr" (1932, Carl Dreyer, in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943, Dreyer; in

Danish), with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams.

Dec. 26: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958, Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, and Richard Eyer; and "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963, Don Chaffey), with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack.

Dec. 27-28: "Taxi Driver" (1976, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Raging Bull" (1980, Scorsese), with De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

Dec. 29: "Harold and Maude" (†) and "Where's Poppa?" (†).

Dec. 30: "Rashomon" (†) and "Dodes'kaden" (1971, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, and Thelma Ritter.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Dec. 23 at 2:30 and Dec. 29 at 2: "Overture to Glory" (1940, directed by Max Nosseck; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6: "I Want to Be a Mother" (1937, George Roland; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6:30: A program of short films by Ken Jacobs, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Our Children" (1948, Natan Gross; a Polish film, in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Tevye" (1939, Maurice Schwartz; in Yiddish), with Schwartz. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 3 and 6: "Funny Ladies: A Portrait of Women Cartoonists" (1991, Pamela Beere Briggs, a documentary; and "Hulls & Hulks in the Tide of Time: A Portrait of John A. Noble" (1990, Lori J. Horsley, a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "Eli, Eli" (1940, Joseph Seiden; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30 and Dec. 29 at 5: "Three Daughters" (1949, Seiden; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 3 and Dec. 28 at 5: "Malina" (1991, Werner Schroeter; in German), with Isabelle Huppert. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6 and Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Long Is the Road" (1947, Herbert B. Fredersdorf; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6 and Dec. 29 at 2:30: "The Tango Player" (1990, Roland Gräf; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2: "The Vow" (1938, Henryk Szaro and Zygmund Turkow; a Polish film, in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2 and Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Wedding Guests" (1990, Niko Brucher; a German film, with no dialogue). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 and 30 at 3: "Shot and Countershot" (1990, Niels Bolbrinker and Thomas Tielsch; in German), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 5 and Dec. 30 at 2:30: "God, Man, and Devil" (1949, Seiden; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5: "Winckelmann's Trips" (1990, Jan Schütte; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Two Sisters" (1938, Ben K. Blake; in Yiddish). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Walerjan Wrobel" (1991, Rolf Schübel; in German and Polish).

WALTER READE THEATRE, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Dec. 23 at 2 and Dec. 24 at 6:30: "Dishonored" (1931, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 4:15: "Black Girl" (1969, Ousmane Sembène; in French). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6 and Dec. 24 at 4:15: "Variety Lights" (1949, Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "Morocco" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2 and Dec. 26 at 6:30: "Play Misty for Me" (1971, Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walter. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8:45 and Dec. 25 at 2: "Shanghai Express" (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ Dec. 25 at 4:15 and Dec. 26 at 9: "Blonde Venus" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 25 at 6:30 and Dec. 26 at 4:15: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge. . . . ¶ Dec. 25 at 9 and Dec. 27 at 2: "The Devil Is a

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Woman" (1935, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2 and Dec. 27 at 10:15: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969, Paul Mazursky), with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 4 and Dec. 29 at 6:30 "Rio 100 Degrees" (1955, Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6 and Dec. 28 at 2 and 10:15: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8, Dec. 28 at 4 and 8, and Dec. 29-31 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Talking to Strangers" (1988, Rob Trengenza). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Marlene" (1986, Maximilian Schell), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2 and Dec. 30 at 6:30: "The Grim Reaper" (1962, Bernardo Bertolucci; in

Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2 and Dec. 31 at 6:15: "Signs of Life" (1968, Werner Herzog; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2 and Jan. 1 at 6:30: "Applause" (1929, Rouben Mamoulian), with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2: "Take the Money and Run" (1969, Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 4:15: "The 400 Blows" (1959, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8:30: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928, Luis Buñuel), a short silent film, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Dec. 26 at noon: "The Princess Bride" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at noon: "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish). **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE**, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Dec. 23 at 2: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964,

Richard Lester), with the Beatles. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 and 31 at 1:30: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984, Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2: "American Graffiti" (1973, George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2: "The Doors" (Oliver Stone), with Val Kilmer, Frank Whaley, Kevin Dillon, Meg Ryan, and Kyle MacLachlan. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2: "Wild Style" (1983, Charlie Ahearn). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 4:30: "Saturday Night Fever" (†). . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "Blank Generation" (1979), a concert film. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3:30: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981, Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "The Decline of Western Civilization Part II: The Metal Years" (1988, Spheeris). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2: "The Last Waltz" (1978, Martin Scorsese), the Band.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.) **THE ADDAMS FAMILY**—Misguided graveyard slapstick. One of the most pungent things about Charles Addams' cartoons is the up-front matter-of-factness of their macabre incongruities. The "everyday" contexts (kids playing, carollers carolling) and the devilish twists (a doll set on a guillotine, a cauldron aimed at the carollers) come at the reader all at once. Drawing on the mid-sixties ABC-TV show, which first named the characters who inhabit Addams' stately mansion, the director, Barry Sonnenfeld, and the screenwriters, Caroline Thompson, Larry Wilson, and the uncredited Paul Rudnick, re-create Addams' famous drolleries. But they never find their own equivalent to his suave, sneaky-gleeful subversiveness. Even lying flat on the page, Addams' cartoons have better timing. The moviemakers reintroduce Morticia (Anjelica Huston), Gomez (Raul Julia), and their children, Pugsley (Jimmy Workman) and Wednesday (Christina Ricci), then welcome back Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) in the form of a character who may not be the real ghoul. It's sitcom stuff, catalyzed by routine types: Gomez's shyster lawyer (Dan Hedaya) and the lawyer's loan shark (Elizabeth Wilson). A couple of actors rise above the script. Ricci is uproarious as Wednesday. She has a supernal stillness, and everything she does is skewed; she gets her effects from some other world. Huston pulls off an ultra-refined yet lowdown delivery. Too bad her dialogue is so predictably mordant; by the end, the reverse clichés turn back into clichés. Co-starring the hand of Christopher Hart as Thing. —M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD—Hector Babenco's film, which is based on Peter Matthiessen's 1965 novel of the same name, feels lifeless right from the start, and it perks up only occasionally in the course of the three hours and ten minutes it takes to tell its story. The movie is set in the Amazon basin, and it's about the destruction of an Indian tribe by a combination of capitalist greed (in the form of the local authorities) and cultural insensitivity (in the form of Protestant missionaries from America). Matthiessen's epic may have held some surprises for its mid-sixties readers, but its ideas have since lost a lot of their power and all their freshness. The dramatic conflicts aren't very complex, and most of the characters are one-dimensional, instantly readable. Yet Babenco treats every scene as if it contained infinite riches: he draws out simple actions, reiterates obvious ideas, lingers on the faces of characters who have no more secrets to yield up. Among the actors—a high-powered group that includes John Lithgow, Tom Berenger, Kathy Bates, and Daryl Hannah—only Aidan Quinn, as a young missionary who learns to respect the Indians' culture, comes through at all. An air of fatigue and defeat pervades the picture. The effort that Babenco and his actors have put into dramatizing this material is heartbreakingly apparent, yet, no matter how hard they

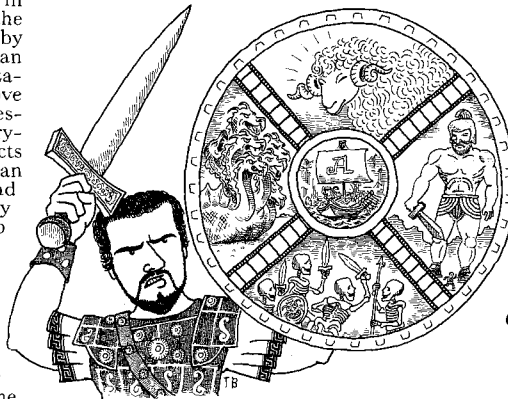
work, the scenes refuse to play, and the movie never manages to generate any real momentum. It's an honest, well-intentioned flop. Screenplay by Babenco and Jean-Claude Carrière. —T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/16/91.) (Beekman, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunk-headed village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman-Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that

which the most important conflicts take place in the realm of the spirit. The main characters are an excruciatingly pious young priest called Father LaFouge (Lothaire Bluteau) and an Algonquian chief named Chomina (August Schellenberg). Their world views are so radically opposed that at times the two men seem unable to acknowledge each other as human. The screenwriter, Brian Moore, and the director, Bruce Beresford, show extraordinary respect for the stubborn, almost impenetrable otherness of their historical characters. This is a movie we have to feel our way into—tentatively, gradually—and it accumulates emotional force as it goes along. The film is an adventure story in the truest sense: the filmmakers lead us into unknown territory, and keep pushing us farther and farther on, until, by the end, we find ourselves deep in the wilderness of the seventeenth-century consciousness. Bluteau's performance is enervated, but the script is superbly intelligent, the direction is confident, and Schellenberg's Chomina is magnificent. The picture moves on a steady, powerful flow of ideas and emotions, and it stirs in us a sense of discovery. Based on Moore's 1985 novel of the same name. Also with Aden Young, Sandrine Holt, and Tando Cardinal. Cinematography by Peter James. —T.R. (11/18/91) (Angelika Film Center, and 68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

BUGSY—With Warren Beatty, Annette Bening, Harvey Keitel, Ben Kingsley, Elliott Gould, and Joe Mantegna; directed by Barry Levinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

CAPE FEAR—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original (and it's also, at two hours and eight minutes, a hell of a lot longer). But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks; the veneer of moral seriousness and psychological complexity that Scorsese brings to the enterprise feels like an attempt to convince himself that he's not doing what he's doing. The movie keeps insisting that the gruelling experience it's putting us



At Theatre 80 St. Marks,
Todd Armstrong in
"Jason and the Argonauts"

keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantle clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton. —M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Guild. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting Dec. 25.)

BLACK ROBE—An unusual and absorbing new film about North American Indians and a French Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century. It's a culture-clash drama in

through is really meant to edify us; it drags us into the mud and then tells us that we haven't got dirty. This is Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance; he's so good that you wish he were playing De Niro's role. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Park 8, 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and National Twin. . . . Regency; through Dec. 24. . . . 62nd & Broadway; starting Dec. 25.)

EUROPA EUROPA—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an elite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this a most inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Quad Cinema.)

THE FISHER KING—This hundred-and-thirty-seven-minute endurance test is the story of a former New York City "shock jock" (Jeff Bridges) who befriends a schizoid former medievalist (Robin Williams) and joins his quest for the Holy Grail. The gonzo filigree of the director, Terry Gilliam, surrounds this fable of redemption with pseudo-originality. The allusion-mongering of the writer, Richard LaGravenese, gives it delusions of grandeur. At heart, the film is no different from a whole string of Hollywood movies centering on mysterious madmen who may be legendary heroes. As usual for this drippy kind of film, Williams' throwback character, Parry—short for Parsifal—is supposed to inspire everybody with his virtuous whimsies. But Gilliam doesn't know how to give the fantasy any sentimental charm, and he's hell on the actors, including Mercedes Ruehl as Bridges' earthy lover and Amanda Plummer as Williams' gawky amorous ideal. They mug; Gilliam takes mug shots. The movie is a peculiarly irritating failure—a leaden piece of uplift.—M.S. (Eastside Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

OR THE BOYS—Bette Midler plays Dixie Leonard, a singer-dancer-comedienne who becomes famous in the early days of the Second World War, when she teams up with an established star named Eddie Sparks (James Caan, who gives the movie's best performance). Framed by an award ceremony at which Dixie and Eddie are to be honored for their many years of entertaining troops on U.S.O. tours, the story is told in a series of flashbacks. Most of the big sequences take place in wartime: in London and North Africa during the Second World War; in Korea in the early fifties; in Vietnam in 1969. This structure allows Midler to perform musical numbers from different eras and to attempt the acting tour de force of playing a character at several distinct stages of life. She piles persona on top of persona on top of persona for two and a half hours in an effort to overwhelm us with the sheer force and infinite variety of herself.

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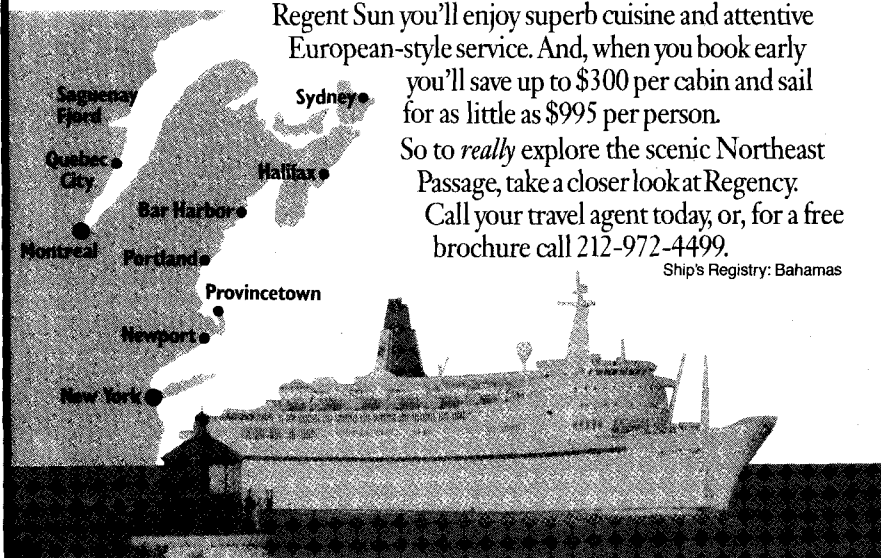
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In the 1930 romantic fantasy "Morocco" (playing December 23, at the Walter Reade Theatre), Marlene Dietrich, in her American debut, and the director Josef von Sternberg turn a woman of mystery into something even better: a woman of possibilities. As a cabaret singer with a past trying for a fresh start in North Africa, she's got tawdry immediacy as well as glamour. She's paradoxically alluring—a concrete figment of imagination. She's equally desirable to the French Foreign Legionnaire played by Gary Cooper and the millionaire played by Adolphe Menjou. Cooper, at his most super-duper, is the one who wins her love; the suspense comes from whether Dietrich will succumb and give her all for her man. Von Sternberg creates a voluptuous atmosphere. His desert towns have the emotional temperature of the tropics, and Dietrich and Cooper really steam things up. When she takes the stage of a boisterous café, she has a tensile nonchalance. In top hat and tails, she acts like a sexual ringmaster, kissing a woman on the mouth and planting a flower behind Cooper's ear. Yet when she's alone with Cooper, sincerity brings her close to innocence. Her inner duel between weariness and amour gets resolved in the last moments. The terrific final scene elevates Dietrich's stature as a passion artist.

Of the 1932 soap opera "Blonde Venus" (playing December 25-26, also at the Walter Reade Theatre), von Sternberg wrote, "There is little to be said about this film, except that I tried to leave the company before making it." Dietrich plays a good wife and mother who re-ups in show biz to save her radium-poisoned scientist husband, Herbert Marshall, and becomes the mistress of man-about-town Cary Grant. What there is to be said involves Dietrich's first number, "Hot Voodoo." Flanked by ersatz native chorus girls, Dietrich stalks through a night club in a gorilla suit, then strips off her simian head and fur and dons a silvery Afro with arrows sticking through it. The perverse wit enlivens the glitz; the sex redeems it.

she is the world. The movie (which was produced by her own company) is meant to serve as the Portable Bette—a boxed set of Midler moments. In the Second World War sequences, the picture has a certain trashy charm, but the Korea and Vietnam scenes feature "realistic" combat footage and glib antiwar sentiments. Dixie, weeping over dying soldiers, just seems to get nobler and nobler as the bodies accumulate around her. The film itself has a kind of life-achievement-award feel to it: when it's over, the words "a great entertainer and a wonderful human being" seem to have acquired a new, unprecedentedly berserk meaning. Bette Midler begins as a red-hot mama and winds up as Mother Courage. And this vanity production is such an ordeal that it turns into a demonstration of a startling thesis: war is bad, but entertainment is hell. Also with George Segal, Christopher Rydell, and Arye Gross. Directed by Mark Rydell, from a screenplay by Marshall Brickman, Neal

Jimenez, and Lindy Laub.—T.R. (12/16/91) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, and Chelsea Cinemas... ¶ Ziegfeld; through Dec. 24... ¶ National Twin; starting Dec. 25.)

FRANKIE & JOHNNY—The movie version of Terrence McNally's 1987 play "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune" is a sweet-tempered romantic comedy whose main characters are a New York coffee-shop waitress, Frankie (Michelle Pfeiffer), and a short-order cook, Johnny (Al Pacino). McNally, adapting his two-character play for the screen, has expanded and drastically rearranged his original story. He and the director, Garry Marshall, have attempted to place Frankie and Johnny in a variety of settings, to stretch the narrative out over a longer period, to surround the lovers with lots of other people—and to incorporate all this extra material without dissipating the emotional tensions of the main characters' relationship. Although the new characters and settings sometimes give the movie the feel of a sitcom, the filmmakers keep the basic principles of romantic comedy in view, and the stars' performances elevate the material. Pacino brings out the comedy and the ambiguity of a middle-aged man's sense of emotional rebirth: he's exuberant, touching, and a little scary. And Pfeiffer is extraordinary; her Frankie is a superbly detailed rendering of a woman with a fanatically conservative heart. The strength of the play was its simplicity and its directness; the movie preserves those qualities by telling the story in the ordinary, straightforward Hollywood manner. This is a vehicle for Pacino and Pfeiffer, and they're more glamorous than the characters they're playing, but, in a weird way, their star power is perfectly appropriate here: it's the meat-and-potatoes stuff of big-budget movie entertainment. Kate Nelligan and Nathan Lane are standouts in a large supporting cast.—T.R. (10/21/91) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it 138 times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pixiness give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold tries out various gruesome methods of suicide without scaring his unflappable mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor. But Ashby has directed eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance, and the dialogue reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens, with mush-minded lyrics.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

HEARTS OF DARKNESS: A FILMMAKER'S APOCALYPSE—Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper directed this engulging, brilliantly crafted documentary about the disaster-strewn production of Francis Ford Coppola's "Apocalypse Now." But much of the credit should go to Eleanor Coppola, Francis's wife, who shot sixty hours of behind-the-scenes footage on location in the Philippines, caught her husband's haywire visionary mood swings on audiotape, and, in addition to joining the ranks of the interviewees, reads portions of her journal, "Notes." Her camerawork and prose have an unadorned limpidity. They provide refreshing counterpoint to the grandiose rhetoric of her husband's attempt to relocate Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" in a Vietnam War adventure story. Bahr and Hickenlooper present

the extraordinary spectacle of a filmmaker at the peak of his clout, banking everything on his ability to pull inspiration out of the fire, and getting scorched. While enduring the dismissal of one lead actor, the heart attack of his replacement, a ruinous typhoon, and a constant struggle with the script, Coppola keeps insisting that his experiences will enrich his movie. Bahr and Hickenlooper support Coppola's point of view. Their film is less important for its debatable conclusion (that Coppola achieved artistic success) than for its depiction of the delusional power of filmmaking. This movie, not "Apocalypse Now," is about what happened to Coppola in the jungle, and here he becomes a spell-binding tragic hero.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

HOMICIDE—This urban cop thriller, written and directed by David Mamet, is a genre picture with delusions of grandeur. The plot is designed to give the hero—a decent and fairly sensitive Jewish homicide detective named Bobby Gold (Joe Mantegna)—a whopping existential crisis. Gold, who is thoroughly assimilated, becomes involved in a case that has anti-Semitic overtones, and he's forced to reevaluate his sense of Jewish identity. He discovers a conspiracy, hooks up with a clandestine Jewish-defense organization, and finally blows up the printing press of an Aryan-supremacist group—a mission that makes him late for an important stakeout. The plot is ridiculous, but Mamet dramatizes this gamy material with tremendous solemnity. The funereal pace and the melancholy, reflective tone seem intended to mask the story's essential recklessness and irresponsibility, and perhaps also to conceal the trite cop-movie mechanics of its construction. Mamet uses the controversial, hot-button issue of cultural identity simply to give his hero the obligatory "personal" stake in the case, and as a result the movie gives off a pungent odor of opportunism. This picture, for all its pretensions to significance, is as alienating and depressing as the local news: it turns ethnic and racial differences into cheap thrills. Also with William H. Macy.—T.R. (11/18/91) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas; through Dec. 24... ¶ Worldwide Cinemas; starting Dec. 25.)

HOOK—With Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Julia Roberts, and Bob Hoskins; directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th St. Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Coronet, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center... ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 26.)

LIFE IS SWEET—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea and Timothy Spall.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Angelika Film Center; through Dec. 24... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 25.)

MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO—This new feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant is like an exploded version of his previous films "Mala Noche" and "Drugstore Cowboy," and

it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and visually the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a remarkably intelligent and intuitive performance. The original screenplay is by Van Sant, Eric Alan Edwards and John Campbell did the cinematography.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Angelika Film Center, 59th Street East Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE NAVIGATOR (1924)—Arguably Buster Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie, about a useless young millionaire (Keaton), who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girlfriend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton (and Donald Crisp) directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Keaton pulled it through all right, while playing with the abstract possibilities of the film image the way a violin virtuoso uses his fiddle. Noble Johnson is the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears in a scene. Silent.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 25-29.)

THE PRINCESS BRIDE (1987)—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredevilry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). Westley is captured by pirates, and Buttercup, selected by Crown Prince Humperdinck (Chris Sarandon) to be his bride, is abducted by a trio of ruffians: Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, and all seven feet five and five-hundred-twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant. The cast includes Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, Mel Smith as the Albino, Margery Mason as the ancient woman who boos the royal family, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. Photographed partly on locations in England and Ireland; Florin Castle is actually Haddon Hall, parts of which date back to the twelfth century.—P.K. (Donnell Library Center; Dec. 26.)

RASHOMON (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants, each giving an account that increases

the prestige of his conduct, and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. First Prize, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film. (There was a Broadway version with Rod Steiger, and a 1964 movie, with Paul Newman, appropriately called "The Outrage.") In Japanese.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," "Easy Rider"; Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Dec. 28.)

SHERLOCK JR. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's a piece of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. Silent.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Dec. 25-29.)

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish: he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparency of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The suspense of this manhunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to: it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy. Also with Scott Glenn,



At the Walter Reade Theatre,
Helen Morgan in "Applause"

Ted Levine (as Buffalo Bill), Anthony Heald, and Brooke Smith. The screenplay, which is extremely faithful to the novel, is by Ted Tally.—T.R. (2/25/91) (57th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 26.)

STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY—A better subtitle might be "The Lost Opportunity." Directed by Nicholas Meyer (who also helmed the best in the series, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan"), this supposed valedictory for the original cast has tons of pastiche and not enough pep. Trusting the wisdom of Spock (Leonard Nimoy), the Federation (read "free world") selects Captain Kirk (William Shatner) to escort a contingent of Klingons (read "Soviets") to a peace conference (read "end of Cold War"). But as Spock's ancestor, Sherlock Holmes, might have said, there's sabotage afoot. There's also a parade of references to the Klingons' favorite bard, William Shakespeare. The allusion-mongering soars only when the full-throated Klingons played by David Warner and Christopher Plummer brush up their Shakespeare over dinner with Kirk and crew. Plummer's bellicose General Chang promises to become one of the worthiest of the starship Enterprise's opponents, rivaling Ricardo Montalban's Khan. So it's deflating that instead of juicy confrontations between Kirk and Chang, Meyer delivers a silly exercise in crime detection, and a trip to Klingon Siberia. Besides the regular company (DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei, Walter Koenig), there's an impressive, diverse array of supporting players, including Rosana DeSoto, Kim Cattrall, Kurtwood Smith, John Schuck, and Iman, who's wittily cast as a shape-changer. Meyer and Denny Martin Flinn wrote the script, from a story worked up by Nimoy, Lawrence Konner, and Mark Rosenthal.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, U. A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omni-destructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH the publication of Oliver North's memoirs and the start of the Colonel's nineteen-city tour to promote it, the Iran-Contra affair completed a five-year journey from tragedy to farce and began its inevitable transformation into "product." It may well be in this incarnation that the character of the affair is most faithfully presented, for, even as the various legal cases continue their desultory progress through the special prosecutor's office and the courts, it has become apparent that no prosecutor or judge will ever unearth the "truth" of Iran-Contra. By now, we know a great many facts. We know about the involvement of high officials not only in the White House but in the C.I.A. and the State Department. This fall, thanks to tapes acquired by "Nightline," we actually heard Colonel North and other Reagan Administration officials bartering arms for hostages with Iranians in Frankfurt and Teheran. And yet with the uncovering of each new fact the truth of Iran-Contra seems to drift further from our grasp. There is no feeling that proper punishment has been allotted, and no sense at all that the affair has come to an end. If one thing is apparent from Oliver North's strenuous effort to "tell his story," it is that Iran-Contra continues still.

The packaging of the affair began just over five years ago, on November 25, 1986, when Attorney General Edwin Meese announced at a White House press conference that millions of dollars in profits from the secret sale of arms to Iran had been "made available" to the Contras fighting the Nicaraguan government. Though it soon became clear that much of what Meese said that day was misleading or men-

dacious, by then it hardly mattered, for he had succeeded in imposing the Administration's chosen narrative on a very complicated story: a narrative that cast Colonel North as the perpetrator ("the loose cannon on the gundeck of state," as the Colonel puts it), President Reagan as the detached, trusting, bemused leader who "just didn't know" (as he told the now dismissed Colonel by telephone a few hours after Meese made his announcement), and "the diversion" as the single illicit act floating amid an ocean of dubious actions and near-crimes. "This particular detail," North writes of the diversion, "was so dramatic, so sexy, that it might actually—well, *divert* public attention from other, even more important aspects of the story, such as what *else* the President and his top advisers had known about and approved."

Even today—after we have learned how the President and the Secretary of State and other high officials were involved in secretly soliciting foreign leaders for "donations" to the Contras, in order to bypass Congress's power of the purse; after we have heard the President's men dickering secretly with

the Iranians (establishing, as North has said, "a price for a human being at five hundred TOW missiles"); after we have been shown that high officials blatantly and repeatedly lied to the public and perjured themselves before Congress—it is the diversion that remains "sexy." Not the least of the ironies of watching the Colonel pontificate to Ted Koppel or take questions from Phil Donahue's boisterous audience is that he is still struggling with the Administration's version of the story. After *Time* headlined its excerpts from North's book "Reagan Knew Everything," North remarked to Donahue, with some peevishness, that this news was "not a headline to me," for he had said much the same thing in his appearance before Congress.

From the beginning, as North now tells it, "the administration's strategy had been unspoken but unmistakable: *this must not become another Watergate.*" Reagan officials worked to prune the tangled plots of Iran-Contra down to a single question: What did the President know and when did he know it? They did so not only because they saw that it offered the press a compelling way to organize the story, and offered Congress a dramatic question to investigate, but because they realized that it was a question that could not be conclusively answered by anyone but the President and his closest aides. Failing the discovery of some errant document, Admiral John Poindexter, the national-security adviser and a man known for his loyalty, was the only person in a position to implicate the President. When the congressional investigating panel asked the Admiral the ultimate question, he of course denied having told the President about the "diversion," but went on to say, "After work-



ing with the President for five and a half years, the last three of which were very close . . . I was convinced that I understood the President's thinking on this and that . . . he would have approved it. . . . I made a very deliberate decision not to ask the President, so that I could insulate him from the decision and provide some future deniability for the President."

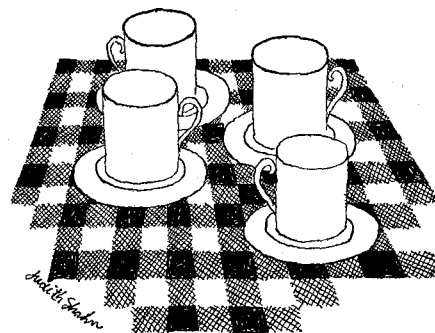
Poindexter's self-contradictory answer could not have effectively ended the investigation, however, had it not been for Congress's eagerness to accept the Administration's packaging. His qualified denial both liberated the President from the threat of impeachment and liberated Congress from the clearly distasteful duty of impeaching him. It was not only that Reagan remained popular, and so, with an election approaching, congressional Democrats feared a backlash if they attacked him, but that the issue on which the scandal was ultimately based—control of American foreign policy—remained a matter of angry controversy that had deadlocked Congress and the Administration for years.

The "secret" and "illegal" aid to the Contras was a product of that political deadlock. Though the Administration was deeply committed to the Contras, the public never was, and the President's handlers were unwilling to put his popularity at risk by launching the sort of full-fledged campaign that would have been required to persuade Americans, and thus Congress, to unequivocally support the cause. Congress, for its part, was too sharply divided to put a decisive end to North's activities, which, although they violated the Boland Amendments, were an open secret in Washington. (As is often the case, making a policy covert served as a way of removing it from public debate.) If the Administration had contempt for the law, so did many members of Congress. The entire matter was awash in hypocrisy, and the congressional investigation of it, which was touted as an honest effort to find the truth, was in fact compromised from the start. "By allowing the actions of those who had served the administration to be criminalized, the administration itself was able to back away from the real issues involved," North writes. "This was fine with Congress, and a gift for the press."

And so, with the political issues

unresolved, the matter fell to the special prosecutor, Lawrence Walsh, thereby setting the stage for the final irony: because of the immunity granted to the people whom the Administration and Congress deemed the central malefactors, the hearings themselves have, in effect, made it impossible for Mr. Walsh to sustain a conviction against those people. If North has now been "totally exonerated," as he claims, it is thanks to Congress; the same is true of Admiral Poindexter, the man who provided the President with his "deniability." Meanwhile, the special prosecutor continues his work, having won from Alan D. Fiers, the former head of the C.I.A.'s Central American Task Force, and Elliott Abrams, the former Assistant Secretary of State, guilty pleas to charges of "withholding information from Congress," and having won an indictment for perjury against Clair George, the former No. 3 official in the C.I.A. All this proved once again—as if it still needed to be proved—that the activities known as Iran-Contra were carried on by dozens of officials throughout the bureaucracy, with the approval of the ones at the very top. But, since those who held ultimate responsibility have suffered no judgment or punishment whatever, it's very hard when Mr. Fiers and Mr. Abrams hold their news conferences on the steps of the federal courts to feel that anything that could be called justice has been done.

That, of course, is the final casualty of the packaging of Iran-Contra: respect for justice, and faith in our government's ability—or desire—to provide it. Five years later, the whole affair—with its indictments handed up, its convictions overturned, and its leading players now coming forward to tell their stories—has become a matter not of justice but of spectacle. The corruption of our institutions which began when an Administration decided to run a secret and illegal foreign policy,



and grew and spread when Congress proved unwilling to assume its responsibility for airing the crimes in their full gravity and punishing those responsible, has now emerged to make of Iran-Contra's public face a kind of amoral spy story—a confusing tale that in the end hardly touches on right and wrong but feeds a prevailing cynicism that views government as having little to do with either. The exonerated Colonel North, now a national celebrity, has become a familiar figure on the talk shows, where he coyly encourages speculation that he plans to run for the Senate from Virginia. ("Never say never," he told Donahue.) George Bush, whose claim to have been "out of the loop" during the affair was shown to be manifestly false, suffered no discernible political damage on his road to the Presidency and now feels free to speak disparagingly of the efforts of Mr. Walsh. Congress, having collaborated in frustrating what might have been a genuine inquiry, has passed no laws to prevent such a usurpation of power from recurring the next time a President finds political opposition inconvenient. As for the people, having deserved the truth, they have instead been offered secrecy, falsehoods, and, finally, a new celebrity for their collection: Colonel North's book is now beginning its seventh week at the top of the best-seller list.

Role Model

JANE GOLDBERG has been tap-dancing in front of paying audiences since the mid-nineteen-seventies. Lately, she has started to practice comedy while she taps. She often performs in theatres or cabarets, but she also does a lot of work in what she calls non-traditional venues, like the Marxist School, which appeals to her because it happens to have one of New York City's brightest-sounding wooden floors for tap dancing. As tap dancers go, Ms. Goldberg is site specific. She likes to know in advance who her audience is, so she can tailor her material accordingly. When Ms. Goldberg draws a distinction between the stereotype of tap ("happy people with happy feet") and the reality of her own situation ("I've been tapping for eighteen years and I'm still depressed"), you know that she has given some thought to what

you need to hear. For example, some people need to hear funny stories about Ms. Goldberg's problems with her boyfriend, some need to hear one-liners about her affiliation with Weight Watchers, and some need to hear extended riffs about safe sex. Along the way, Ms. Goldberg will also talk about things like paddling, which is the name of a step that makes you look as if you were walking through jello in motorized shoes.

At the moment, Ms. Goldberg's steadiest gig is a Monday-and-Wednesday-night class on the technique and history of tap, which she teaches at N.Y.U., and that's where we caught up with her recently. When the semester began, her students' knowledge of tap as an art form seemed to open and close with Fred Astaire. By now, they know a lot more. For instance, when they tuned in to the telecast of the Kennedy Center Honors, on December 26th, and saw Gregory Hines perform a tap dance for the Nicholas Brothers (the tap masters being honored this year), the class knew that Mr. Hines is a good friend of Ms. Goldberg's, and that he wasn't born with those pecs: they'd seen a snapshot of him hugging Ms. Goldberg before he started working out with weights. They knew that the Nicholas Brothers, Mr. Hines, and Ms. Goldberg count themselves part of a distinct tradition, in which Astaire is not considered central, and that there is an intramural dispute over what that tradition should be called. (Mr. Hines hates the term "hooper," but nearly every tap dancer from the older generation yells at him, "Hoofers! That's what we are.") Ms. Goldberg's students also know that for Thanksgiving this year Mr. Hines received a Tap-A-Gram from Ms. Goldberg, which she delivered in person. Tap-A-Grams are singing telegrams with tap dancing, too. A Tap-A-Gram that Ms. Goldberg will not easily forget was one that she was engaged to perform at the fiftieth-birthday party of an



"You smell like a chimney."

Argentine corned-beef princess. The party's hosts felt that it was high time for the princess to get married, and they suggested to Ms. Goldberg that if she stripped while she tapped, the wedding process would somehow be helped along. But Ms. Goldberg is a feminist who came of age during the late sixties. She replied that under no circumstances was she going to strip, and she didn't. She did bring along a student assistant, and he took off his shirt.

At the moment, there are loads of burning issues for women in tap dancing, and not least of them is what a woman should wear when she performs. For example, men's oxfords—the flat, clunky kind that make your feet look like pontoon boats—not only are the easiest kind of shoes to tap-dance in but also make for the most melodic tap sounds. As Ms. Goldberg will be the first to tell you, you're selling two things at once in tap: your image and your sound. So what goes with men's flat, clunky oxfords? One answer is men's clothes: stovepipe pants, vest, and tails. Ms. Goldberg respects that solution, but she doesn't espouse it. She likes to tap in swingy dresses,

with décolletage and nipped-in waists. You can't wear pontoon boats with décolletage, of course, so Ms. Goldberg has nearly a dozen handmade pairs of shoes in different colors and with heels of different heights. They include a two-tone green pair based on a woman's flamenco shoe; a pair of sharp-looking white gillies; and a pair of classic little-girl-style tap shoes, encrusted with rhinestones. Her ideals in clothes come from the thirties, she told her class, when women used to wear dresses a lot like the dress that she was wearing at that moment, which had a low neckline, a fitted bodice, and a skirt cut on the bias. "But this dress doesn't come from the thirties," she added. "This is new: it's an *attitude*."

Role models for women tappers—that's something else on everybody's mind. Like Peggy Spina, Gail Conrad, and other young women who fell in love with tap dancing during the nineteen-seventies, Ms. Goldberg apprenticed herself to grandfatherly masters. Her principal mentors in New York were some of the most influential hoofers of the century: Charles (Cookie) Cook, Chuck Green, Honi Coles, and

Sandman Sims. In California, she studied with the revered John Bubbles, who popularized the idea of dropping one's heels in syncopated patterns against the musical beat—a practice that came to be known as rhythm tap. When Ms. Goldberg met John Bubbles, he was paralyzed and was in a wheelchair; he taught her some steps using the first two fingers of one hand. But learning steps is one thing, and learning to be a woman performing steps quite another. Even the debonair Nicholas Brothers, expert as they are, can't teach that. In Ms. Goldberg's view, neither could Ann Miller, who was known for her rapid-fire feet, or Eleanor Powell, who was known for her tap technique; their performing personalities leave her cold. "Even though Eleanor Powell had great feet, she had a syrupy stage manner," Ms. Goldberg says. "What I like about tap is not just the dancing but what the people represent. That's what turned me on to the guys from the older tradition: they gave you the sense of tap as a sensibility. There's also some old

footage of a dancer named Juanita Pitts, who conveys something of that. She's got the smoothness and humor of a star like Jimmy Slyde, plus she doesn't come out with a big Eleanor Powell grin. She was actually a very mysterious performer. She wore pants and flat shoes, and had a quality of quiet self-assertiveness. No hard sell—just made a statement and out she went."

The role model whom Ms. Goldberg keeps circling back to is Ginger Rogers, although Ms. Goldberg concedes that the pros do not consider Rogers a great tap dancer. "What I've come to like about Ginger is that her character was always an equal of Fred Astaire's," Ms. Goldberg says. "She could spar with him. It was unusual. Women in tap tend to be more secretive—they don't play the game the way the men do. Tapping in the thirties and forties was a man's game, and it was all about challenges: you had what were called challenge dances, and you traded steps, but you never gave away your specialty. As one of my teachers, Stanley

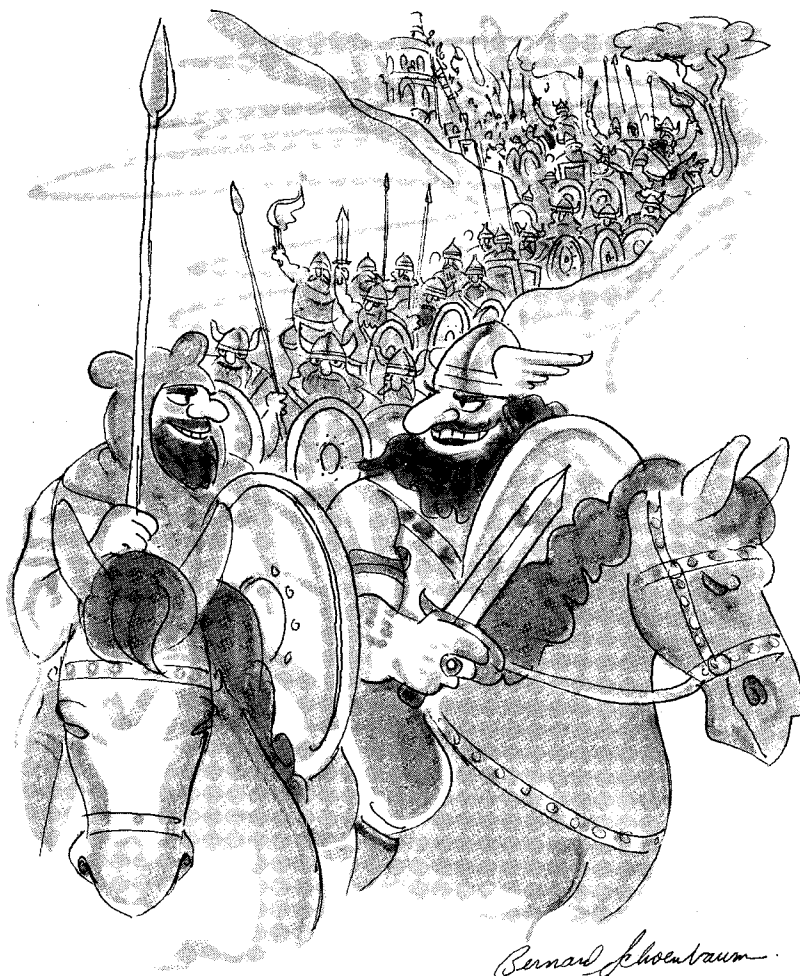
Brown, told me, tap flourished at a time when a black boy growing up had limited options. You could be an elevator operator, a Pullman porter, a boxer, or a tap dancer." She added, with a smile, "Sandman Sims once said I danced like a little black boy."

Former Student

A FRIEND of Dr. Hans Kraus, a Manhattan physician, once exclaimed, in mounting excitement, "Just think, Hans, James Joyce—*James Joyce*—was your parents' English teacher in Trieste, and then he taught you in Zurich! James Joyce was *your* English teacher! He discussed ideas for 'Ulysses' with you while he was writing it! James Joyce, your very own English teacher!"

With a smile, Dr. Kraus replied, "Ja, but he dint do a goot chob, dit he?"

This story and others about Dr. Kraus came up recently when more than a hundred rock climbers and mountaineers, some from as far away as California, gathered at the Mohonk Mountain House, in the Shawangunk Mountains, near New Paltz, for a dinner in honor of the Doctor, who reached eighty-six on Thanksgiving Day. "There's never been a turnout like this," said James McCarthy, a past president of the American Alpine Club, who was the toastmaster. "Hans is multidimensional, a man for all seasons. He's a pioneer climber, a great innovative physician, and, of course, a former student of Joyce's." A veteran mountaineer, with a number of first ascents (in the Alps, the Tetons and the Wind River Range, in Wyoming, and the Bugaboos, in British Columbia), Dr. Kraus was invited on the first two American Everest expeditions but was unable to accept, because of prior commitments—once because he was treating President Kennedy's back. In rock-climbing circles, he and the late Fritz Wiessner are revered for their pioneering routes up the cliffs of the Shawangunks—or the Gunks, as they're now often called—which are one of the premier rock-climbing sites in the world. "Hans is an extraordinary man who has done extraordinary things, but the incredible thing is that in no way does he perceive himself as someone special," Jon Ross, who runs a climbing school and guide service in the Gunks, said. "And that just under-



"This should jump-start the economy."

scores his larger-than-life charisma for me."

"I've reached that venerable age when people say nice things about you," Dr. Kraus said upon rising to speak. For all his larger-than-life charisma, he stands only five feet tall. He used to be five seven, he explained to us later, but age and climbing accidents—most notably a sixty-foot fall in the Gunks in 1959—have compressed his spine. A bad ankle incurred in that fall and two knee operations finally forced him to stop climbing, in 1981. He was four years old when he made his first climb, up a small hill near Trieste, he recalled, and at eleven he ascended to the top of his first high mountain, the ninety-five-hundred-foot Vrenelisgärtli, in the Glarus Alps.

Dr. Kraus's father was in the shipping business in Trieste. "He found Joyce teaching in the Berlitz School there," the Doctor said. "He and my mother wanted to learn English, so he hired Joyce to give them private lessons." When Italy entered the First World War, the Krauses, the Joyces, and other families moved to Zurich, because Trieste was in the immediate war zone. "In Zurich, I went to the Joyces' apartment for language lessons once or twice a week, and there I met his wife, his daughter, Lucia, and his son, Giorgio," Dr. Kraus said. "I remember that Mrs. Joyce would come in with a little cup of chamomile tea, and Joyce would soak a poultice in it and bathe his eyes. My parents and I knew that Joyce was a writer; I have copies of 'Chamber Music' and 'Dubliners' that he presented to them. He was then not the James Joyce that the world knows now, but I was greatly impressed by him. He was a very friendly and very charming man, who treated me like a grownup, and not like a child, and he taught me not only English but Italian. He taught with conversation, reading, and sometimes grammar. I remember that one day he wrote down a long list of English prepositions and tried to teach me when to use them, but what really remains in my memory is the 'Inferno' of the 'Divina Commedia.' Joyce loved it, and we read the whole 'Inferno' together. When we were through, we

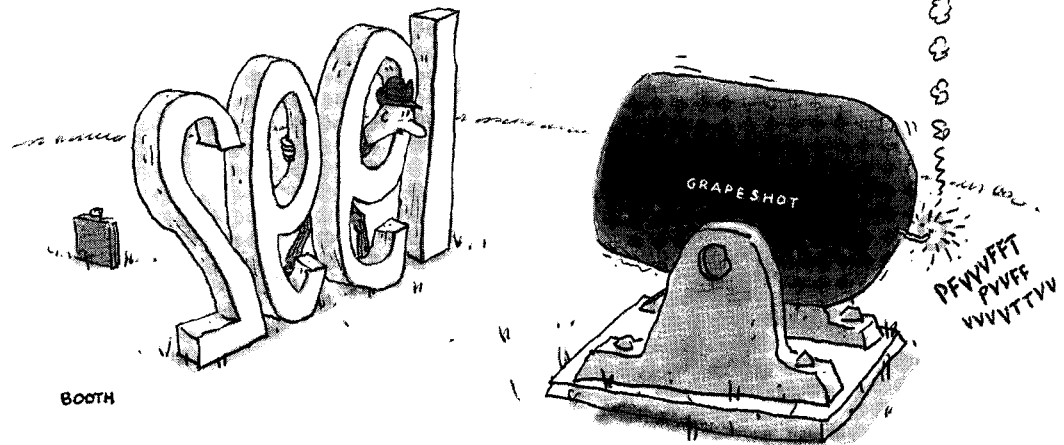
started the 'Purgatorio,' but Joyce and I agreed that it was too boring. Then he said he didn't want to start the 'Paradiso,' because it would be a bore, too. Actually, most people react like that to Dante. The 'Inferno' is the most interesting, and the way that Joyce made it come alive for me was just incredible.

"Joyce was then preparing a book—it had to be 'Ulysses,' but he didn't tell me the name—and I asked him, 'How do you go about it?' Joyce said, 'I always have a little notebook with me, and when I see something of interest I write it down. If I'm sitting in a trolley car and I see a woman wearing a red kerchief and knitting, I'll put that down.' Joyce may never have used that note about the woman in the red kerchief, but he had a whole reservoir of notes. My God, he must have had heaps and heaps of notes for 'Ulysses.' He once told me that writing a book is very much like writing music. I disputed that, and asked, 'How could you write a chord?' He said, 'Oh, it's so simple. Suppose I write in Chapter One about a man who has kidney disease, and sometime later in the book about a person who eats kidneys, and still later about someone who gets a kick in the kidneys. Then you have a chord.' I immediately understood that."

After graduating from the University of Vienna Medical School, Dr. Kraus became a fracture surgeon at the university hospital. Using ethyl-chloride spray—a local anesthetic that temporarily eliminates muscle pain from

sprains and strains—he devised exercise programs that enabled patients to recover quickly from injury. Dr. Kraus came to New York in 1938, following Germany's annexation of Austria. Most of his first patients here were skiers. An expert skier himself, he had such success treating skiers in the years to come that in 1974 he was elected to the United States National Ski Hall of Fame. At Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, he and Dr. Sonja Weber developed a simple set of exercises, the Kraus-Weber tests, to check the muscular strength and flexibility of children with poor posture. Later, they used the tests, which were revolutionary at the time, to detect the muscle problems causing lower-back pain in adults.

Although Dr. Kraus ceased active practice a year and a half ago, he puts in one afternoon a week as a consultant at the New York Pain Treatment Program at Lenox Hill Hospital. He has also started writing his autobiography, and doing so has reminded him that he almost didn't make it to this country. After the Anschluss, he went to Italy, and from there he set out through Switzerland to France, hoping to go on to England and pick up his United States visa. However, when he presented his passport at a French frontier post the guard refused him entry, on the ground that Austria no longer existed. Drawing himself up to his full height, Dr. Kraus exclaimed, "*Pour moi, l'Autriche sera toujours!*" The guard said, "*Passez, Monsieur.*"



CONVERSATION IN JERUSALEM

IN April, 1918, Lieutenant Ivor Stephen Horowitz, a young military advocate attached to the British Expeditionary Force driving into Palestine, prepares to prosecute a spy in Jerusalem shortly after the city is taken from the Ottoman Turks. He speaks to Colonel Michael Woodhouse, son of an old Tory Government minister and himself a hero wounded in France, who has arrived to serve as presiding judge on the tribunal—a role he relishes despite his lack of legal education. The Colonel's half of the conversation is missing.

—Colonel, sir. Lieutenant Ivor Stephen Horowitz, of the Advocate-General's Corps. I'm most grateful to you for finding time to discuss with me this matter of . . .

—Horowitz, Colonel, with a "w."

—British, of course. Born in Manchester, sir.

—Eighteen ninety-six, sir.

—Textiles, sir.

—My father, sir, did not have the good fortune to be born in the United Kingdom, although he arrived in it as a young lad. My mother, however. . .

—From Russia, sir. But he came as a very small child. What deucedly foul weather!

—It surprised us, too, Colonel. We never thought we'd encounter such a stormy winter in Jerusalem, which our British imaginations had pictured—or at least mine had—as a sun-scorched sort of place. And yet it's done nothing but rain in the months since we've been here, and the city elders swear that it's been the wettest winter in memory. Still, sir, no matter how glumly a day like this begins, there are bound to be a few hours of clear skies. It's not your eternal Leeds or Glasgow drizzle.

—There's hope even on a day like this, Colonel.

—No, sir. We still haven't any dependable or even regular weather forecasts, sir, because the balloons sent up by the Royal Meteorological Service in Cairo do not cover Palestine.

—Horowitz, sir.

—That's correct, sir, with a "w." I hope you had a good night's sleep, Colonel.

—Oh.

—Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry to hear that. It's considered, sir, the best establishment in Jerusalem. General Allenby himself stayed there after entering the city, and to the best of my knowledge there were no particular complaints from his staff. I'm most distressed to hear you say that, sir.

—Quite so, sir. I daresay that their cook hasn't learned to make proper British food yet. It's no secret that you can't find a decent side of bacon in all of Jerusalem. Although I've heard say that the same cook has acquired the knack of a quite traditional British porridge. You might want to try it, sir.

—I see, Colonel.

—The city itself, sir, is a small and shabby place, and after a few months here I'm quite prepared to say that it's a frightfully dull one as well. The population is extremely mixed, a hodge-podge of small, unsociable communities that are as indigent and ignorant as they are each endowed with a messianic sense of superiority. As usual,

there seems to be no relation between the reputation of the place, which it owes to the great books written in and about it, and the sordid reality, sir.

—What does it have to offer? Jolly little, Colonel. One renowned and quite impressive mosque, the Dome of the Rock, which you no doubt know about, sir. A few important churches—chiefly, the Holy Sepulchre, which, if you don't mind my saying so, sir, is rather a disappointment. A few of the little churches outside the walled city are far more charming and harmoniously proportioned. Any time you would like a tour, sir, the Advocate-General's Office would be pleased to put a first-rate guide at your disposal.

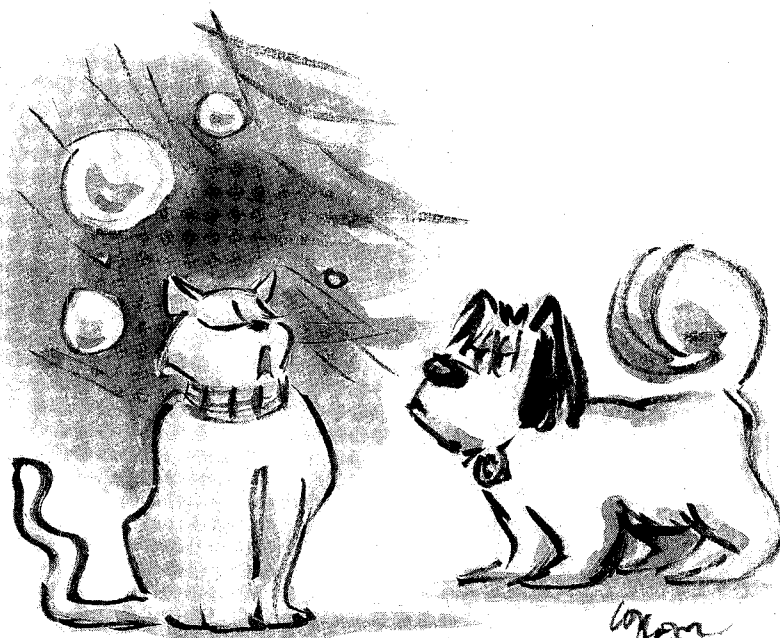
—As usual, sir, the Jews have little to offer except themselves. To our great surprise, it turns out that they are a majority here, even though many of them were banished or fled during the war. Architecturally, they have only a few poor synagogues. And, of course, there's that big white wall they pray in front of, which is supposedly a remnant of their Temple.

—Half a day, sir, is more than enough to do the holy places at your leisure. Everything is at frightfully close quarters, and the distances are so absurdly small as to be, I would say, almost tragic.

—Outside the walls, sir, are some new neighborhoods, scattered over the hills. A few of them, so I've discovered in the course of this dismal winter, actually begin to grow on you. But it takes a while, sir, I should think, before you can see their charm.

—The environs, sir, are poor indeed. If you're familiar at all with Greece, you'll be reminded of the southern Peloponnisos.

—I'm sorry to say, sir, that I've never been to Greece, but those who have speak of a resemblance, and I'm merely passing on their judgment. The olive groves and vineyards, for example, or the bare, round hills, primitive villages, and black-robed shepherds. And, of course,



"We had the usual exchange of gifts—she gave me this diamond collar, and I ate all my dinner."

one mustn't forget Bethlehem, which is only a few miles away. It's a pleasant, gentle sort of place that nestles in the hills quite gracefully; there's the famous Church of the Nativity, and a most jovial Anglican priest who can tell you all about it in Biblical English—he's really quite entertaining. I would also recommend, sir, an excursion to Jericho, and to the Dead Sea and the mouth of the Jordan, where the Australians are encamped. If Baedeker is right about its being the lowest spot in the world, then having come this far, sir, you wouldn't want to miss it. It's certainly a sight closer than the world's highest spot, what?

—I'm sorry, sir, but I didn't quite catch the name.

—I'll make a note of it at once, sir. Is it a new label?

—There's an Irish officer in our section who's quite a grog fancier, sir. He has excellent connections with the Armenian church, which has a most presentable cellar. I'll ask him to see to a bottle.

—Very well, sir, five.

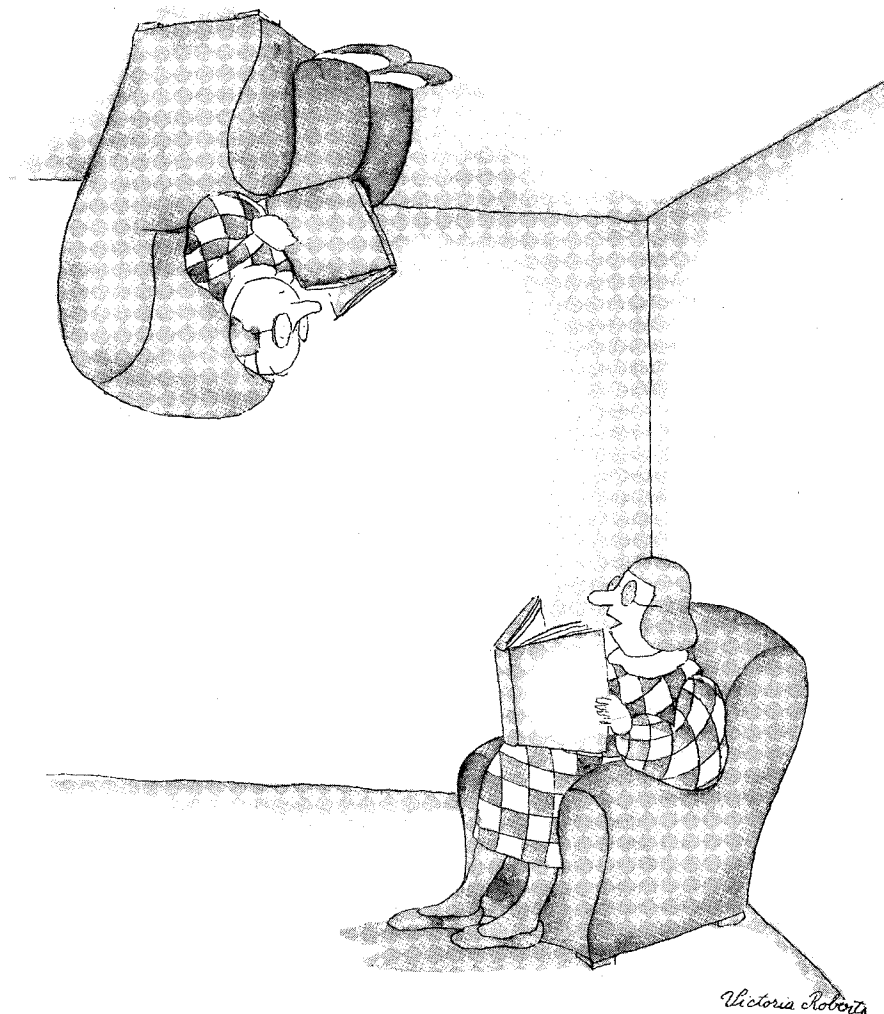
—I've made a note of it, sir. Will any other label do as well?

—In that case, sir, we'll spare no effort.

—Very well, sir. The trial begins tomorrow morning. There will be a car waiting for you in front of your hotel at eight o'clock sharp. It's about a five-minute drive. A small courtroom has been prepared in the Russian Compound, which is outside the walls, not far from the Eastern Orthodox church. I believe it's fairly comfortable, sir, as local standards go.

—The fact is, Colonel, that there won't be many of us, and the prosecution will ask the court to conduct part of the proceedings in camera, so as to protect our sources of information behind enemy lines, which have done excellent work. Indeed, sir, barring the unexpected, the trial is unlikely to last more than a few days.

—No doubt you know their names already, Colonel. They're listed in the brief that the sergeant gave you yesterday, and I believe you'll meet them tonight at the governor's reception in your honor. On your right will be Lieutenant-Colonel Keypore, of the 5th Australian Battalion, who drove up from the Jordan yesterday, and on



"Things change, people grow apart, but life goes on."

your left Major Jahawala, an Indian from Intelligence. As for counsel, sir, the defendant has none, nor could he be persuaded to take any, whether Jew, Arab, or Englishman. He's quite determined to defend himself, having studied law for a year or two in Beirut when he was young, and he seems confident he can do it. However, I've asked First Lieutenant Brian Oswald to be prepared to assist him, if necessary. I believe that's all, sir. Saving the witnesses, of course.

—Oh dear, sir, of course. I beg your pardon. I myself will prosecute, with the help of First Lieutenant Harold Gray.

—Quite so, sir.

—Yes, sir. Major Clark is our chief advocate.

—Oh. I thought, Colonel, that you already knew of Major Clark's absence. His personal correspondence to you should be in this brief.

—I see. Well, sir, in short, Major Clark sailed for England five weeks ago for his wedding, in Blenheim Manor. With the brigadier's permission, of course.

—There's not much I can tell you, sir. I know only that the young lady is the daughter of Lord Barton, and that the wedding was best held without delay to prevent any possible embarrassment. I believe that's enough said, sir.

—He made her acquaintance in Paris, sir. Did you never meet Major Clark? A most delightful chap.

—I'm afraid that's all I know, sir. But I can find out, if you wish, whether the young lady is Lord Barton's elder or younger daughter.

—As you wish, sir. In any event, that is the reason Major Clark could not prosecute the case, and I shall be taking his place.

—Quite so, Colonel. I am not the

ranking officer in his absence. But Major Clark preferred to entrust the task to me.

—I read law at Cambridge, sir, from 1913 until my call-up, in October, 1915.

—King's, sir.

—I was unable to take my degree, sir, because of the war.

—No, sir. I was first in France.

—No, sir. With the 38th Corps infantry, 42nd Division.

—Nineteen sixteen, Colonel, from March through August.

—No, sir. I was at the front. In eastern France.

—No, sir. I was a private at the time.

—Naturally, sir, in the trenches, sir, in combat and in frontal assaults, sir. What else could I have been doing at the front?

—In July and August of 1916.

—On the Somme, sir. Between Dompierre and Maricourt.

—On the northern flank.

—Quite so, sir. The night of July 17th is a horror to remember. It was the ghastliest of them all.

—I'm speaking for myself, of course. We lost three hundred men in two hours, including two platoon commanders.

—So he was, sir. How astounding that you knew him!

—I was fortunate, sir. Just a bit of shrapnel.

—Thank you, sir, I'd be glad to. If you don't mind, Colonel, I'd prefer to

sit by your side, so that I can show you a few documents.

—Thank you, sir. Now that the main features of the case are clear to you, there is something—something else that I wish to take up with you . . . I mean now, before the trial begins . . . since, once it does, I shan't be free to raise the matter with the court, as you will have seen for yourself from the brief.

—I beg your pardon, sir.

—Indeed, sir, I was afraid you might not have time to read it all.

—Oh.

—Oh dear . . . your eyes?

—Oh, dear me, Colonel, we had no idea. I'm flabbergasted.

—Oh dear, sir. I'm so dreadfully sorry. I'm quite devastated. We knew, of course, that you were wounded. Your name, sir, has been a byword in our division ever since the Battle of the Marne.

—I'm so sorry, sir. No one breathed a word to us. Had anyone told me, I would have come to read the brief to you myself.

—Now? Well, why not! I'd be delighted to, Colonel. I'm entirely at your disposal, and I'm quite prepared to read you the brief and all its documents.

—I'd be delighted to, sir. A résumé, as the French say. It will be both jollier and quicker.

—Thank you, sir. With pleasure.

—Just a wee drop, sir. . . . That will

do for this hour of the morning. . . . Cheers, sir.

—So this is the whiskey, then, is it? It's superb. . . . No wonder you insist on it, Colonel!

—Indeed, it is that, sir . . . I mean . . . that's the very subject . . . you've hit the nail on the head, sir! In accordance with wartime regulations, the prosecution will ask for the death penalty, whereas . . . you see, that's just what I wished to talk to you about.

QUITE so, sir. It's best to begin at the beginning. But just where is the beginning, sir, if you'll allow me to reflect for a moment? Suppose we say on the twenty-eighth of February, on a cold, foggy, rainy night—indeed, on a sleety night turning to real snow in the morning, the kind that falls here no more than once a year, to the great consternation of the natives. That, sir, was the night the accused was apprehended. It happened some ten miles north of Jerusalem, just outside a small town called Ramallah, which means the Hill of God, in a hamlet called el-Bireh, which I believe may be the Biblical Bethel. It's a small village of olive groves and little vegetable gardens that marked the farthest point of Allenby's advance after taking Jerusalem, in December. It's not at all clear why he stopped there—perhaps he wished to rest his forces after the excitement of Jerusalem. But since he didn't strike while the iron was hot, it

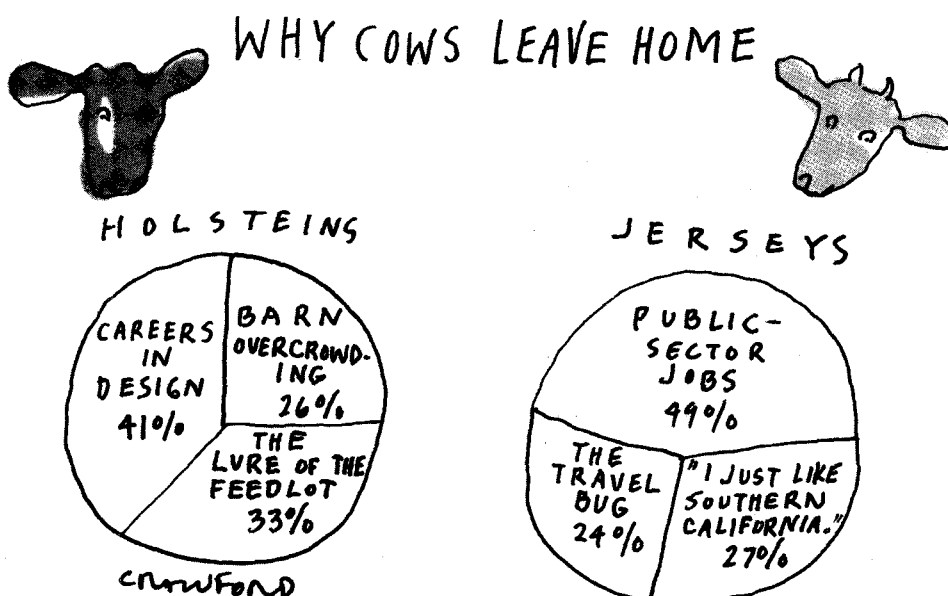
grew cold and gray until its jagged form hardened like fate. That's where the front runs now, with the Turks sitting on the other side of it, out of sight behind a ridge of hills. It cuts right through the village, and several of the houses on the lower slope are in no man's land. The Arabs living in them are poor shepherds who are allowed to come and go, and one of our more enterprising officers even issued them certificates of good conduct granting them freedom of movement among the hills and between the two armies. There's a bonny platoon of Ulstermen there, with a brave bucko of a commander who's actually just a first sergeant. They've dug trenches and deployed their machine guns, and



they sit there breathing the winter fog that rolls in from the sea to the desert and thinking of Ulster. Now and then they cluck to the goats, or call to some shepherd grazing his flock down the hill to come show them his certificate. Since they speak no Arabic and have no interpreters, they have no dealings with the natives, who pay them as much attention as you would a lot of flitting shadows. Which is what makes it so extraordinary that the fellow was even noticed that foggy dawn, let alone apprehended. And it's even more remarkable that, once he was apprehended, it was decided to detain him. . . . So that, looking back on it now, I can't swear that he didn't do it deliberately . . . that he didn't do everything, in fact, for the sole purpose of being caught, so that he could have his day in court. . . .

—Just thirty-one, sir. A scraggly, dark-haired chap. On the short side. But though he's barely ten years older than me, he looks old enough to be my great-grandfather, with so many wrinkles you might think every one of his crooked thoughts had spilled out of his brain and over his face. Thirty-one, sir, but tough enough to be fifty, awfully sombre and not at all youthful. The morning he was caught he was wearing a peasant's cloak and had three black goats in tow, which were a rather symbolic representation of the flock he was supposed to have. He headed straight up the hill to Sergeant McClane's funk hole and woke him up from his sleep.

—Quite so, sir. And there, in those foggy wee hours, he was asked for his certificate, and when he didn't have it he was taken aside until there was enough light to see what manner of man he was. But before a few minutes went by, sir, he tried escaping under cover of the last darkness, so that now he was taken, goats and all, and put in a little room, and there he sat all day long as the rain turned to snow, refusing to eat and cursing darkly in Arabic while waiting for the Ulstermen to get so bloody sick of him that they would tell him to clear out. Which was not, I daresay, an unreasonable hope, especially since, huddled in his corner, he understood every word that they said, although he never opened his mouth to let on. And, in fact, they would have packed him off soon enough, since the snowstorm kept them from



bringing him to the post in Ramallah, if Sergeant McClane hadn't laid down the law and insisted on waiting for the military police to look him over.

—I should think you would be, sir; so was I. A fortnight ago, when we ran through with McClane what had happened, prior to recommending him for promotion and a medal, I asked him what had aroused his suspicion. Shall I tell you what he said, sir? "Sure, now, the goats didn't like him. I know a thing or two about goats, and his didn't like him one bit." Tipped off that the man was a spy by three sulky goats, ha-ha. . . . That's what I call a keen eye! The next day a deputation from Jerusalem came slogging through the snow: two military policemen and an interpreter, Peter Evans, a Queen's man from Oxford—one of our university Orientalists who know the Koran inside out but lose their tongues when they have to ask for the time of day in Arabic, because their dons, who have never been east of the Thames in their lives, forgot to tell them there were still Arabs in the world and thought they were teaching a dead language like Latin or Sanskrit. Well, there they were, the two of them—old Evans ruddy cross at having been dragged out in the cold for some daft shepherd, and the shepherd sitting in his corner, all huddled up in his cloak with his head bowed. . . .

—Directly, sir. Picture him, if you can, huddled in a corner with that little Ulsterman sheepishly biting his nails, and old Evans jabbering away in his

unspeakable Oxford Arabic, and the shepherd answering glumly, and the military policemen jotting it all down: a perfectly mad tale about some runaway goats whose tracks were washed out by the rain, and some village across the lines. And everyone ticked off at that obstinate Ulsterman who had raised the very devil for naught. . . . And, in fact, old Evans was already getting up to go when something about that shepherd rang a bell—by now he's told us about it a thousand times, because I had to put him up for a promotion and a medal, too. So you see, sir, this episode has helped to advance more than one military career. Well, Evans asked for more light and told the Arab to stand; and then he removed the fellow's headcloth and looked him straight in the eye and told him to take off his cloak; and, when the chap refused and began to protest, the soldiers stripped it from him; and dashed if he wasn't wearing a dark suit underneath with a little striped necktie; and there was a book in the pocket of the jacket, with all sorts of papers falling out of it; so that old Evans burst out laughing and said, this time in proper Oxford English, "Why, Mr. Mani, is it you?"

—Mani, sir. That's his name. Joseph Mani.

—As far as I know, it doesn't mean anything, sir. It's just one of your Oriental Jewish names. Because you see, sir, the shepherd wasn't a shepherd, and the Arab wasn't an Arab but a Jew, who suddenly changed his tune

and began to speak the King's English in a Scots burr so thick it could have been fished from a loch; and then, as if he had simply been playing a prank, he threw his arms around Evans and began to walk out with him, because he, too, sir, was an interpreter in His Majesty's service.

—Yes, sir, a genuine Scots burr. You'll hear it yourself tomorrow when he enters his plea. He picked it up as a boy at a Christian mission school in Jerusalem, back at the turn of the century, from a Scottish priest who hammered it into him until there's no getting it out again. His father and mother were both British subjects, sir, which makes him one, too, even though he's never been to England and neither had they. But the prosecution will have to ask for the death penalty, since he's a national who has betrayed his country . . . which is why I've come to you, Colonel, to ask your advice before the trial begins.

—Of course, sir. Pardon me.

—Quite, sir, quite; it was my mistake to jump ahead. I simply didn't want to bore you with all kinds of details that I myself find endlessly fascinating.

—Utterly fascinating, sir. And I'll be delighted to. Well, there he was in that room, minus his cloak and in his frayed suit, with all sorts of papers sticking out of his pockets. Straightaway he began telling some cock-and-bull story about a woman behind Turkish lines, a totally garbled, outrageous yarn; but our stubborn Ulsterman, now triumphantly vindicated, snatched the papers away from him and discovered a bundle of maps of Palestine, as well as some proclamations in Arabic, which he didn't need to read in order to know that they were not precisely what one brought one's ladylove. And so off he went to fetch a rope, tied up his prisoner, and—not trusting the policemen or the interpreter—set out with him for the Ramallah post, from where Mr. Mani was taken to Jerusalem. I remember the night of his arrival. It was still quite nippy, although the snow had begun melting in the narrow streets, and a few of us officers were sitting in the club and warming ourselves by the hearth when the police duty officer entered and informed us that a spy had been caught near Ramallah and was now under interrogation. Quite naturally there

SPEAKING OF ACCIDENTS

Given the general murkiness of fate, you might, in my mother's words, "Thank your lucky stars," a phrase she'd drop into the lull between calamities like a rubbed stone, then nod wisely while it sank home—pure poetry, meaning she loved the sound of it more than its truth.

But here, precisely, one needs discrimination. Our town drunk, steering by street lamp home one night, as was his custom, got fooled beyond recognition when a fast freight at the crossing fixed him to its glare. "Some men are like moths," we said, and that was the poetry in it, meaning his sudden somersault into light. Truth is, the world fell in on him as it commonly does when you stray from the garden path and run head on into the pain that, until then, was as lost as you.

The trick is to risk collision, then step back at the last moment: that ringing in your ears might be construed as the rush of stars. We all want stars, those constellations with the lovely names we've given them blossoming in the icy windblown fields of the dark. Desire is always fuming into radiance, though even a drunk can't hope to ignore some fixity underfoot, some vivid point closer to home where all the lines converge—scars, I mean, not stars.

—PETER EVERWINE

was a great to-do—you know, sir, it strikes me that we British make rather a fuss over espionage, no doubt because we are taught from childhood on to be so trusting. . . .

—Yes, sir, I do think so, sir. Who of us does not have his own private spy fantasy in which he single-handedly brings some hidden bounder to justice? And so there was this police officer in the middle of the room with rain still trickling down his greatcoat, guardedly telling us what he could while we stood around him in a circle, until I stepped up to him—I remember it quite clearly—and asked, "But who is

it? An Arab, I'll wager." I thought it obvious that no one else would spy on the British Empire. "Not at all," says he, his blue eyes twinkling. "It's one of our side." Well, there was general consternation at that, but he, sir, he just looked me straight in the eye and said—it was too much for him to resist—"I mean, not exactly one of *our* side; he's one of those Jews who've leeches on to us. . . ." He knew very well who I was—he even threw me a cheeky, half-jesting smile—and I recall feeling, sir, if I may say so, thoroughly in a funk, not because of the anti-Semitic remark, which means nothing to me and is something I can shrug off quite coolly, but because of the quite maddening coincidence. Here was Major Clark about to leave the next day and finally give me a shot at trying an important case—and whom should it involve but a Jewish spy in Jerusalem,





"I think we've satisfied all our basic needs."

a fact that some uncalled-for delicacy might regard as reason to . . .

—Quite right, sir.

—To spare me the discomfort . . .

—Indeed, sir. You know what we military advocates generally have to deal with: desertions, brawls, petty thefts, drunkenness, insubordination—in a word, thirty- and sixty-day sentences and one-guinea fines. And here was a real investigation, something to get to the bottom of, where possibly lurked a man's death. I was so beside myself that I left the club directly and went straight to the divisional guardhouse by the Jaffa Gate, under the assumption that that's where this Mani was being held. I was determined not to be elbowed aside, and soon I found myself standing out in the cold night across from the place called the Tower of David, which is a sort of miniature version of the Tower of London, with my mind racing ahead. Just then I noticed a Jew dressed in black, hanging back by a little lane that ran into the empty square, and I knew directly that he was connected to the spy and had come to see what was being done with him—which meant that word

had already reached the concerned parties in Jerusalem, who had sent a first scout to reconnoitre, and a most clandestine-looking, eternal-looking, metaphysical-looking scout he was . . . and not the least bit different from his scoutmasters.

—I'm sorry, sir, there I go again, getting ahead of myself.

—The twenty-eighth of February, sir. The next day was a tense but quiet one at the Advocate-General's Office. Everyone knew about the investigation in the Tower of David, and the brigadier was beating the bushes for Major Clark, who had been absent from work for several days because he was busy packing and buying gifts—Oriental baubles, silk scarves, and little rugs for the British gentry waiting for him impatiently, I daresay irately, at Blenheim Manor. And now this spy had fallen on us out of the blue, and the Major was terrified of having his leave cancelled and being made to take up the investigation while his little bun was growing daily in its oven, which was something the whole British Army couldn't have done anything about. He kept running from the tailor's and the

jeweller's to the interrogation cell and the brigadier, and then back to the Advocate-General's Office for a look at the lawbooks—and never a word to me, sir, not a hint that I might take the case upon myself, although he knew I would have given my right arm to do it. Wherever he went his hip flask went with him, and he had the squinty look of a beaten dog. . . .

—I don't believe, sir, that he's partial to anything in particular; whatever's available will do. . . . Well, that evening the first sergeant relayed an order for us four advocates to remain after work, and after a while Major Clark appeared, all bleary-eyed from drink and the day's intrigues; his little squint was gone, and he was wearing his dress uniform with the brass all polished and the decorations agleam. I could see at once that he had vanquished the brigadier and received leave to attend his own wedding, and I knew he would never be back in the Orient, since his future father-in-law had landed him a plum on the general staff to make sure he didn't fly the nest again now that it was properly feathered. And so he sat the four of us down with the

Handbook of Wartime Jurisprudence and the secret file in front of him, speaking to all of us but looking only at me, because he knew his man and realized that for the past twenty-four hours I had been preparing myself for the case. First he told us about his adventures that day and about his tilt with the brigadier, and then he said to me, "And you, my dear Ikey, shall make this Jew your business. Just don't forget whose side you're on; I want a proper investigation, and a proper indictment, and death, because that's what the law calls for and what divisional headquarters expects, seeing that this blighter is responsible for the loss of lives and artillery across the Jordan. You're the very man to do the job quickly and smoothly, since who could deny satisfaction to a Jew asking for another Jew's head? By Jove, it should be a special treat."

—Yes, sir. Those were his words. "A special treat."

—That's just his manner, sir. I've never taken it to heart, sir. I've served with Major Clark for over a year now, first in France and then here, and there isn't a more likable, decent chap anywhere, even if he has a sharp tongue. And his anti-Semitism is the most natural thing in the world; I mean, it's all of a parcel with his views on women and horses, which are very solid indeed and have survived their encounter with the facts with hardly a scratch. But he wouldn't harm a fly, and in fact there's no greater gentleman. . . . Well, sir, we all drank to his health and went our ways, and I went mine firmly gripping the file as though it were a most wonderful book that I was about both to read and to write. I couldn't wait to talk to the prisoner, who was mine now, all mine! . . . I knew he was still putting up a brave front and admitting nothing, and no sooner had Major Clark left the room than I was out in the wet, lonely night, heading for the guardhouse. It was nearly midnight; the melting snow was trickling underfoot; a

huge moon bore down above the city walls as if it were being hauled in on a kite string; and suddenly, as I was crossing the walled city in utter silence from the Damascus Gate to the Jaffa Gate, I heard a snuffling and a tinkling of bells, and a shepherdless flock of black goats came charging out of a lane in such a dark frenzy that they might have been a pack of devils looking for the archfiend himself, and vanished down another lane and were swallowed up by the cobblestones. The church bells were ringing away, and there was a smell of freshly baked bread, and I was actually trembling with desire to begin, already haunted by the momentous feeling that has gripped me, waking and sleeping, for the past five weeks . . . and which, Colonel, is the reason I'm here now, tiring you without getting to the point, because the story keeps coming between us, and I'm afraid I may already have tried your patience too far.

—That's very kind of you, sir. And so I climbed the stairs of the tower that the Jews call the Tower of David and the Arabs el-Kal'a; and I woke the sergeants and the duty officer and showed them the file and my authorization to conduct the investigation, which from now on I was to be in sole charge of; and I instructed them to let no one near the prisoner except by my express permission. Then I was taken to the cell block, past four hundred years of Turkish rule, to a dungeon, a sort of round pit encircled by a walkway, in which our prisoner, the

defendant, had been put like some sort of dangerous snake or panther, although, in fact, in his black suit he looked more like a buzzard. He was seated on an Army cot and reading a book by candlelight, a hard look on his gaunt, lined face; reading as though reluctantly, with the book half pushed away from him. It was a Bible with both Testaments, which an evangelical old officer of the guards, thinking him as good as hanged already, had given him for his soul. He was so absorbed in his defiant, his stubborn reading that he didn't notice me looking down on him from above—not even when, like an actor onstage, he let the book drop, blew out the candle, cast himself down on the cot, curled up like a baby buzzard, and shut his eyes. My first thought was to let him be until morning while I studied the file and planned my attack. But the more I looked at him the more something told me that unless I pressed ahead that very night I would never get a confession out of him; no, the more time I let pass, the more tightly he would weave the tissue of lies he had cocooned himself in. And so I asked for a room and a pot of coffee and sat down to read the file and put my thoughts in order, and at 2 A.M. I returned to him. It was very cold down there. I removed his blanket and touched him, and he opened his eyes, which were so big and pure and young-looking that you could see they hadn't been made by whoever had made the rest of him, and I started speaking quickly and gently right into

his dreams, casting a fine net to trap the fish of truth in its muddy swamp; while he, confused and tired though he was—in fact, thoroughly dejected—did his best, in that clear Scots burr you'll hear tomorrow, to get a grip on himself and swim clear, carrying on once more about some woman of his behind Turkish lines, as if we were talking not about villages of fanatically ignorant Muhammadans whose females go veiled and barefoot but about some town along the Loire in a story by



"You're amazing, Hargrave—fair weather or foul, good times or bad, boom or recession, you're always the same."

de Maupassant, with pretty young mademoiselles in embroidered aprons waiting for their lovers. And he, too, he insisted, had "a ladylove," although you could tell at a glance that he wasn't a ladies' man but a man of words who couldn't picture the figment of his own imagination; so that had I asked him the color of his lady's eyes he would have marvelled that they had any color at all, let alone that he was expected to know it. It was a lie I wasn't having any part of. And yet the less I would hear of it the more he clung to it, telling me about this woman he had been trysting with for a month, adding embellishments to his own ridiculous yarn, which he clearly didn't believe a word of, as if it had taken hold of him and become his master instead of the other way around, until at last he fell silent, shivering from the cold, and let his ladylove recede into the mind that had concocted her. At that point, I took him up to the office; I let him warm himself there, made him a cup of hot tea, and introduced myself. "What will it take to make you trust me?" I asked him. He answered that he had a little son whom he hadn't seen for three days and missed terribly; and so I woke three soldiers of the guard, and at 3 A.M. we all set out for one of those new quarters outside the walled city, Abraham's Vineyard is its name, and knocked on a door there. A middle-aged woman in a clean frock, with a rather nice, pleasant face, opened the door directly, as if she had been waiting for us. When she saw the soldiers she cried a bit; and the man touched her gently and murmured something in Hebrew and hurried up some stairs to a second story; and soon he came back down with a four-year-old child in his arms, a handsome blond boy who looked out of sorts, or perhaps a bit soft in the head. You'll see him in court, sir, tomorrow; I've granted him permission to attend the opening session, because I know that if the defendant had counsel he would use the child as grounds for clemency....

—Directly, sir.

—Quite so, sir.

—The point is, sir, that while he was kissing his son I ordered the soldiers to search the house and make

sure to go through every drawer and collect every scrap of paper that they found. We sat without a word in the kitchen, the two of us, with the boy on his lap, until they finished and came back with a large basket full of papers, after which I told them to sit in the drawing room and had them served tea. Meanwhile there was already a first purple glow outside, and a few lights came on in the neighborhood, because news of the police had spread. And yet that was the only sign of life in that utter, predawn silence. The woman put the boy back to sleep and went to bed herself; and we sat there, the two of us, and I said, "Look, why don't you tell me about it from the beginning, or, if you like, from even before that: just who are you?" By then we were both so horribly fagged that only the truth could keep us awake, and that's what he began to tell me while I sat there listening; that was the opening through which I fished his confession. Afterward, it was merely a question of dotting the "i"s and crossing the "t"s.

—Thank you, sir. Gladly.

HE is indeed. Born in Jerusalem, as was his father. His grandfather came here as a young man from Greece. Mind you, you don't easily find such Jews, because Jews aren't naturally born in Palestine as Englishmen are in England and Welshmen are in Wales. Most of the Jews you

see here are newcomers, and those who are born here usually leave. Dashed few stay on, and those who do are rather highly regarded—more by others, I daresay, than by themselves—which is rather a boost to their self-esteem, although perhaps not very much.

—Right you are, sir. You would think, wouldn't you, that Jerusalem would be for a Jew what London is for an Englishman; but the East End of London has more Jews in it than this entire country. I suppose that's because London is too substantial a place to carry about with you, whereas the Jews take Jerusalem wherever they go, and the more of them who take it with them the lighter it becomes....

—Up to a point, sir, up to a point. It's even true—why deny it?—of my own self. But my home is Manchester and the city of my dreams is London, and even if I have a warm place in my heart for this town, it's for the idea of it, not the reality. It's really quite extraordinary, sir, how, although I've been here for several months, the idea and the reality remain entirely separate.

—I appreciate that, sir.... Well, then, why don't I give you a thumbnail sketch of his biography. His grandparents came here in the middle of the last century from Salonika, in the days when it was still part of Turkey. They were a childless couple who hoped that settling in Jerusalem might answer their prayers for a child. And so it did,



and our defendant's father, Moses Chaim Mani, was conceived. His father, Joseph Mani, died before the son was born, and Moses Chaim was raised with no end of love by his mother, Tamara. He grew up to be such a handsome, captivating lad that the British consul in Jerusalem, who was a neighbor of theirs, took him under his wing. He was a great Bible reader, this consul, and perhaps it was because he saw in little Moses a metempsychosis of his Biblical namesake that he decided to make him a British subject; in any case, for the boy's thirteenth birthday the consul gave him a British passport as a present, which you'll find in this file here, Colonel. It's a rather unusual document, written in an ornate hand such as you never see anymore, with a lovely photograph of a child with the most candid, trusting eyes. It even has a number, and we've cabled London to run it down and see what series it belongs to, because it was not the common practice of British consuls to grant British nationality to children for being adorable. . . . Be that as it may, however, the boy was pleased as Punch to be a British subject and took his gift-wrapped passport with him everywhere, reciting Byron and Shelley and retelling "The Canterbury Tales" amid the pestilent poverty of this city, since his mother made a point of his studying English at a mission school. Then he was sent to Beirut, to study medicine at the American University. He was back within a year, homesick for both mother and Jerusalem; was persuaded to return; somehow—although just barely, it would seem—persisted in his studies while revisiting Jerusalem every few months; and finally took his mother back to Beirut, where, out of loyalty to his patron the consul, he pressed on doggedly until, at the age of twenty-seven, he re-

ceived his medical degree. By now it was time to marry him off before he became a confirmed bachelor, and the consul had the idea of finding him a British wife to make him more English than ever. It took a while to locate one, but in the end the consul hit upon a woman who was slightly older than Mani and who was descended from an Anglo-Jewish family that had made a living supplying Napoleon's Army until the Egyptian Campaign, when they were taken prisoner by the Turks, from whom the French forgot to ransom them. Eventually, they ransomed themselves and stayed on in the Orient. And so, in 1880, the doctor was wed. The couple had a baby girl, who died directly after childbirth, and then a second girl who died, and then a boy, who also died, all because of the parents' having incompatible blood. And, indeed, when our defendant came along, in 1887, he seemed of a mind to die, too. But this time the Manis put their foot down; they fought day and night to save him until he had no choice but to live. And two years later a sister was born, who survived, too. By now the doctor had

been through so many postnatal crises that it occurred to him to open a small lying-in hospital of his own, and so in the early eighteen-nineties, when Jews had begun building outside the walled city, he bought the house in Abraham's Vineyard; found a tough old Swedish woman, an old maid from Malmö who had come to the Holy Land on a pilgrimage, failed to find God, and taken up free thought and midwifery; installed some beds; and ordered the latest equipment from France, including a large mirror in which the mothers could watch themselves giving birth. Then he sat back and waited for the fair sex of Jerusalem to knock at his gate. At first he got only the fallen ones: women of ill repute, compromised young ladies, nuns in the family way, pilgrimesses of dubious virtue. The Swedish midwife, who was quite cunning and resourceful, delivered each of them with hardly a labor pain, as if she were taking it all upon herself, and after a while Dr. Mani's clinic developed such a reputation that mothers began flocking to it from all over. Our defendant's father became rather the man-about-town: a debonair

charmer, popular with the ladies and well liked by everyone; an excellent host, much sought-after guest, and honorable member of sundry deputations. At about this time he became an ardent Zionist and admirer of Dr. Herzl, appointed himself a delegate to all the Zionist congresses, and left the trusty Swede to mind the shop, arriving only at the last minute even if he was in Jerusalem—just in time to give the bawling baby a cheery slap on the back, joke with its mother, snip the umbilical cord, remove the afterbirth, and help decide on a name. His own mother, to whom he was unfailingly gallant, was always at his side, putting his wife in her shadow, while the little boy and his



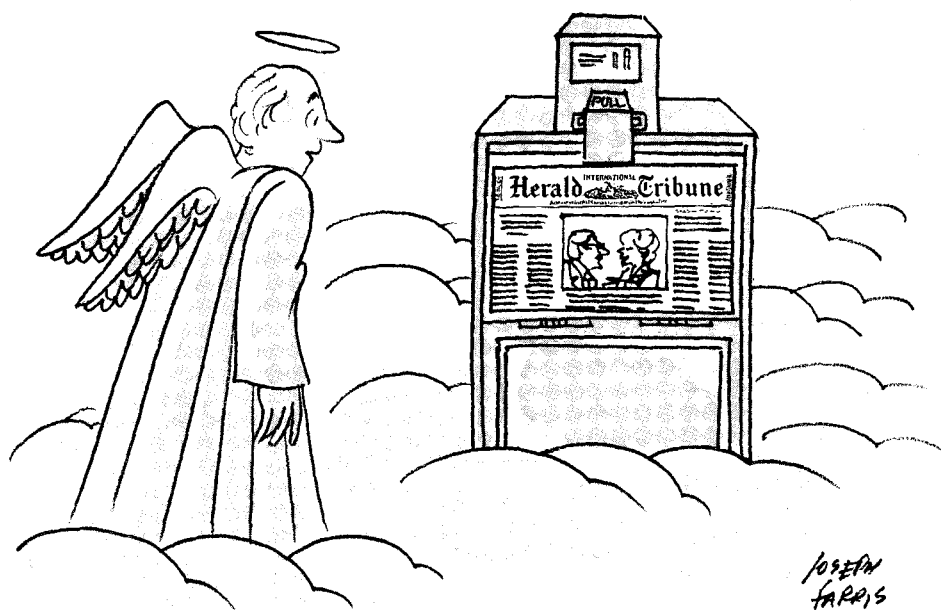
"Remember to mention how we miss the change of seasons in L. A. It means so much to people who are still back here in New York."

sister ran about among the beds. In the summer of 1899 the doctor went off to one of his congresses in Europe and came back with two young Zionists, a sister and brother, from a small Polish town near Kraków. Our defendant remembers them well, although he didn't understand their language. The brother was a doctor, the sister an attractive young woman; Dr. Mani sought to interest the former in his clinic and the latter in himself, since he had fallen madly in love with her as only an older man can with a young woman, whom he has no time to court and seeks only to devour. The less devoured she wished to be, the more he dogged her footsteps, and before long all Jerusalem knew of his great passion, since Mani the Elder, unlike Mani the Younger, was not at all diffident about his feelings. It was indeed quite an infamous scandal . . .

and when the two young Polish Zionists made up their minds to return home despite the doctor's pleas that they remain in Jerusalem, he followed them to Jaffa, sailed from there to Beirut with them, and vanished. It took several weeks to discover that he had been killed in a ghastly accident in the Beirut railway station. He was fifty years old, and by the time the corpse was identified and brought to Jerusalem for burial it was autumn.

—Yes, sir. I gathered all this information from the defendant himself, although I was able to corroborate it from other sources. I'm dreadfully sorry to be taking so much of your time, but I have my reasons. . . . I assure you that I do.

—Thank you, sir. All this was nearly twenty years ago. But can there be any statute of limitations when we seek to trace, through the maze of their origins, the roots of treachery and espionage so as to keep them from spreading their rank weeds? The family were stunned by the disaster; their benefactor, the British consul, was long dead; the lying-in hospital was dealt a mortal blow. For a while the Swedish midwife tried to keep it going, at first openly and then clandestinely, since the authorities revoked its license after Dr. Mani's death. There were debts to be paid, too, so that part of the equipment had to be sold and some of the rooms rented out to pilgrims. And gradually the women of Jerusalem stopped coming to give birth there.



That Christmas the city was flooded by Christian pilgrims who had come to mark the new century, and the faithful midwife suddenly regained her faith and returned with them to her native land. In December, 1899, our defendant was twelve years old; he had always been an independent lad, even when his father was alive, and now he became even more so. If you try to picture him for a moment, sir, as I can, you'll see a thin, black-haired boy with glasses and a dark complexion like his mother's, a moody youngster who daydreamed and even talked to himself. In late December of that year the winter finally arrived; everywhere there were church bells and parades of Russian pilgrims through the streets—the two centuries, one coming and one going, were a source of universal excitement. And then one afternoon, so he told me, young Mani went downstairs to the former hospital and was startled to find a young woman in labor lying on a bed—one of those adventuring Jewesses who had come to Palestine from Europe to live in the new Jewish farming villages, partly out of ideological conviction and partly to run away from home. She had reached Jerusalem on her last legs, with the address of the lying-in hospital, not knowing that it was defunct; had found no one there; and had lain down on a bed. It was afternoon; the boy's mother, sister, and grandmother had gone to see the processions and had not come home yet; no one was

there but him and the woman; and now she began screaming and sobbing, throwing off her blanket and howling for help while he stood there and stared at her, both straight on and in the mirror. At first he was too paralyzed to move, and when at last he tried to help her undress he couldn't get her clothes off, no matter how she begged him, until he ran to fetch a knife and slashed them. Then he stood watching the birth canal heave open and listening to her moans, saw the baby's head appear slowly in a pool of blood, witnessed it all—the dreadful suffering, the screams—and was made to swear while standing helplessly in that cold room that he wouldn't leave her or lay down his knife before cutting the umbilical cord. And throughout all this he never shut his eyes. He looked now at the woman and now at the mirror, watching the birth on both sides of him . . . which is how, so he says, his intense political consciousness was born, as he gripped the knife in that cold room.

—Yes, sir, *political*, sir. Those were his words, and that's how he views it. Unbelievably intense; it's the only thing in his world that matters; it is his world. And thus, in a single cold, gloomy, fin-de-siècle hour, a skinny twelve-year-old with glasses became, as he puts it, a *Homo politicus*. And here, perhaps, lies the first, subtle kernel of the bizarre, the hideous act of treachery that came eighteen years later, on account of which, sir, you were brought

from Egypt to join your colleagues on the bench tomorrow while I hammer home his guilt. . . . I say, though, look at how the sky has cleared! Didn't I remark two hours ago, sir, that Jerusalem wasn't Glasgow? Even the most torrential rains have their limit here. . . . And so I ask myself, sir, and you, too, Colonel, whether you haven't heard enough by now. To think of all the times my mother warned me not to forget myself—that is, not to forget my listeners—because my tongue has a way of getting carried away, especially when it has such excellent whiskey to carry it.

—Of course, sir. I have a most definite purpose in mind.

—I daresay, Colonel, that everything will fit together in the end.

—With all my heart and soul, sir.

—Thank you, sir, that's terribly kind of you.

WELL, then, where were we? Ah, yes, at the start of the century, which erupted right under our defendant's nose. . . .

—Sir?

—What baby is that, sir?

—Oh, yes, that one . . .

—Why, yes, sir. Quite thick of me, sir. Yes, of course. I reckon it was born in the end, but I'm afraid I didn't pursue the matter, because it seemed to me more of a metaphor. . . . I do believe he cut the cord with his knife and gave the baby its freedom, but as to whether it lived or not . . . we must hope for the best.

—By all means, sir. . . . Well, then, the new century dawned on us all, each of us at his proper station, and on the Manis, too, who were still quite stunned by their tragedy. The old grandmother, though pushing eighty by now, was as youthful as ever and was adored by the young lad; the mother had put on weight and was aging rapidly; the sister was only ten but was already resigned to a fate of being married off young; and the four of them barely eked out a living from letting rooms in the defunct hospital. Young Mani was left pretty much to his own devices, and, being a *Homo politicus*, as he puts it, he set himself goals and made himself friends accordingly. His first decision was to study languages; it still rankled him to have had to sit listening to his father converse with his young guests from

A DIARY OF DYING

SINCE, YEARS AGO. . .

Since, years ago, you detested me
because to the best of your knowledge I had been a bad husband
to a friend of yours

you picked me out as having said of your husband
something which you repeated as you made it up
something I had said of him, among common friends
in a particular house
"he is an utter mediocrity"

It occurred to you to intrude that needle into his side
I celebrate here this extreme punctiliousness
that female perversity has

Thus I make up for my excesses
in glory and praise of women

I would one day like to hear your version of these doings
but naturally on the other side of death

A FAVORITE LITTLE SHRINE

I have turned into a little shrine, a favorite
among truck drivers and their families

A little death house lit by candles, devoutly; with fresh flowers every day
I have turned into an actor who is going to die, really die, in the last act
a famous tightrope walker with no net who dances night after night
on the loose wire

Europe without understanding a word. And, having made up his mind, he went about it as single-mindedly as an army crossing a river—which meant secretly leaving the Jewish school in which his father had placed him, without bothering to inform his mother or his grandmother, and roaming the streets of Jerusalem until he found the Scottish mission on Mt. Zion and its School of Bible, a very Christian institution, I needn't tell you. What interested young Mani, of course, was not the Bible but English, which he quickly mastered with an Inverness accent. But that was just the beginning. Afternoons found him in the nearby village of Silwan, where a chum of his father's, an old Arab sheikh, agreed to chat with him in Arabic and put him through his conjugations. And that still left evenings, when he sometimes frequented an Algerian family he knew, to help mind the children and pick up a bit of French. He was already, you see, quite adept at moving among different elements before he had even celebrated his bar mitzvah, which is like a Catholic confirmation or a Muhammadan *toohoor* and takes place in synagogue at the age of thirteen,

when you must chant parts of the Bible in a special melody that is the very devil to master—believe me, Colonel, I can vouch for that personally, and so can the Great Synagogue in Manchester. . . . And so, as his bar mitzvah approached, he betook himself to one of your little Jerusalem sects, one of those black-coated, fur-hatted, curly-eared lots whom you may have come across in London, Colonel, if you ever ventured into the East End.

—Most assuredly, sir. . . . That's where you see them, dressed the same way. He presented himself to them as an orphan—which is what he did everywhere, sir, as if he were motherless, too—and they arranged for his bar mitzvah, and taught him the proper chant notes, and even saw to the refreshments. That was the start of his odd ties with them, which have continued to this day. I've questioned them about the relationship most thoroughly, trying to get to the bottom of it, because you see, sir, it's not as if he belonged to them or could have even if he wished to: first, because he's a Sephardi and they are Ashkenazim; second, because he's a freethinker; and third, because he's a Zionist, which is

The telephone in my dressing room rings all the time
 They cannot call me to cancel my appearance in the show
 they only call to ask me to keep them tickets if only for the third act
 They call up, people close to my heart, now empty but not indifferent,
 and people thousands of miles from it
 these last ones to make their peace with Jesus, their crutch, by way of me
 to obtain a last-minute absolution
Par délicatesse I am going to lose, in what is left of my life,
 the joy of dying, receiving those bigmouths

Death is a hit with the public
 Twelve people are enough for me
 I don't want anyone else in the auditorium

THE GIFT OF DREAM

The dream makes you the gift of a city you will never set foot in
 That longing made unreality
 rises up for a fraction of a second, with minarets, squares, and fountains
 in finer detail
 than in a print by Escher
 The genie of the dream is an omnipotent architect
 No one will ever know the vastness of the cities he has raised for
 a single sick man
 condemned in his life never to see Constantinople—
 a pale shadow before the glory of what that name brings to his dreams
 in his dying.

—ENRIQUE LIHN
 (1929-1988)

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.)

utterly foreign to them. And yet such ties existed, initially as a matter of mutual interest and eventually as one of subtle affection, because even the most hermetically sealed system needs a secret outlet, a man who is free to come and go on special assignments and is preferably an outsider, so that no control need be relinquished over one's own people; and, best of all, a queer bird like Mani, a none too reputable orphan who could easily be disowned. And so he rendered them various services, such as corresponding in English with wealthy Jews in America, negotiating the rental of flats from the Muhammadans, and preparing digests of the newspapers, which their religion forbids them to read, in return for financial remuneration or its equivalent. They made no religious demands of him, not even that he wear a fat—indeed, already as a boy he was in the habit of calling on their elder bare-headed and speaking to him respectfully but as an equal. Not that he considered himself anti-religious. He sometimes even attended services, although never theirs but only those of his fellow-Sephardim, whose hymns were familiar and didn't take all day—

and then, of course, he clapped a red Turkish fez on his head before going off to pray. But he quite definitely did not wish to be considered religious, either, because the one thing he could not have enough of was his freedom.

—In the Deity, sir? I believe he does, although he declines to profess it. In any case, he refused to answer the question, which I put to him with the greatest delicacy, on the ground that it was too personal.

—No, sir, a Jew is not required to believe in Him. As a rule, however, he does, since he has little else to believe in.

—Are you quite certain, Colonel, that you wish me to expound on such questions of identity? It's a dreadful bog, you know; the Jews themselves start out across it with the greatest confidence and end up floundering madly. I can't tell you how sorry I am to be boring you like this.

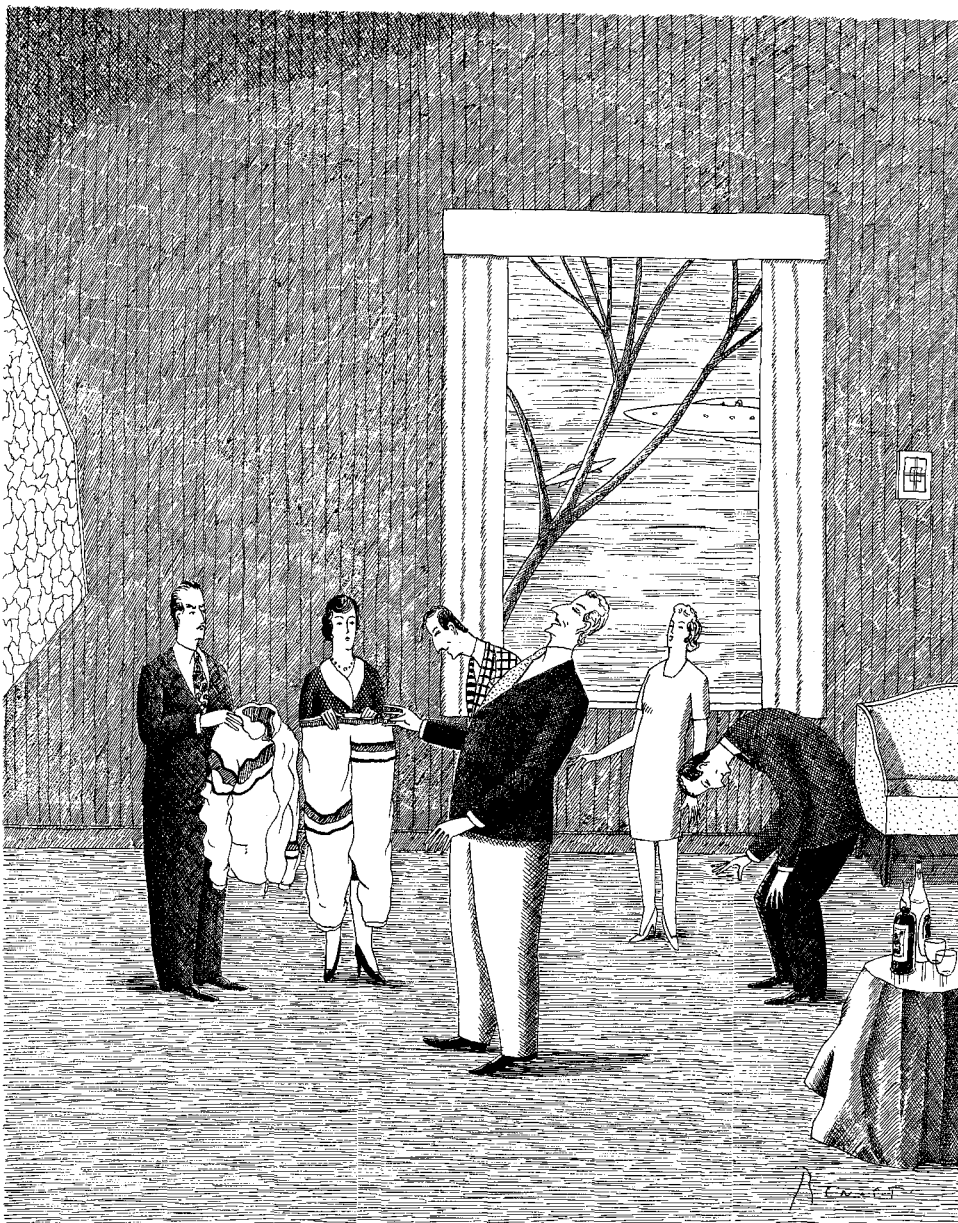
—I would be most keen to, sir.

—With great pleasure, sir. I even have my own hypothesis. But, for the moment, I suggest that we stick to our story. I daresay I should say a word about this sect, because from the day of his arrest its people have gone tip-toeing after him and us, his handlers,

like a flock of birds—crows, sir, if you will—all perched at the ringside; quite indistinguishable from each other, yet each of them with his clearly defined role and place. Already on that snowy night when I rushed off to the guard-house and saw the first of them standing blackly by the edge of the square, I could tell by the way he stood there that he had been sent; not even his umbrella was his own, because since then I've seen it pass from hand to hand like a rifle at the changing of the guards. A night hasn't gone by without one of them trailing behind me—along the narrow streets, into the shops, up steps and down steps—but the moment I approach them they vanish. What they're after, don't you see, is to try to read in my face whether the accused has said anything to incriminate them.

—Yes, sir. They were questioned quite stiffly, with the help of an interpreter who speaks their language.

—Yiddish, sir. It would appear that they had no idea what he was up to and could not have been less involved in his schemes. England, Turkey—they don't give a fig for any of that. Their one concern is not to have his guilt rub off on them, although I do believe they feel a sort of solidarity with him; perhaps it even goes back to that bar-mitzvah chant. . . . Anyway, we had better get back to our story. Well, sir, he grew up, the lad did, dark-haired, bespectacled, and homely, an independent and rather solitary *Homo politicus* drifting among the identities of Jerusalem while working out his politics and acquiring languages as though they were a batch of keys to a house with many doors. He was still a bachelor, still stirred to the depths of his soul by that woman's womb and screams. In 1905, when he was eighteen, his grandmother, the one person in the world he really loved, died of old age. Meanwhile, his younger sister was married off, as she had known she would be—to the son of a wealthy Jew from North Africa who had come to purchase a grave in Jerusalem and was buried in it sooner than he had planned. Once the week of mourning was over, the young man departed with his new bride and her mother for Marseilles, to which he also invited her brother, who was employed as a court clerk at the time. Young Mani, however, resolutely declined; he was awaiting political developments, which were not long



In 2156, the sociologist L'Amonti declared that at the end of the twentieth century most people, regardless of social rank, wore clothes of this sort.

in coming, since in 1908 the Young Turks seized power and proclaimed a multinational, multiracial empire—a proclamation that so stirred him that he resolved to study law and serve in the Turkish Parliament. And so, letting out his own two rooms in the defunct hospital that was now a pilgrims' hostel, he put the family possessions in storage, gave his father's old clothes to charity except for a large, warm overcoat, ordered a calling card from a print shop which said "Journalist" even though he had no journal to correspond for, and in late 1908 he took the train to Jaffa, departing Jerusa-

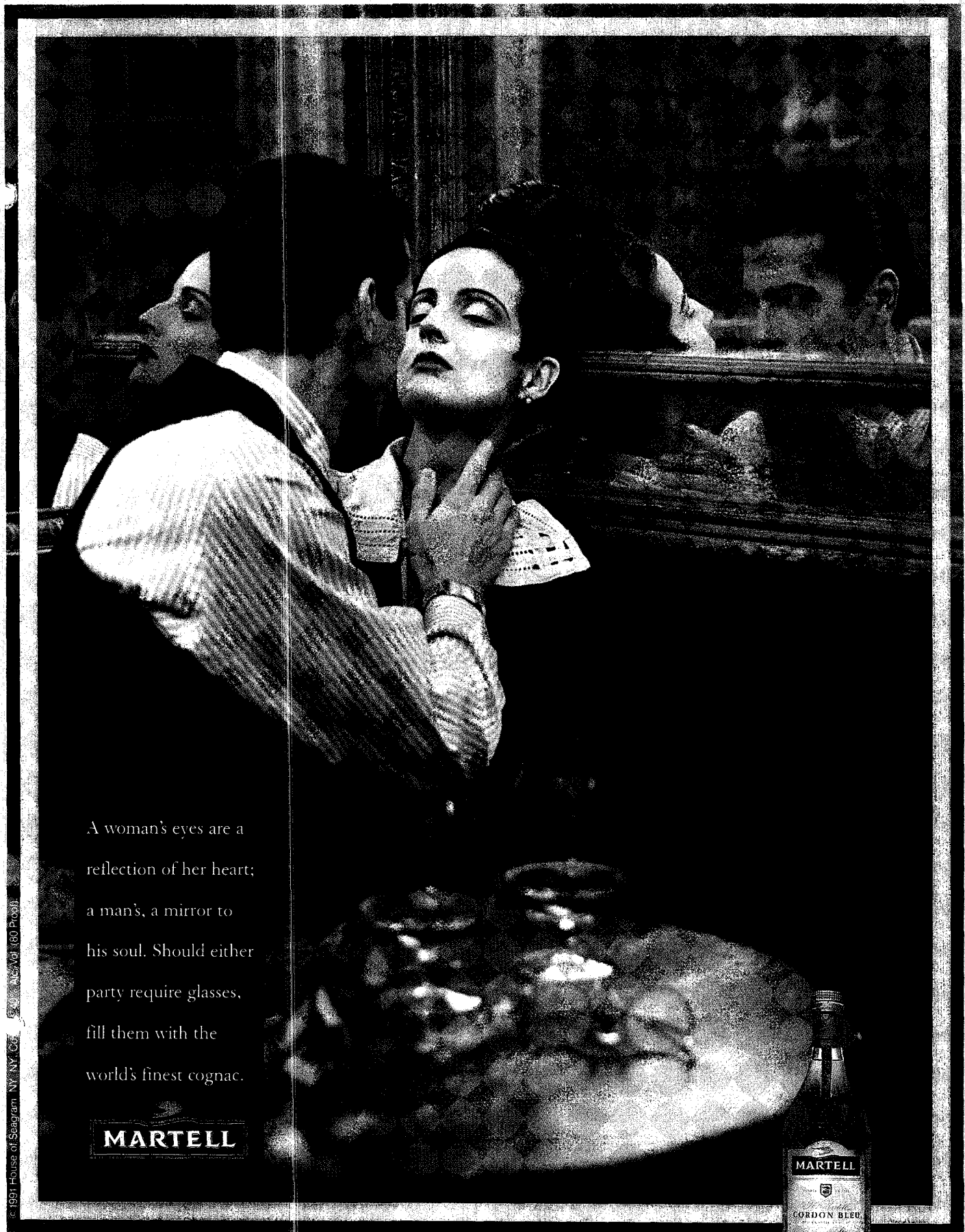
lem for the first time in his life. He did not once lift his head to look at the mountains sliding by outside the window, but kept his eyes on the suitcase between his legs and on his father's coat by his side, wanting only to put Palestine behind him without a glimpse of the route whereby his father had deserted him. From the railway station in Jaffa he took a black hansom straight to the port, where he boarded a north-bound ship for Constantinople. Three days later, toward evening, she cast anchor in Beirut—which is, as you know, sir, a handsome and rapidly growing city famed for its houses of

amusement. All the passengers hurried ashore, he told me, save himself, for he had decided not to budge from the empty ship; there he remained, pacing the deck and listening to the sounds of song and laughter from the shore while regarding the brilliant lights of the city in which his father had perished. Toward midnight the first passengers returned to their cabins, yet still he strode the deck, watching the lights dim as the song and laughter faded away. A late moon rose in the sky. And then . . . then, sir, so he says, he heard a cry—as if a huge, powerful infant were crying in the city, or so he says, sir—and with shaking hands he packed his suitcase and went ashore, passing the watchmen and entering the little streets, through which the last revelers were heading home and the last passengers returning to their ships. And all along, sir, he kept hearing the cry. And so he struck out through the winding lanes of the old city and came to the railway station, where he quickly crossed the tracks and started up a steadily climbing street until he came to a boarding house, a small establishment for travellers in need of a night's lodgings. There were voices inside and a light swayed in the vestibule; he asked if there was a room available and was told that there was; he climbed the stairs and flung his suitcase on the bed and stepped out on the terrace and gazed down at the station below, which

was flooded with moonlight, the tracks running north and south; and then, sir, he opened the squeaking clothes closet and hung up his father's old coat . . . and there it stayed for six years.

—I do, sir. He remained in that city for six full years, until the outbreak of the war. And in the same boarding house and the same room, where he would still no doubt be if not for the war, as if being near the train station where his father had died held him in a vise. And I ask myself, sir, whether his act of treachery, or espionage, even if it only surfaced many years later,

THE ART OF EYE CONTACT.



A woman's eyes are a
reflection of her heart;
a man's, a mirror to
his soul. Should either
party require glasses,
fill them with the
world's finest cognac.

MARTELL



SINCE 1715.

COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.

was not conceived there in Beirut, although all my efforts to determine whether he was already then a Turkish plant have yielded nothing.

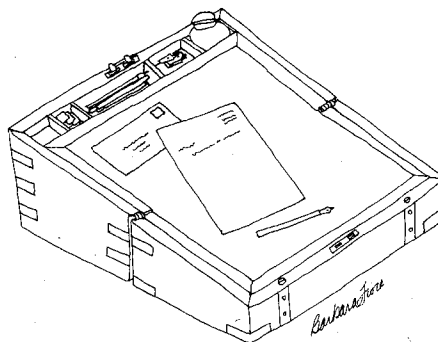
—Yes, Colonel. A most thorough investigation, carried out around the clock, from every angle. There wasn't a stone left unturned. Were any Turks lurking in the background, I'm sure I would have found them. But there isn't a Turk in sight, sir, or even a German. The whole thing seems purely self-generated by his own muddled, neurasthenic mind. That's the point I'm driving at, and if anyone thinks there's a lesson to be learned here, anything applicable to the apprehension of spies and traitors in the future, the only lesson I can see is that every case is unique—even the case of Joseph Mani, who claims he spent his six years in Beirut studying, sir. And he really did attend the American University, which was easily done with his British passport that opened all sorts of doors. His income from the rents in Jerusalem paid for his bed and breakfast, and the rest of his needs were financed by odd jobs that he found as a guide, an interpreter, and a hotel agent, because Beirut was full of visitors in those years, tourists who came from all over. The town was booming; it was the gateway to the Orient for Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen; for Austrians, Russians, and even Americans; processions of pilgrims passed through it; so did archeological expeditions, Christian missions, journalists discovering the East. And Jews, too, of course, in every possible shape and form. A bureau of the Zionist Organization was opened, too, to help stranded pioneers on their way to Palestine, penniless Jewish youngsters without a visa for the Ottoman Empire, let alone Palestine, without money for a ship berth, so that they planned to continue their journey on foot and slip across the border. Mani picked them out at the train station, where he hung about every evening, as they stepped out of the coaches: pale young men and women from Russia, on the run from the law since the abortive 1905 uprising, unkempt and unwashed, with their bundles roped together... and here was this dark, bespectacled Palestinian Jew come to meet them, wearing a little necktie and attempting to hit it off with them

in Hebrew, then switching to French, then going over to his smattering of Russian. He directed them to the cheap doss houses on the hills above the city, which gave him a modest commission; explained where they might find an inexpensive café; told them about the Holy Land and pointed out the way to the Zionist bureau. But he never befriended them past that. From women he kept away entirely; it was as if he had still not got over his twelve-year-old's memory of that winter day in the empty house with its womb that seemed less about to bear life than to engorge it, and with a most ravenous appetite. And he had his studies to keep up, too.

—Yes, sir, quite faithfully. Every morning he went to the university, where for six years he continued to consider himself a student, albeit a rather slow-going one and of a special status because of the King's English that he spoke. His examinations and term papers were postponed from year to year, his requirements were met at a snail's pace, and most of his time was spent reading the daily and weekly papers in the library. Since the age of twelve, after all, he had been his own headmaster, and now he had the run of the university, whose student body was a hodgepodge of different levels and backgrounds. And yet he had a sure notion of his curriculum: it was politico-jurisprudential—he studied the laws of the Turkish majlis, the American Constitution, the philosophy of the Koran. But he also studied English poetry, Sumerian archeology, Byzantine iconography, choosing his lectures systematically and at his leisure; and if there were any he had failed to comprehend in their entirety he waited a year or two for them to be repeated and sat through them again. Afternoons were devoted to field work; that is, to attending political meetings of Druze, of Shiites, of Communists, of

Christians, of Maronites, of Catholic priests, shuttling from identity to identity, although by now the identities were all jumbled up; a simple promenade down the main street of Beirut was a tour through them all. And, of course, he did not neglect the Sephardic synagogue, which he made a point of attending every Sabbath eve, although he was far from punctilious in his observance of the Law; he refused, for example, to kindle a fire on the Sabbath but did not abstain from forbidden foods. Politics remained his goal; he regarded it reverentially, as a complete philosophy of life, with an inner logic of its own and a reason and purpose for everything. Events in Europe and in the Balkans left their powerful mark on him, and his imagination was fired by the approaching World War. Each time his mother and sister urged him to join them in Marseilles, he refused. The Turkish authorities were growing harsher; the Germans were everywhere; foreigners were being asked to leave; he feared leaving Ottoman jurisdiction and not being allowed back. His British passport burned in his pocket like a hot coal... And, to make matters worse, Colonel, in the early spring of 1914 he had a baby—and a motherless one to boot.

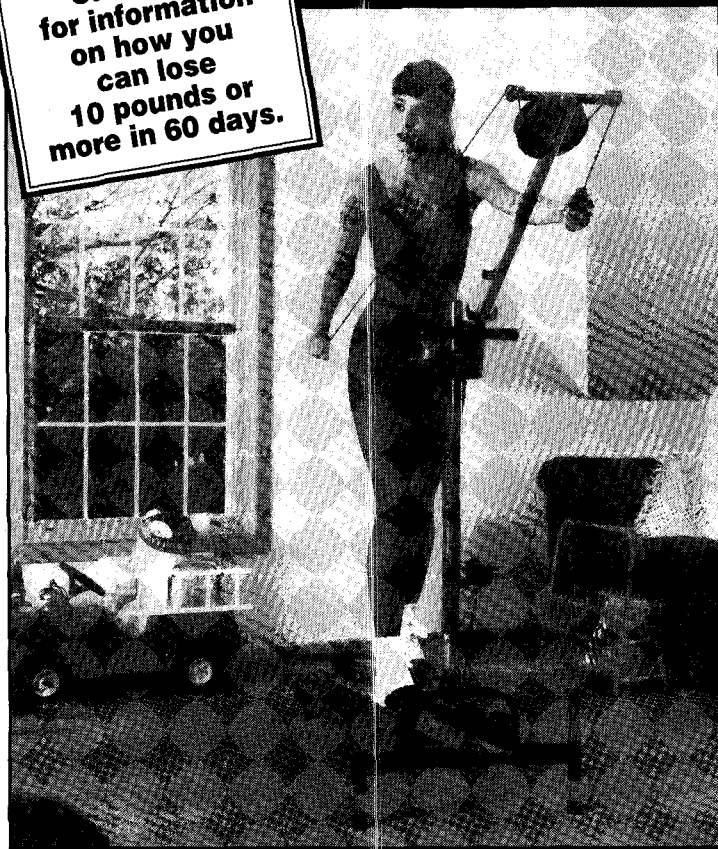
—A quite genuine baby, sir. Its mother died shortly after its birth, which took place in the room where his father's gray overcoat had been hanging for nearly six years. And our Mr. Mani had to register it at the police ministry, where the German officers nosing about in the thick and hostile atmosphere of those prewar days could not help but wonder about this thin Palestinian student with the glasses, this journalist without a journal, who brought his infant every morning to a Druze wet nurse, a peddler in the souk of Beirut, and sat by her reading an old paper picked up out of the gutter while waiting for his child to drink its fill. Mind you, though, the paper was not too old for him to learn from it that Turkey would soon be in the thick of it, too—and so, in late summer of 1914, as suddenly as he had arrived nearly six years earlier, he took his father's coat down from its peg, wrapped up the baby, and made his way southward to his native city, which after Beirut seemed a poor and gloomy place, bathed in a hard, dry



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light. He arrived at the house in Abraham's Vineyard to find it full of boarders, since by now every boarder had a boarder of his own, and there was no place for him, the owner, to lay his head; and so off he went to his sectaries—Hasidim, sir, is the name for them—and he knocked on their door in his father's old overcoat with the baby in his arms and said to them, "Find me a wife." I rather doubt that surprised them one bit, sir—it's their habit, you see, to be surprised by nothing, so that they can concentrate on divine matters—and so all they asked him was "Do you want a wife to mind your child or a wife to bear you more children?" "I'll think about that," says he, and so he does, and when he has thought he tells them, "I want a wife to mind my child *and* me." Well, sir, they have all sorts of women for a man like him: young widows and divorcées who will marry whomever they're told to. But that isn't whom they bring him, for although they never say so, they don't wish to have him too close to them, and, in any case, they aren't at all keen on cross-marriages. In the end they find him a wife some thirteen years older than he is, a childless but attractive woman of nearly forty who came to Jerusalem from Mesopotamia at the end of the century and has already been through two husbands—one died and one walked out on her—and has a bit of property and a souvenir shop for tourists in the walled city, between the Jewish and the Armenian quarters. Straightaway she takes to the infant as if it were her own, with all the love and devotion you could ask for, and, while they wait for his own house to be free, our Mr. Mani moves in with her, sinking into the piles of pillows and quilts left behind by her two husbands and hiding his British passport under the mattress. And thus, while great armies meet in battle along the blood-filled rivers of Europe, he sleeps his way through the winter into 1915. His new wife cooks her Babylonian dishes and serves them to him in bed as if he were convalescing from an illness, and the baby joins him there, crammed with goodies and smothered with gobs of love. And yet even there, sir, ensconced in his feather bed, he still considers himself a *Homo politicus* and sends his wife out on urgent errands to bring him all the



newspapers she can, which he peruses among the quilts and pillows, even the papers that arrive months late—boning up on the living and the dead and studying the maps and keeping track of the progress of the war and the lines of battle, some of which have long been erased, until, finally, his Turkish fez on his head, he sallies forth from his lair into a Jerusalem made poorer than ever by the fighting overseas and resumes his identity shuttle. Mornings are spent in an Arab coffeehouse in the walled city, arbitrating petty tiffs and composing writs for the courts, because even though he has brought back no diploma from Beirut, he passes himself off as a solicitor; afternoons he comes back home for a sound snooze; then up and about once more without even a change of clothes, just a white hat in place of the fez, to call on a German-Jewish professor in the new city and teach him Arabic grammar; and from there to his Sephardic synagogue for the afternoon prayer; and then to his sectaries, to translate some English correspondence; and then back home for dinner with his wife and child; and then off again, this time with no hat at all, to the Zionist Club, where he sits in the back row with a drowsing Turkish secret policeman and listens to lectures and debates, sometimes rising to ask the Zionists a question of his own; and home at last, late at night, to hush the day's speakers in his head and tell them all what *he* thinks, which is still not at all anti-English, because it has not dawned on him yet that the English will soon arrive; so that if any thought of treachery crosses his mind it is no more than a dull kernel, as lifeless as a pebble, as a pip that falls on dry earth and seems more the dross of the fruit than the source of a new tree. And so more long years go by, and our Expeditionary Force lands in Egypt and crosses the desert until Great Britain is next door to Palestine, and 1917 arrives, and on the ninth of January, as you know, sir, we took the border town of Rafah.

—Major-General Philip Chetwode, sir, with his Australian and New Zealand cavalry. It was a short, easy battle, and by February news of it had reached Jerusalem and caused great excitement. Our Mani was jolly well shaken, so he told me, in a state of utter turmoil—and I asked myself, sir,

what exactly was the meaning of it? Was this the jolt that took the dry pip that was playing dead and turned it under, down into the warm, dark, blanketing earth?

—Yes, sir. What I mean, sir, if you'll forgive me for being rather literary, is, was this the beginning of the treachery that was soon to burst forth into the open? What could all that turmoil have meant in a man who called himself a *Homo politicus* but sat through the war in Jerusalem with his face turned north toward Turkey, blind to what was happening in his own back yard? What had he *thought* would happen? Was he still the boy waiting for his father to come home? Because, all at once, here is Great Britain in the south, and he's as shaken as if his father had made a secret circuit of Palestine and come back at him from the opposite direction. . . .

—His allegorical father, sir. I only meant it as a parable.

—I beg your pardon, sir. It was just an attempt at interpretation.

—As you wish, Colonel. . . . Why, of course.

—Yes, indeed, sir, that's what I'm aiming at. It will all fit together in the end. I'm dreadfully sorry, sir.

—I'll most assuredly be quick about it, sir; the events now become quicker themselves. The armies prepare to lock horns, and in March we suffer a stinging setback in Gaza, although it's clear to all that we haven't said our last word yet. All summer long there is a constant trickle of nebulous rumors. It's not that the Turks are deliberately spreading them; it's just that they themselves don't know where the English bull, our esteemed Sir Edmund, who in late summer moves his cavalry into the Holy Land, will strike from. By now it's autumn, sir, the season of the Jewish holidays, although, quite frankly, autumn here is just more of summer with a bit of an evening breeze; but it's the time of the Jews' New Year, when they rise in the middle of the night to blow a ram's horn; and Mani felt the winds shift to southerly and rose one day himself and set out, taking his British passport from under the mattress and sewing it into the lining of his father's old coat. His first stop was Bethlehem, where nothing seemed to have changed: the Turks shuffled about as always, and the Arabs were their usual sleepy selves; only in the eyes of the Jews did he notice a soft gleam that

made him stretch his neck a bit, as if straining to hear foreign voices. A party of Jews was on its way to Hebron to pray in the Cave of the Patriarchs, and he travelled with them for a while until their way was blocked by a Turkish detachment bound for Gaza, at which point he left the main road and caught a ride on a cart heading down into the desert of Judea. It was late afternoon; the sun was setting; a mixed company of Turkish cavalry and infantry marched by, singing a jolly Turkish tune, as if homebound at last. Their officer brusquely ordered the cart aside and told its occupants to stay put, and our Mr. Mani had no way of knowing that, as the last Turkish soldier marched by him, four hundred years of Turkish rule, the only rule he had known in his life, were peeling away like an old snakeskin. . . . And so they remained there in that no man's land, south of Hebron on the way to Beersheba, not far from the tents of some Bedouin, who extended them their hospitality. It was the thirty-first of October, and our Mani had no idea, either, that Sir Edmund had taken Beersheba that same night. They lit a fire to

warm themselves and sat around it.

—I wouldn't say pleased, sir. Burning with anticipation was more like it. He was deucedly impatient to come in contact with us, even though he had no idea what that meant; but he did know that if he stayed where he was there would no longer be any way back. And, indeed, the next morning he found himself encircled by Chetwode's cavalry under the command of Captain William Daggett, of the quartermaster's corps of the 67th Division. Captain Daggett's affidavit, sir, is here in this brief, and he'll be the first to take the witness stand tomorrow. An indomitable warrior, sir, a most esteemed member of Chetwode's staff; a vain old bloody-tempered Scotsman who refused to be questioned at first and had to be locked up for two days before we could get the story out of him.

—Quite so, sir. You see, sir, the Captain, who is seventy years old, is an absolute fiend for horses—you'd almost think he were part horse himself. In Midlothian, sir, where he lives, a horse isn't raced without his say-so, and all he lives and breathes for is to breed a better, faster animal

that will compete under his colors; his whole life, you might say, has been one long search for the ideal thoroughbred. When war broke out he joined up at once despite his age and was commissioned chief livery officer of the 20th Corps. His service in France was spent mostly poking about in stables, and I daresay he thinks the whole war is one colossal Derby and can't understand why the jockeys keep shooting at each other. And when all the jockeys had their mounts shot out from under them in Europe and the tanks came to take their place, he was jolly well cheesed-off and 'eard the East a-callin', and so he signed on with Allenby and sailed across the sea to go on searching for his *Equus idealis* among the fabled stallions of Arabia, hoping to find it and ship it back to Midlothian to astonish all his racing mates. He's determined to track it down if it's the last thing he does, and this whole ruddy war, as far as he's concerned, from that duke shot at Sarajevo to the thousands who died at Verdun, has been fought solely to transport him to the deserts of Arabia for that purpose. Wherever he goes, commandeering



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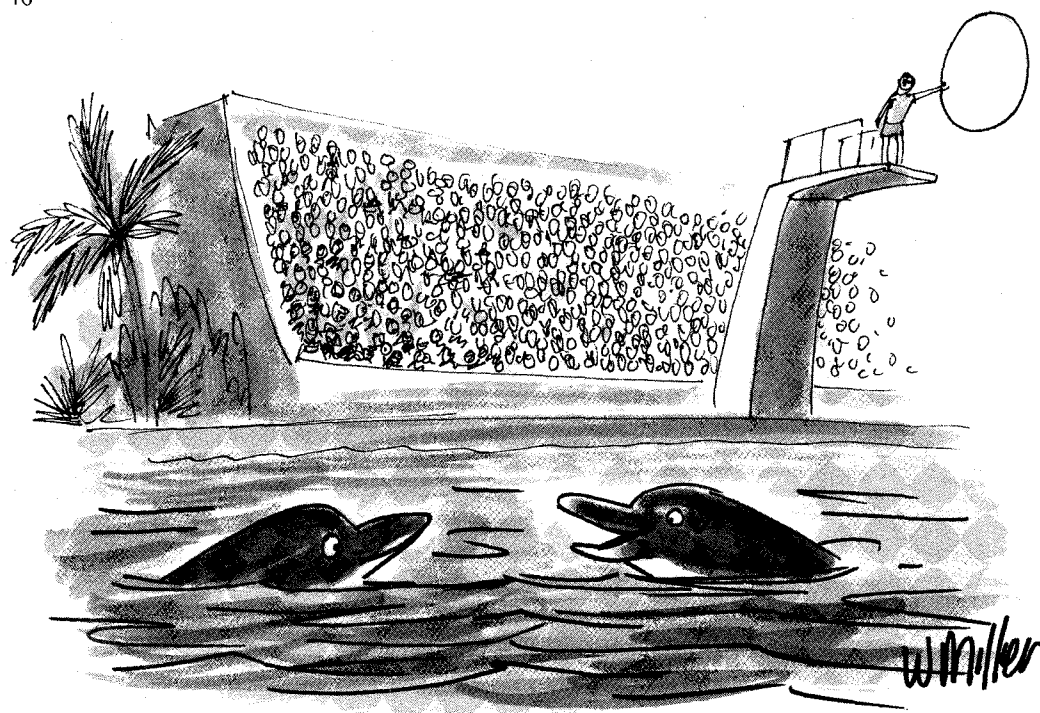
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"You're on next. Break a leg!"

horses and camels for his regiment, he keeps an eye out; and so the minute Beersheba was taken, while the smoke was still rising from the burning houses and the dead and wounded were being gathered, he put on his plaid kilt and went galloping off into the wilderness with his cronies and two interpreters to look for the steed of his dreams. . . .

THANK you, sir, gladly. A wee dram. By George, it's raining again! I'm sorry to have to bore you like this, but I had a don at Cambridge who said that God was in the details, and that's so not only when God is an aesthete but when He's a jurist as well. And the details matter here especially, because now is when our defendant links up with His Majesty's forces, and had it not been for Captain Daggett's enthusiasm he would never have penetrated so quickly to the privy chambers of regimental headquarters.

—Quite so, sir, and without the most cursory check on him. Captain Daggett, you see, had no time for anything but horses; he was charging about from one Bedouin camp to another, rousting out every quadruped with a mane and having them all lined up in front of him so that he could look in their mouths and at their fetlocks, and whistle to them with his special

Scottish whistle that works on every horse in the world, which answers with a special wiggle of its ears that only Daggett understands, after which he waits for old Dobbin to defecate and sniffs its droppings to know what's inside it.

—By George, sir, I've seen it myself. It's the sort of connoisseurship that borders on madness. And after that he summons the horse's owner to recite its family tree, and his two interpreters—who never recovered from the heatstroke they came down with in Cairo—are so terrified of him that they forget what little Arabic they know, so that each question he wants to ask the Bedouin calls for a lengthy confab on their part and much leafing through the dictionary, in which they don't even always understand the English; whereupon they stand there working out a final draft in whispers while the Bedouin wait patiently and the gray-haired captain grows flushed with rage. And when at last the magic words are carefully uttered in the interpreters' atrocious accents, any resemblance between which and the speech of real Arabs is purely accidental, the Bedouin turn crimson and then white with anger, and, spitting on the ground, they stalk off, fold their tents, take their horse, take everything, and vanish over the horizon, leaving nothing

behind but a whirlpool of dust and two mortified interpreters with no idea what their mistake was. . . .

—Perhaps, Colonel, I have availed myself of poetic license. But it's quite justified to explain our Captain's enthusiasm when, on that morning of the first of November, he was approached by Mr. Mani, unshaven and wearing his black suit that was wrinkled from a sleepless night. Mani surveyed our Captain, who had just finished circumambulating a horse and was now whistling to it in Scots while waiting for it to drop its turds; looked at the quaking interpreters making gargling noises with their tongues; observed the dis-

heartened Bedouin, who were becoming resigned to the eventual loss of their mounts; quietly took a few steps forward as his eyes bored into the uniforms, weapons, and bridles of the soldiers, who were the first Englishmen out of mufti he had ever seen; and then opened his mouth and, in his best School of Bible Scots burr, translated for the Captain with utter proficiency an entire discourse on equinology. Little wonder, then, that by late that afternoon Mr. Mani was already well tied to a commandeered horse with which he seemed to form a single creature, and was surrounded by British cavalry and in a place of honor beside the Captain, who regarded him as his personal and heaven-sent savior. That evening in Beersheba he was brought to the house of the Turkish governor, above which the Union Jack was already flying, and there, sir, if I may be permitted a personal note, as I was going about my duty with the adjutants of the brigade, which included packing Turkish documents in boxes, identifying the dead, and covering the wounded so that they might finish dying quietly in the light of the desert sunset . . . there, among the shying horses, I caught my first glimpse of him: freshly untied from his mount, pale, exhausted, old-looking, treading on slivers of glass and empty Turkish

Holiday Entertaining with



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EGGNOG

1 fifth gold Puerto Rican Rum
12 egg yolks
1/2 pound sugar
1 quart milk
1 quart heavy cream
(or use your favorite eggnog mix)

Beat the egg yolks until light, then beat in sugar until the mixture is thick. Stir in milk and rum. Chill for three hours, then pour into punch bowl and fold in stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill for one hour, then dust with nutmeg before serving. Serves twenty-four.



The air was crisp; the ice was polished glass. The perfect figures you cut on the wintry surface are etched in your memory just as sharply as you traced them. The skates are hung nearby; their blades capture the firelight and reflect it back warmly through your glass. It's just the right time to share a hot toddy with your closest friends and smooth the last edges of the day.

HOT TODDY

2/3 jigger Puerto Rican Rum

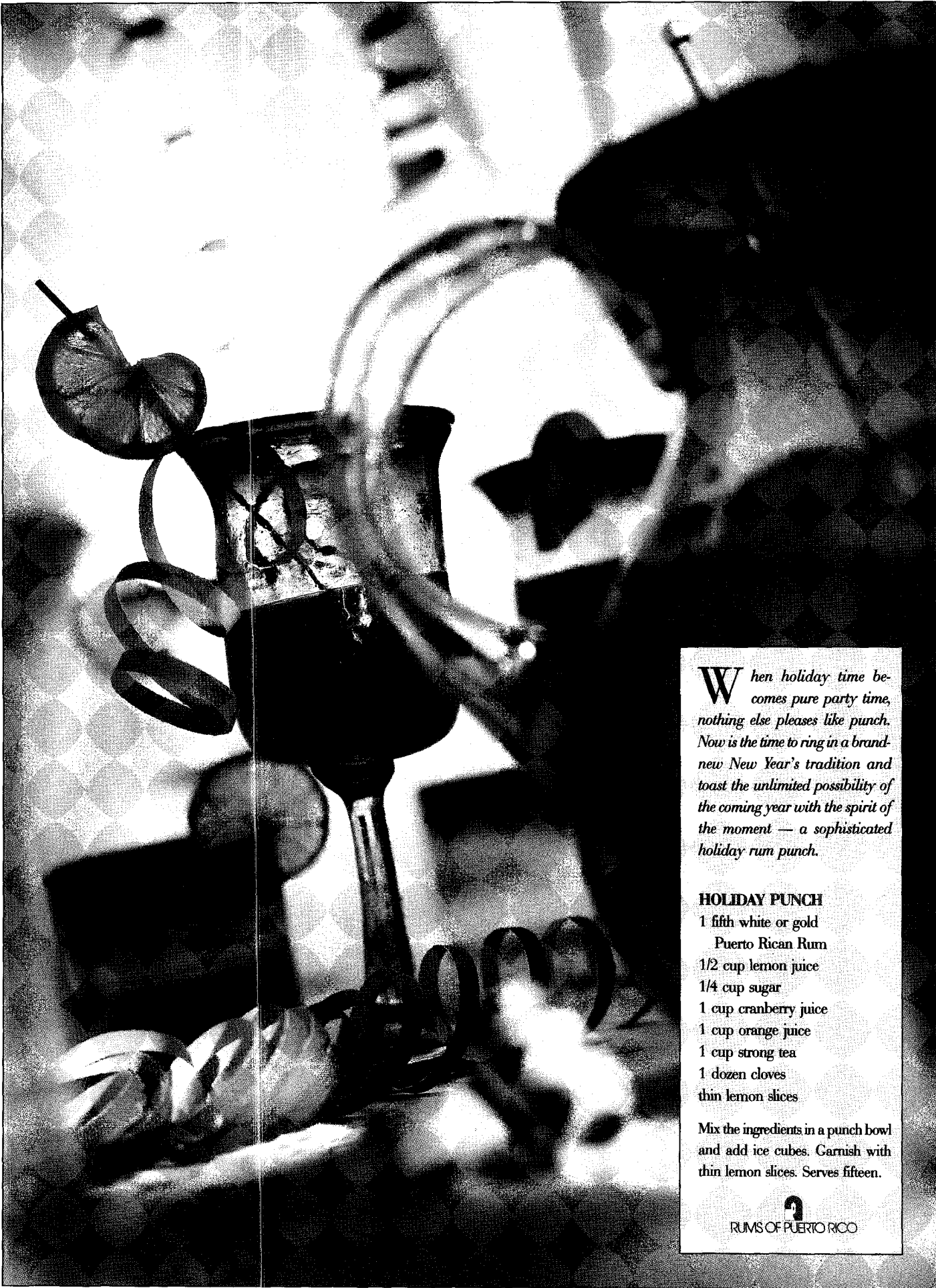
1 teaspoon sugar

2 cloves

1 lemon slice

Place ingredients in an old fashioned glass with a silver spoon and fill with boiling water. Add a small piece of cinnamon if desired.





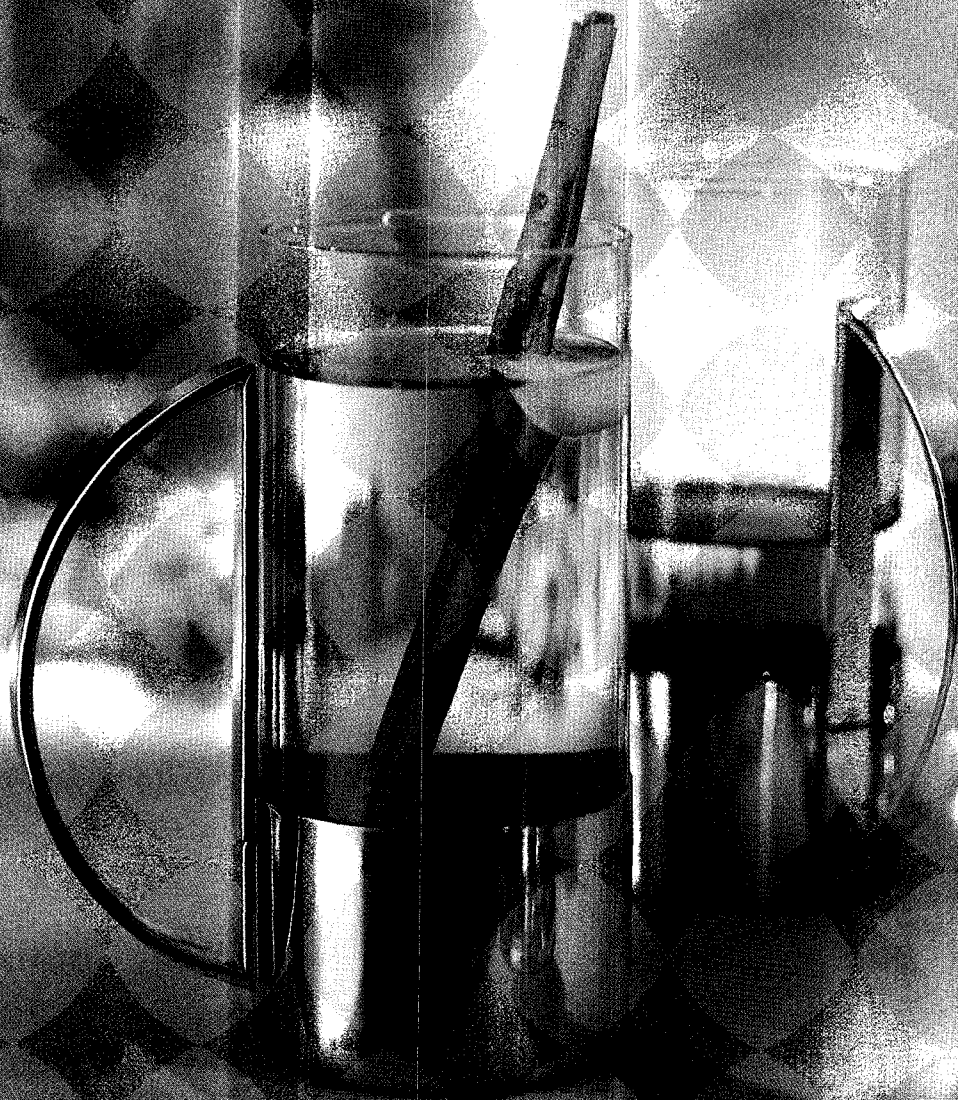
When holiday time becomes pure party time, nothing else pleases like punch. Now is the time to ring in a brand-new New Year's tradition and toast the unlimited possibility of the coming year with the spirit of the moment — a sophisticated holiday rum punch.

HOLIDAY PUNCH

1 fifth white or gold
Puerto Rican Rum
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup cranberry juice
1 cup orange juice
1 cup strong tea
1 dozen cloves
thin lemon slices

Mix the ingredients in a punch bowl and add ice cubes. Garnish with thin lemon slices. Serves fifteen.


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HOT BUTTERED RUM

2 ounces of white or gold

Puerto Rican Rum

1 teaspoon sugar

4 cloves

pinch of nutmeg

pat of butter

cinnamon stick

Put rum, sugar, cloves, and nutmeg in a mug. Fill mug with boiling water and stir the mixture. Float a pat of butter and add a cinnamon stick if desired.


RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

cartridges that glowed in the waning sun as he climbed the steps to the governor's house—unlike any Englishman, unlike any Jew, unlike any Arab or Turk, unlike anyone at all, even though he was more of a native than any of them. Was he already thinking of treachery?

—It was the first of November, sir. Nineteen seventeen, sir.

—Yes, Colonel.

—Not yet, sir. From that moment on he became the chief divisional interpreter, and since he could palaver a bit in Turkish, too, he soon made himself indispensable. Nevertheless, so he says, the thought of treachery had yet to sprout in him, for the cold, bare kernel that had worked its way into the dark, dry earth still lacked the stimulus of moisture.

—Yes, sir. That's how he put it during one of his interrogation sessions. And that was why he didn't reach for the British passport sewn into the lining of his coat but rather sardonically told himself, "Aye, the foreigners have come to replace the foreigners." His mind, sir, was not yet made up. He was still watching silently from the sidelines, trying to puzzle out our intentions. Gaza was ours; the breakthrough was a success; our butting bull, Sir Edmund, spurred the Army on northward along the coast, through the fields of Philistia, over sand dunes and swamps, urging it on to Jerusalem in time to make a Christmas gift of the city to Lloyd George and John Bull, because London was famished for a victory that might help it get over the endless slaughter at Verdun, the war being now in its fourth winter with no outcome. Was this the moisture that made the kernel sprout?

—No, sir. At first he was the personal prisoner of the old Scotsman, who hid him in his trailer and ranged back and forth with him between Beersheba and Gaza, looking for his dream horse. By now, though, all of Army intelligence had heard of him, and so they commandeered him from old Daggett and put him to work as a translator, while the interpreters tagged after him to learn and to marvel. For he was indeed most wonderfully adept at it: the words seemed to translate themselves without even passing through his brain, changing languages in midair, changing grammar,

changing intonation, so that the speaker felt that, quite miraculously, the unknown language was coming out of his own throat. . . . Meanwhile, the Army flowed like a mighty river up the coast, crumbling the Turkish positions, which were as weak as the sand surrounding them, one after another; one after another, the villages surrendered, too; and, wherever they went, the military governors took Mani with them to translate their proclamations. Picture him if you can, sir, in our midst: a thin, quiet civilian with glasses and burning eyes, wrapped in his father's now threadbare overcoat and still in shock from the sudden change, cut off from his son and household with no way of informing them of his whereabouts, and yet at the same time getting to know his native land—even if he was tied to his

horse, because he was still in the habit of falling off. There wasn't a village too small or out-of-the-way for him to be brought to, sometimes no more than a few tents and mud huts; and there he would stand, a ruddy little civilian surrounded by officers with their riding crops under their arms, translating their proclamations of occupation and their instructions for curfews to a band of ignorant Arab darkies in peasant cloaks and headcloths—and, mind you, doing it so fast that the translation was done before the words were out of the officer's mouth, so that it seemed less a translation than a little speech cooked up on his own whose meaning no one could be sure of. In fact, sir, he might have been taken not so much for an interpreter as for a glum little commissar popping up out of the earth with a military escort to explain the war to the villagers. He would look out at all those Arab faces positively glowing with attention, straining to catch a whiff of the young Jew in his old overcoat surrounded by his train of Englishmen. If the village headman had a question, he would answer quite firmly at once, adding "It doesn't matter" to any officer wishing to know what had been asked, and if the officer insisted "But be sure to tell them such-and-such," he would reply, "I've told them all that's necessary," and give the sign to move on; and off they would go to the next village.

—Oh, but he was, sir, he was every

bit the martinet. You would have thought the officers were actually afraid of him. . . . At which point, on the twentieth of November, as Allenby was pushing east toward Jerusalem, our Mr. Mani stepped into staff headquarters one night and discovered on the table a telegram from London with news of Balfour's declaration, which quite bowled him over.

—So I should think, sir. It was in the form of a short personal correspondence written by Mr. Balfour himself, describing the plan to set up a Jewish homeland here in Palestine, and so on. I've attached it to the brief, just for the record.

—Thrown for a loop by it, sir. He had never expected such a development, you see, and here he was, having been away from home for three weeks—and especially from his son, whom he was terribly attached to—rolling helplessly along with the British juggernaut thundering across the Holy Land, and, suddenly, here was this most wonderfully generous proclamation of intent which he had never foreseen, although, in all fairness, no one else had, either. He couldn't sleep at night; the thought of returning to Jerusalem made his blood race; he rose from his bed and roamed about among the horses and the cannon. The rains had set in and cold winds blew, and Allenby's army crept slowly up into the mountains of Judea. His father's old overcoat came apart, and he was given an Army greatcoat and high boots, and before he knew it he was in the front lines, wearing a strange jumble of mufti and field uniform, peering through binoculars at forward positions and utterly amazed by the thought that less than a month earlier he had surreptitiously set out southward from his native city—and now here he was, about to reënter it from the west with the forces of the world's greatest empire! On the sixth of December, Colonel, he found himself with the infantry in Nebi Samwel, where a fierce skirmish took place, gazing down upon Jerusalem, which struck him as frightfully small, frightfully stubborn and hostile. On the ninth, as you know, the city was taken, and two days later Sir Edmund entered it on foot with his columns behind him. The church bells clanged away;

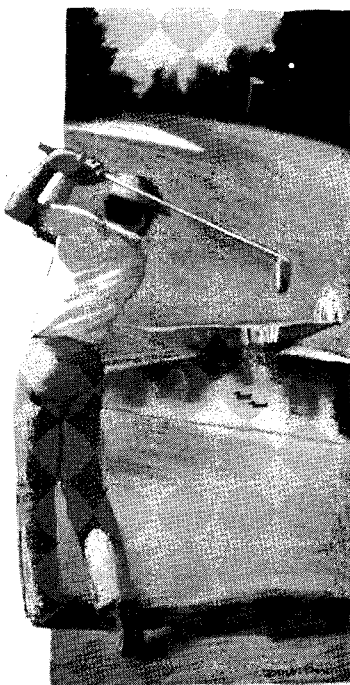


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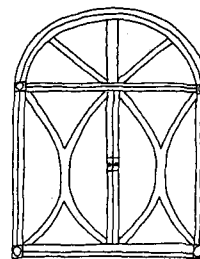
the city elders came out to greet him with bread and salt; our defendant marched into the city with the conquerors, one of a kind among the bagpipes and Aussie hats, peering feverishly at the onlookers; and then, near the Jaffa Gate, he right-faced all on his own and slipped away home, where he arrived as though after a hard day's work, and took straight to the quilts and the pillows with his son. For a week he didn't leave the house; he had no friends to tell his adventures to, nor did he say much to his wife; mostly he stared at the windowpane, down which the rain ran in rivers, listening to the boom of the field artillery as Major-General Chetwode beat back a Turkish counterattack and pushed his front line to Ramallah.

—Yes, sir, a bloody fierce counter-attack it was, too. But I'm sure the brigadier is looking forward to showing you the battleground and explaining his military exploits, and I wouldn't want to steal his thunder, especially since I'm a rank amateur at military strategy and had better get back to our defendant and his story. . . . And, indeed, toward Christmas, sir, the skies cleared, and he went out into the streets for a look at the brave new bedlam of a world. Several buildings had already been appropriated for the military government; barbed wire had been laid all around them; policemen and officials and statesmen and politicians were scurrying everywhere; the Jews were exultant, the Arabs in shock; the rain and fog set in again more strongly than ever, as if our Army had brought its own English weather from London; and our Mr. Mani said once more to himself, "Aye, the foreigners have come to replace the foreigners." . . .

—Quite so, sir. I asked him that over and over. What did he think, a *Homo politicus* like himself—that we would conquer Jerusalem, hand the keys of the city over to the natives, and retire with a modest bow?

—Jolly well put, Colonel! Here was the decisive, the fateful moment when the kernel of treachery, which had been slowly working its way down into the darkness, soaked up the sweet liquid trickling toward it through the earth and decomposed all at once, as if doused with corrosive acid, into thousands of thin little tendrils—frail,

helpless gossamers that would seem to have no future in that heavy soil to all but the most discerning observer, who now notices two shoots, one the root and one the stem, each pushing greedily, unrestrainedly, off from the other. . . . Well, sir, he walked into headquarters and was quite merrily hailed by everyone—because in the excitement of battle the trusty interpreter had been forgotten—and then, sir, he went straight to Major Stanford, the chief adjutant of the division, and



showed him his British passport. The Major inducted him on the spot. He issued him a uniform, a cap, and even an old pistol; added a mess kit and a dog tag; put him down for five pence ha'penny a week; and had our own Major Clark affix his signature on behalf of

the Advocate-General's Corps. And that, sir, was the start of Interpreter Mani's career as a corporal in His Majesty's Army.

—Indeed they are, sir. Every last document has been stamped and put in this file, which makes it a weighty one in more ways than one.

—I quite agree, sir. It was done a bit cavalierly and without a proper security check, because he had become known to everyone throughout the autumn months of the advance on Jerusalem. Which is why it shouldn't surprise you, Colonel, that not a few men would like to see both him and the documents thoroughly terminated. And, indeed, from now on he was free to come and go in headquarters as he pleased. He even had his own desk in one of the rooms there, at which he translated the military governor's orders. But in his large bed at night, sir, where he lay with his quiet wife and his son, he shut his eyes and pictured himself orating to the Arab villagers in the fields of Philistia, and all at once, sir, his heart bled for the Arabs.

—Yes, for the Arabs, although not really for them, sir—that's little more than a pretext. In the darkness of the earth the root will suck any nourishment to aid the stem's growth.

—But I'm almost there now, sir; I've practically got to it. Because how does one explain his disappointment? Time passes, you see. He goes about in his British uniform and everyone shows him respect, but every day after

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work he exchanges it for his black suit and takes his son and crosses the walled city, passing the Wailing Wall and the Great Mosque and exiting via the Dung Gate, from where he ascends the Mount of Olives, on which his father and grandfather are buried, and reaches the Empress Augusta Victoria Hospital and the monastery of Tur-Malka, which are all places, sir, that are marked on the map; and near there he enters a little Muhammadan coffeehouse and listens to the talk amid the copper trays; and then he descends the Mount and attends a Jewish meeting, where there are speeches and delegations of Jewish dignitaries who have come huffing and puffing from abroad to witness the redemption of Zion before taking the next mail packet back; and way up north he sometimes hears the thump of a cannon shot, a single round being lazily traded by the two armies. And still the spreading root of treachery knows not what fruit it will bear. . . . Until one day, sir, he walks into a room of the general staff to throw an old draft of something into the wastebasket, and the room is empty, sir, the only sounds are the distant laughter of some officers playing football with a tennis ball outside; and he spies a map rolled up in the basket, and takes it and sticks it under his jacket; and at home that night he sees that it is a plan for an assault by the 22nd Regiment east of the Jordan; and he folds the map back up, and puts it in a little bag with his prayer shawl, and goes as he does every Saturday to the Sephardic synagogue on Rabbi Isaac of Prague Lane; and when the service is over he brings his son home and does not follow him into the house but, rather, keeps walking to the walled city, where he buys and dons an Arab cloak; and then, heading north through the Damascus Gate, he walks for four hours—here, sir, his route is marked on this map, if you care to follow the trail of treachery yourself, with me as your faithful guide. He reaches this little town here, Ramallah; passes straight through it like a sleepwalker and continues on into the fields; sees the British guard in its tents and shallow foxholes, which are not at all like those in France, sir, because here they're used only to rest your feet in while having tea; walks up a hill, and down a hill, and pretty soon runs into rain; smells tea himself and the smoke of a Turkish campfire. And there they are,

sir, in their tattered uniforms with their faded ribbons, the same as ever, the same as they always have been; aye, he's known them since first he saw the light of day in the narrow streets of Jerusalem—the vanquished, warming themselves by the campfire, laughing in low voices, hungry as always, chewing on their mustaches. And so he steps up to them and asks for their sergeant and hands him the map with the plans and asks to see an officer; and one comes and takes a look and doesn't understand; and so he asks to see a German, because there's always a German with such troops; and while they go to fetch the German he stands and waits, absorbed in the fire, the Turkish soldiers staring at him wide-eyed, in the distance the houses of an unfamiliar Arab village that according to the map must be el-Bireh; and he swallows his spittle and waits some more, all but oblivious of the rain beating down on his cloak, which might as well be someone else's for all he notices it. After a while three men ride up on horseback, and one of them dismounts in a great hurry—the German, one Werner von Karajan, a cunning old fox, so we've heard. It doesn't take him a minute to see that the plans are real and inestimably important, and he can't wait to rake in his prize; but our interpreter needs an interpreter, who is found in the person of a dark-skinned, bespectacled Turk with a fez, Mani's double from over the lines. There is a glitter of gold coins; the defendant spurns them at once; in fact, sir, he never took a farthing; all he asks is to have the villagers roused out so that he can deliver a speech to them. What sort of speech, the Turks want to know. He doesn't answer them; doesn't even favor them with a glance; simply says again that he wishes to deliver a speech. Well, sir, his audience is quite literally

whipped together in a jiffy: farmers, shepherds, women, children, and old men, some still gripping their hoes and pitchforks, some with their sheep and donkeys. Here and there there's even someone with a little education, some village teacher in a dirty old red fez. It's late in the day by now, but the sky has cleared a bit and the rain has stopped; the burning red rays of the winter sun glint in the village square, glint on the mud and the dung. He asks for a table, but there is none in the entire village. A bed is fetched instead; a plank is laid over it; he strips off his cloak; now he is in a suit and tie, shrivelled to a little black flame; and then, sir, he mounts the plank, and there is silence; and he sways a bit back and forth as if he were still saying his Sabbath prayers; and he begins to speak in Arabic; and what he says is "Who are ye? Awake, before it is too late and the world is changed beyond recognition! Get ye an identity, and be quick!" And from his pocket he takes Balfour's declaration, translated into Arabic, and reads it without any explanation, and says, "This country is yours and it is ours; half for you and half for us." And he points toward Jerusalem, shrouded in fog on the mountain, and he says, "The Englishman is there, the Turk is here; but all will depart and leave us; awake, sleep not!"

—Yes, sir.

—Just so, sir. "Awake, sleep not": that was the gist of it; the speech lasted but a few minutes. Whereupon he held out his arms to the Turkish officers standing about him with their shiny boots in the mud; and they lifted him and carried him on their shoulders to keep him from muddying himself. There wasn't a peep from his large audience. They hadn't understood a word; hadn't understood what this new thing was that was wanted of them; hadn't understood what was a country; barely knew where the borders of their village lay. He donned his cloak in the gathering dusk, much fussed over by the German; was escorted back to no man's land; and promised to come again the next Saturday with more documents.

—Yes, sir, that was his sole remuneration; we've verified it from sources behind the lines. But he returned every Saturday in January and February—eight times, all in all. They even gave him a little flock of goats each time, so that he would look like a shepherd; not



that he didn't manage to lose most of them on his way down the first hill and end up with only two or three. They had him vary his route each time, and the German organized a special task force to track him and pick him up. Straightaway he would hand them the documents with a show of scorn, saying, "You don't deserve them," after which he would be taken deferentially to that week's village, where his audience had been waiting on their feet since dawn. By now every Arab between Ramallah and Nablus knew of him and was convinced that he was a punishment inflicted by the Turks for their defeat—a most odd and ridiculous punishment, a sign of disarray and weakness. By now, too, he had a table, and a chair, and a blackboard, and even a glass of water; he stood with the Turkish officers about him and read Balfour's declaration; and then he unfurled a colored map of Palestine that he had drawn himself, with the sea a bright blue, while the Arabs stared at it and failed to comprehend why, if this was their country, it was so small. He pointed to the blue sea, to the Jordan, to Jerusalem, and said, "Awake!" and they looked around to see who had dared to doze off. "Get ye an identity," he went on, "before it is too late! All over the world people now have identities, and we Jews are on our way, and you had better have an identity, too, or else!" And then he took a scissors from his pocket and said, "Half for you and half for us," and cut the map lengthwise, and gave them the half with the mountains and the Jordan, and kept the sea and the coast for himself. They were rather distressed to see it snipped up like that, and they pressed forward, and some even tried to touch it, but the hungry, rickety-legged, rheumy-eyed Turkish soldiers pointed their bayonets and cocked their rifles, because the German had laid down the law that not a hair of the Jew's head should be harmed. Not that anyone would have harmed him, because the angrier he became and the more he swore at the villagers and provoked them, the sorrier for him they felt, even if they did blurt out to him like children, "But we want the sea, too!" At first that stunned him, made him lose his temper; then, irately, he took another map from his bag and cut it horizontally.

—Some eight Saturdays, sir.

—In many villages, sir. He even



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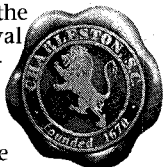
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got beyond Nablus to Jenin and visited prominent notables. He was much too stubborn and proud for them—he wouldn't even taste their coffee. Hardly anyone knew what he was talking about, and there were some who snickered pityingly; but there was a handful of others who turned pale and wiped the smiles from their faces, men with a smattering of learning who had studied in Beirut or Haifa or Jerusalem and strode about their villages with suits, ties, and white shoes as if they were Virgil or Plato; they listened with trepidation when he talked about the Jews who were coming. "Like locusts," he said, "one day they're in the desert and the next they're upon you..." It's a mystery, Colonel, how he was never spotted by one of our patrols. He crossed the lines



in broad daylight as though he were slicing through butter, and returned by night, walking quietly and quickly, a twelve-hour round trip all in all; arrived from the north, tired, wet, and dirty, slipped into the old city through the Damascus Gate, and vanished down the empty, rain-washed alleyways; and then, together with the moon that rose from Jericho, pressed on to the stone steps of his house, where his large wife opened the door even before he touched the doorknob, never knowing where he had been or come back from but helping him out of his clothes, and bathing him, and drying and feeding him, and pulling back the quilt for him; and only then, sinking into it, did he begin to tremble all over, while the moon sank into bed beside him...

—I beg your pardon, sir, I truly do.

—Yes, sir, I beg your pardon, sir. I'm afraid I was a bit carried away.

—Horowitz, sir. Oh dear.

—Ivor Stephen, sir. Horowitz, sir. I'm afraid I was carried away.

—Yes, Colonel.

—Yes, sir.

—Quite, sir. I am rather fagged. I've been working on this case day and night for the past five weeks, and my passion for the truth has overwhelmed me. I've investigated every last detail; been in and out of his home a hundred times; even walked the route of treachery on foot—and, if some fact could not be ascertained, I imagined it back into existence, because I've been dreadfully anxious to get to the bottom of it all.

—No, Colonel, absolutely not. A thousand times no. Had he been an Arab, or an Indian, or a Gurkha, I would have done the same thing. Wherever the Union Jack flies, it will be my passion to know and understand. I rather fear, though, that the trial will flow by us too quickly, because Mr. Mani will plead guilty, and the prosecution—you mustn't misjudge me, sir—will be razor sharp, and Lieutenant-Colonel Keypore and Major Jahawala have already made up their minds. And the fact is, Colonel, that when you see the quantity and nature of the documents he passed to the enemy you'll be in high dudgeon yourself.

—Yes, of course we do, sir. It's all listed right here. He himself kept exact records and took a receipt for each document. It's all been verified, sir, because—and this is a little secret between us—we have an Englishman behind the lines who's passed for a German since the turn of the century, and from time to time he renders a small service.

—Right here, sir, although I'm not certain it's in chronological order. The 22nd Regiment's assault plan across the Jordan, the third of January, 1918. A roster of our brigade's sick and wounded from the thirtieth of December, 1917, to the sixth of January, 1918. A report on discipline in the 3rd Battalion from the third week of January, bearing the signature of Captain Smogg...

—There had been many complaints, sir. A divisional list of all officers on leave as of the thirteenth of January, 1918. A draft of a battle plan for the conquest of Damascus, signed by Major Sluce, from the twenty-sixth of January, 1918. The guest list for the gala evening given by the military governor of Jerusalem on the thirtieth of January, 1918. Two signed photographs of General Allenby, no date. A list of provisions sent to the 5th Australian Battalion. The deployment of our artillery in the Jericho theatre as of the first of February, 1918. Some drafts of Lieutenant-Colonel Keypore's personal correspondence with his wife.

—I'm afraid there's more, Colonel.

—A description of the firing mechanism of our F howitzer, unsigned and dateless. A filled-out resupply form for artillery shells. A photograph of an

unidentified young woman, apparently a tart, on the Via Dolorosa. A map of the Jericho area with the position of all artillery pieces from the third of February, 1918. Those, Colonel, were the cannons lost earlier this month in that unfortunate battle across the Jordan. The Germans counted each round that we fired, and when they knew we had run out of ammunition they ordered an assault. We lost a hundred and fifty men. Although I daresay the Australians were more upset about their cannons, because men are more easily replaceable.

—Just so, sir. He found it all in the wastebaskets or on its way to them.

—There already has been a jolly big scandal, sir. Officers were arrested and charges have been filed. New procedures have been instituted, and a special man was brought in from Cairo and has been on the job for a week. When you call on the General at headquarters tomorrow, you'll notice all the wastebaskets are empty. There's now a special sergeant with a detail of two soldiers whose assignment it is to burn the waste around the clock, which they do so industriously that I believe that some of it is already on fire before it's been thrown away. There's a permanent pillar of smoke outside military headquarters—if you look out the window, you can see it right now. I say, sir, it's clearing again! And there's one of those black crows I've been telling you about. They already know that you, the presiding judge, have arrived and that I'm in here with you, although I'll be hanged if I know how they do.

—Yes, sir.

—Yes, sir.

—Over there, Colonel, if it's not too hard for you to make him out.

—A black spot it is, Colonel. And such black spots, Colonel, have been following me around for the past several weeks, because they know that the loose is tightening and that it won't be long now. Two emissaries of theirs have already been to see me, an old solicitor and a court clerk who can stammer a bit in English. They asked to look at the Handbook of Wartime Jurisprudence, and I gladly let them have it and gave them a place to sit in my room, where they spent the whole day reading and engaging in Talmudic disputations. I even had them served tea, which they wouldn't touch; at closing time, pale and exhausted, they



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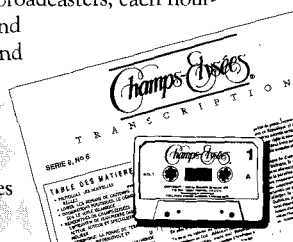
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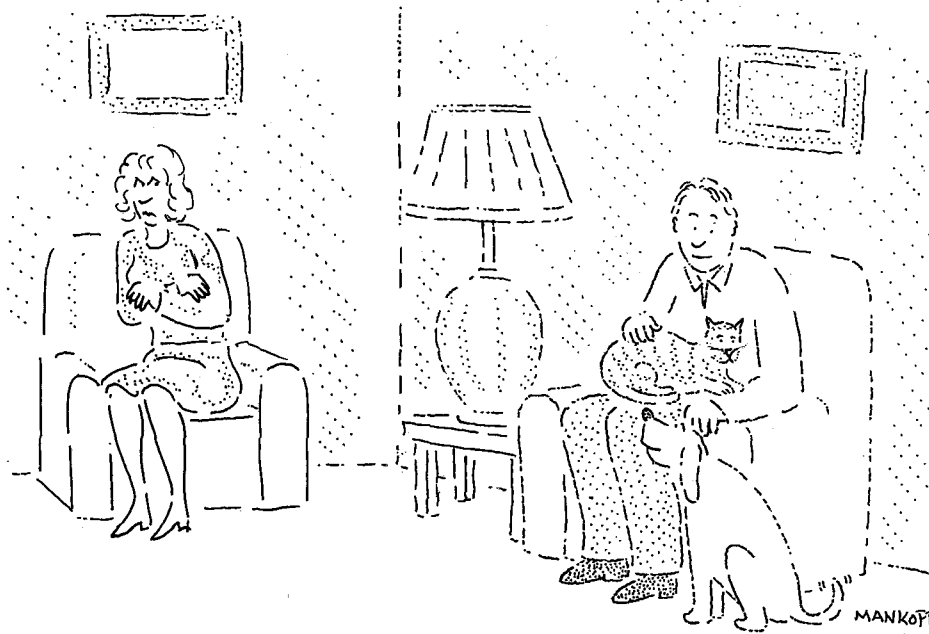
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handed the book back to me with the tips of their fingers, as if Mani's death were already inside it, and nodded sadly and looked at each other and asked if I knew the London Horowitzes. And, when I confessed that I didn't, they began to ransack the rest of the world for some Horowitz whom I was prepared to be a distant relation of and could be given regards from, only to give up with a sigh in the end. "But this Mani is mad," said the court clerk to me in a whisper. "Is it not beneath the dignity of Great Britain to concern itself with a madman? Why, even his father took his own life; can you not show him mercy?" But I, Colonel, looked them straight in the eye and answered curtly, "You know as well as I do he's not mad."

—No, sir. Not even with that madness that masquerades as sanity until you sniff its sour smell in a warm room. No, there is absolutely nothing mad about him. He doesn't have even one iota of that first, slight, hardly visible wobble that eventually throws a man out of orbit. He has all his senses, Colonel; the man's soul may be a jungle, but neither his reason nor his will is impaired, and he's in total command of himself; he says what he wishes to say, and holds back what he doesn't; and I happen to know that he is preparing a long political plea, not for the court's benefit but for the benefit

of the public and the press. He's the sort of chap who likes his audience big and captive. He plans to let me say what I'm entitled to, and then to deliver a speech that will electrify Jerusalem, because it will be given by a man with a hangman's noose around his neck. I feel it; I *know* it. That's why he walked straight into that Ulsterman's funk hole when he could have easily gone around it. He was tired of playing to crowds of Muhammadans assembled by the whips of Turks. Nothing would do for him but to perform for all Jerusalem.

—That's just my concern, sir. It's only a guess, but I reckon he's sharpening a poisoned dart for us. As much as I've tried drawing him out, I've got precious little out of him. He composed all the drafts of his speech in Hebrew, and when I sought to lay hands on them he quite simply ate them. They're safely inside him now.

—You'll see him tomorrow, Colonel, in the dock. Don't be fooled into thinking he's following the proceedings, because the only thing on his mind will be his speech: about this eternal battlefield of a country that is spawning another catastrophe, and about all the locusts waiting to arrive.... Although if you take a good look around you, Colonel, what you see here is one big wasteland with jolly few people anywhere. I told him as much, too. "Forget all that," I told

him. "Find yourself a good barrister who will tell the court about your childhood, and your poor dead father. You're going to get yourself hanged, and the more of your political balderdash the more rope you'll wrap around your neck." But he just smiles at that, cool as a cucumber. A most political animal, and most politically calm! Quite certain that there's politics in everything he does.... And yet I know, sir—and the knowledge turns in me like a knife—that there's another story here. There's someone else lurking in the background whom he's out to get back at, and all his politics are mere auto-suggestion.

—A quite sensible thought, sir. In fact, I had it myself. I had a hook installed in the ceiling without his knowledge and a length of rope left in his cell one night, and I instructed the guards to look the

other way, in the hope that he would put an end to it. Well, sir, that night he pulled out the hook and coiled up the rope, and the next morning he handed them to me in a neat bundle without a word, which was his way of telling me that he meant to have his speech. And so he's been whittling away at it—and though I haven't a notion what's in it, I would be most delighted to be spared it, because it can only stir up feeling against us.

—No, sir. It's nothing that could affect the sentence. He's as good as dead already, sir, unless one of those crows can fly to Buckingham Palace and come back with a royal pardon. The case against him is open and shut, sir, and you mustn't be misled by my qualms. Tomorrow morning I'll be implacable, and your two colleagues won't need to be convinced; Lieutenant-Colonel Keypore would like nothing better than to see the man swing for those lost cannons across the Jordan, and I don't believe he'll relent—oh, no, not *him*.... But nonetheless, sir—and now, sir, I am... I am speaking not only as a soldier but as a British subject, too... if it were possible to silence him.... You see, once the trial starts, it will proceed most speedily, with a rapidity we have no... control over... and so I thought that perhaps we should consider... since there is still time....

—Sir?

—Yes, sir, the interested parties have already made inquiries. It turns out there's a Turkish scaffold in the tower, with enough rope and tackle to hang us all. If the Turks had seen to their stock of artillery shells as well as they saw to their rope, we might not have taken this city so easily. And there's an Arab who served as the hangman's helper and claims he can manage things quite splendidly... so you see, sir, that's why I say... because... and I know I've been talking non-stop... but we have seen... we have seen...

—Sir?

—What child, sir?

—Ah, yes, of course, the child... But I have told you, haven't I, sir... I mean... but in what way?

—Oh.

—Oh...

—Why, yes... indeed, sir... why, of course, the *son*...

—His name is Ephraim. Our Mani claims he's his, and there's no reason to doubt him, even though they don't look at all alike. The lad, you see, is blond and blue-eyed, and his dead mother, or so the story goes, was a tubercular young Jewess from Russia or thereabouts whom Mani picked out from all the bundles and luggage unloaded at the Beirut railway station, where he waited for his clientele. I can't say if she was a proper revolutionary—you'll find youngsters whose only terrorism has been directed against their parents, yet who are so certain they've committed crimes against the state that they feel compelled to flee. In any event, she attached herself to him; and accustomed though he was to the whims of such gypsies, whom he always managed to shake off, he could not get away from her. Perhaps she was as political as he was. Whatever the reason, something about her touched his stubborn, gloomy old bachelor heart. Perhaps she wanted a child from him, being afraid to push on to Palestine, or not believing she could get across the border, yet desiring something Palestinian of her own. Your guess is as good as mine. He didn't talk much about her, sir. In any case, they had no money, and they lived together for a year or two by the railway station in that boarding house I spoke of, which was in West Beirut, sir, in the Muslim quarter, an extremely poor part of town, so he says, by the old Sephardic synagogue, where he dropped

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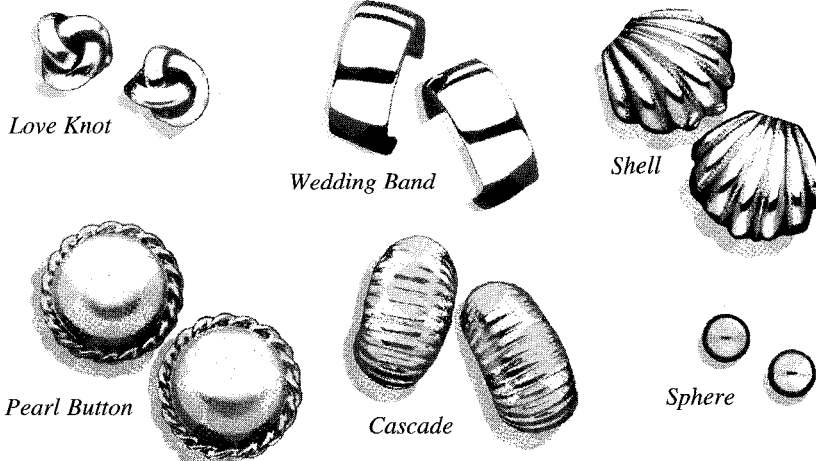
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in every Friday; with a bit of luck, sir, we'll be there soon and see it all for ourselves. . . . When her time came they were afraid to go to hospital, lest they be asked for their papers and risk expulsion as foreigners by the Turks. And, anyway, he believed that he could deliver the child by himself, because he had been through a birth once before and had even cut the umbilical cord. Still, he fetched a Muslim midwife for good measure, but the young woman had a frail constitution, and she lost too much blood and died the day after giving birth. That left him with the infant, who grew up to be a bit slow and a stammerer, but an agreeable child who grew handsomer with each passing day and had his mother's good looks, which had already been ravaged by illness when Mani met her. Only now, via her son, who was unfolding like a flower, did he realize how beautiful she must have been. You'll see him tomorrow, Colonel, a four-year-old seated in the front row. I've allowed him to be present for the first session, so that he can enjoy the fine room and the officers in their uniforms and remember that his father was given a fair trial and not simply thrown to the dogs.

—Yes, sir. That's it in a nutshell. I do believe the weather's cleared for good now. The desert air will dry us out and bring us a sweetly golden Jerusalem afternoon. I feel in a dreadful dither, sir, for having bored you like. . .

—In a word, sir, my guidelines are clear and entirely in accordance with the Handbook of Wartime Jurisprudence, section 10, paragraph 3. In time of war, in occupied territory, when the defendant is a British subject who has engaged in espionage resulting in loss of life, the prosecution must demand the death penalty, which the court is authorized to inflict without right of appeal. . . . However . . . our interests . . .

—Yes, sir, I understand that.

—Yes, sir.

—Those were my very words, sir!

—Quite.

—I see, sir . . . which would imply . . .

—I am surprised, sir.

—Colonel . . .

—Of course, sir. That would make it an entirely different matter.

—Exactly my feeling, sir. . . . It's the only way.

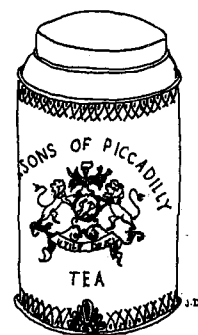
—Excellent, sir. . . . It will just take a bit of thought. . . .

—Thank you.

—It did all come together, didn't it? Then I have succeeded.

—I'm most grateful.

—I'm greatly moved, sir, and most grateful for your patience in giving me



a hearing. The fact is that when I was informed at headquarters that you were coming from Egypt to preside at the trial, I had a most sinking feeling. And when I walked into this room two hours ago, sir, I was shaking, because I knew in whose presence I was. Your name, sir, has been on the lips of every officer for several days

now: the hero of the Marne! And when I saw you sitting in this dim room with those dark sunglasses, with your empty sleeve on the arm of the chair and all your scars, I was alarmed and almost in tears. I had never imagined you were so badly wounded, and I thought, Hang it all, the panther and the cobra will be joined on the bench tomorrow by the wounded lion! I could not know what lust for vengeance you might be harboring inside you; and here was a heinous case of wartime espionage resulting in loss of life; and the culprit was a ruddy Jew who refused all counsel and was quite prepared to be hanged as long as he could give his ruddy speech that would cause the very devil of a row among the populace of this city; and once the trial began there would be no stopping it until it reached its bitter end, which it was my duty as prosecutor to pursue without quarter. . . . Was this, sir, the way British history in the Holy Land was to begin—with the hanging of a Jew in Jerusalem? And yet I had to ask myself if I would be understood—and whether, if I talked candidly enough to make myself understood, I would be suspected of divided loyalties. You see, sir, I've never sought to hide my Jewishness, as have certain other officers in this division, nor could I hope to do so given my name, my appearance, my eyeglasses, and my presumptuous literary garrulousness that even an aristocratic Cambridge mumble has been unable to dispel. It's all quite distaste-

ful, to say nothing of prejudicial, especially since I had to assume, sir, that you were anti-Semiticly disposed, if only in a sociological sense, as a member of your class and the circles in which you move. And so I was quite resigned to failure, perhaps even to a severe reprimand. But I remembered what my mother always told me: "Never give up, son," she said, "never be afraid as long as you know your intentions are pure"; which is how I put my case before you, sir—not merely as a soldier obeying orders but as a subject of Great Britain, of the Empire that rests assured of its approaching victory, of the war's end, and of the glorious era that awaits us and the entire commonwealth. . . .

—Sir.

—Sir.

—Sir.

—Sir.

—I'm quite ecstatic to have earned your trust.

—Do you really think so, sir?

—Why, of course, sir. Were he not a British subject, he would then be a national of the territory under occupation, and the prosecution need not ask for death.

—Most irregular, sir. I fail to see how such naturalization could have been valid, the British passport notwithstanding.

—If we make a point of it, sir.

—His grandfather, sir, came from Salonika, which was in Turkey at the time and is presently in Greece.

—Why, of course, sir. We can definitely say Greece. But can we be sure they'll take him if we banish him?

—Then you think, do you, Colonel, that the islands would be best?

—Of course, sir. Every westward-bound ship from Jaffa calls on them. Rhodes, Crete—he can have his pick. . . .

LIEUTENANT IVOR STEPHEN HOROWITZ served out the war with Allenby's forces, with which he entered Damascus, Beirut, and Aleppo; he was also present at the drive on Mosul, before the armistice with Turkey, in October, 1918. After the surrender of Germany, on the eleventh of November, he was released from the Army to attend the spring term at Cambridge. He finished his legal studies with honors in 1920

and joined the offices of the Manchester prosecuting solicitor. He did not remain in public service long, however, but soon joined a well-known Jewish law firm and eventually married the senior partner's daughter. While continuing his practice, he went on to get his doctorate, writing his dissertation on the judicial aspects of wartime espionage. This study was extremely well received and opened the way for an academic career. Dr. Horowitz joined the law faculty of Manchester University, and several years later, in 1930, moved with his wife and two small children to London, where he was appointed associate professor at the law school of the university. In London he was active in the Zionist Federation, serving as its volunteer legal adviser. His academic career was highly successful, and he was considered a spellbinding lecturer. In 1956, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, he visited Israel; subsequently, he returned several times and met with various Israeli leaders, among them David Ben-Gurion. A grandson of his even settled in the country, on the kibbutz of Revivim. Ivor Horowitz died at the age of seventy-seven in London in October, 1973, after a brief illness following a stroke.

Colonel Michael Woodhouse served through the remainder of the war and then continued to sit on military courts throughout the British Empire. Since his vision grew steadily worse until he became completely blind, the Army assigned him a personal aide, who accompanied him on his judicial missions to Malaya, Burma, India, and Ceylon. In the nineteen-thirties he was knighted by King George V. Sir Michael's reputation as a judge spread far and wide and was only heightened by his blindness. He presided at the trials of many British officers in the colonial service and was known for the originality and depth of his approach. Although when the Second World War broke out he was serving in Kenya, he insisted on returning to England at once to take part in the war effort. He was killed during an air raid on London in June, 1941, at the age of sixty-two, and was buried in his native village with full military honors.

—A. B. YEHOASHUA

(Translated, from the Hebrew,
by Hillel Halkin.)

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LETTER FROM SALZBURG

DECEMBER 17

ON a quiet Saturday morning in early September, a gray flatbed truck with a crane mounted on it rolled into Mozart Square in central Salzburg and stopped at the base of the twenty-five-foot-high monument that dominates the square—a large stone block with a bronze statue of Mozart at the top. Anton Thuswaldner, a sixty-two-year-old Austrian sculptor, got out of his car and, assisted by six young men, unloaded four hundred stainless-steel shopping carts from the back of the truck and arranged them end to end in rows of ten around the four sides of the monument. Then, on a metal scaffold that they had installed two days before, Thuswaldner and his assistants began constructing a towering pyramid of shopping carts around the monument until the statue was all but obscured.

"When the scaffolding first went up, on Thursday, people came by and said they were delighted to see that the Mozart was finally being cleaned up," I was later told by Thuswaldner, a serene man with a severe bald scalp and deep-set eyes. Over the years, pigeon droppings and automobile exhaust have indeed taken their toll on the bronze figure. A white blemish runs from the bridge of Mozart's nose to the right corner of his mouth, dribbles down his chin and neck, and seems to disappear beneath his ruffled collar.

On Saturday morning, when Thuswaldner began stacking shopping carts around the monument, the mood changed. Shopkeepers around the square emerged from their doorways. Passersby gathered in the square. "People started shouting at the young men stacking the carts," Thuswaldner recalled. "You could not believe the things that were said. Horrible, simply horrible." He fell silent, shaking his head, then said, in a troubled voice, "Get Hitler over here!" was what they kept shouting. "Get Hitler over here!" I felt so sorry for the boys. One man came up to me and yelled in my face, "Hitler would have gassed you!" I have never experienced such hatred.

By the time the shopping-cart pyramid was finished, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mozart Square was crowded with irate Salzburgers and baffled tourists. The stainless steel glinted intensely in the midday sun, and the

pyramid looked from a distance like an outsized Cubist ice sculpture. Mozart loomed darkly within; only his head protruded above the trellis. A group of stranded British tourists stood in a tight knot before the monument, one of their number holding a folded umbrella in the air as a signpost. Their guide had abandoned them to try to find out just what was going on. A group of Japanese tourists had dispersed, and its members were filming frenetically with electronic cameras and palm-size video cameras. "It's modern art," I heard an American in a Lakers jacket explain to his wife. "It's about how everybody is making a buck off Mozart." Thuswaldner's sculpture represented abstract art at its best: even the tourists got the message.

Later in the day, Herbert Fartacek, the Vice-Mayor of Salzburg, who had issued the permit for Thuswaldner's proposed tribute to the town's genius loci, strolled over to Mozart Square to see how the project was faring. When he arrived, he found a furious mob of local citizens, who began verbally assaulting him.

"When we profit from Mozart the entire year, we should be willing at least once to face the fact that we capitalize on him," Fartacek told them.

"And what that ends up costing us!" an enraged businessman shouted back.

"Absolutely nothing," Fartacek replied. "The artist and his assistants are working for nothing, and we received the shopping carts gratis."

"And how long is that thing supposed to stand there?" the man wanted to know, pointing to the carts.

"One week," Fartacek said.

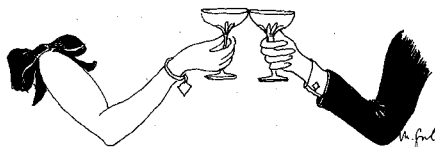
"Absolutely insane," the man grumbled. "But don't worry, elections will come again."

A voice from the crowd chimed in, "I'll never vote for that idiot."

Last April, when Thuswaldner first approached the city government with his idea for a Mozart tribute in Salzburg to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the composer's death, Dr. Werner Riemer, an official at the city's cultural-affairs department,

thought it was a great idea. "There was a feeling among many of us that the Mozart Year was becoming somehow too serious, too dull, too safe," he has explained. Indeed, Mozartjahr 1991 held no real surprises for Austria. Not even fear of terrorism and war could keep the crowds away. In January, while the United States bombed Baghdad, and Saddam Hussein called for a holy war, music lovers were booking flights to Salzburg to attend Mozart Week, which began on the twenty-fifth. In March, at the Easter Festival, Bernard Haitink, Daniel Barenboim, and the Berlin Philharmonic played to full houses. Similarly, the August Festival, which has been an annual event since 1920, and which this year paired six of the world's great maestros with seven of Mozart's most popular operas—Sir Georg Solti with "The Magic Flute," Riccardo Muti with "Così fan tutte" and "Don Giovanni," Haitink with "The Marriage of Figaro," Seiji Ozawa with "Idomeneo," Horst Stein with "The Abduction from the Seraglio," and Sir Colin Davis with "La Clemenza di Tito"—brought in a record two hundred and sixty-seven million schillings, or about twenty-five million dollars, just in ticket revenues. By the time of the festival, Salzburg's major bicentenary Mozart exhibit, "Mozart in Picture and Sound," had attracted more than two hundred thousand visitors. Throughout the spring and summer months, hundreds of thousands more tourists clogged the city's streets, shops, and various Mozart memorial sites. The added attraction of the Mozart anniversary has made 1991 the best year ever in the history of the festival. In a city where cultural tourism has become heavy industry (it is estimated that about fifty per cent of all auto emissions in the summer months come from vehicles with foreign license plates), Mozart is the most important natural resource.

"We purposely selected Mr. Thuswaldner's proposal, because we knew that it would liven things up a bit," Dr. Riemer said. A prominent Salzburg resident who is intimately involved in the planning of the city's cultural activities told me that Salzburg got off easy with Thuswaldner. "We had originally considered inviting Christo here to wrap the Mozart House," he confessed. The city officials knew that they could expect controversy. Five

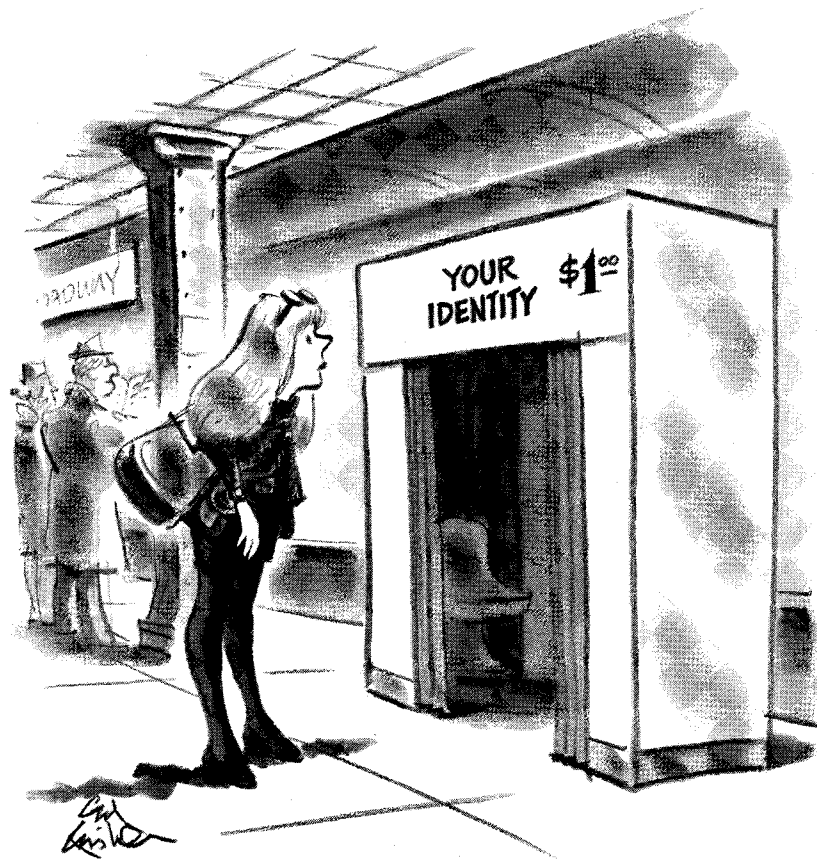


years earlier, Thuswaldner had nearly provoked a riot in Bonn when he was allowed to spin a web of nylon cord around that city's Beethoven statue. Police had to be called in to protect the artist from the crowds.

In piling shopping carts around the Salzburg Mozart statue, Thuswaldner was, of course, criticizing the "marketing of Mozart" in 1991, but his project had a more subtle philosophical underpinning. He was not merely burying Mozart beneath a heap of shiny buggies but creating a *Gegenskulptur*, or counter-sculpture, to the original monument. Thuswaldner explained that the original monument, which depicts Mozart striding forth with quill and musical score in hand, was a nineteenth-century idealization of the composer. Mozart was not tall. He was not handsome. And he hated Salzburg. The statue conveyed none of those facts. By constructing a *Gegenskulptur*, Thuswaldner sought to create an object that would contrast with the Mozart monument in the same way that the idealized image of Mozart contrasted with the man it was intended to honor. Thuswaldner also suggested that the counter-sculpture would compel people to take a closer look at the Mozart monument. The cultural-affairs department liked the idea, and so did Vice-Mayor Fartacek.

Once Thuswaldner had received permission from the local authorities, a cultural-planning organization funded by Fartacek's office undertook to help locate the four hundred shopping carts Thuswaldner estimated he would require to construct the pyramid. Eventually, a German company expressed willingness to provide the carts for one week without charge. However, Thuswaldner was told, the increased demand for shopping carts in cities throughout the former German Democratic Republic, coupled with the paucity of suppliers, meant that he would have to wait until the end of the summer. Thuswaldner waited.

On Saturday afternoon, in the light of the growing protests from the people of Salzburg, Fartacek decided to respond. The Vice-Mayor defended Thuswaldner's sculpture, arguing that it had drawn not just artists but also the general public into a discussion of art. And he again made the point that he thought the city could well afford a week of critical discourse in the bicentennial year of Mozart's death.



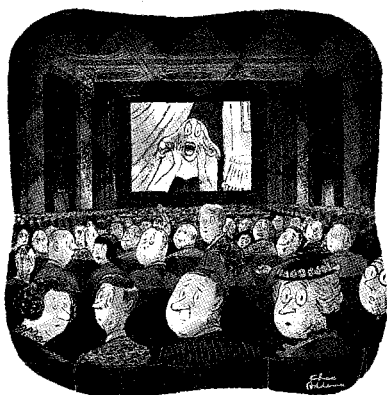
On Monday morning, the controversy moved from Mozart Square to the newsstands. The morning papers had front-page pictures of the statue and headlines that talked of "scandal," "desecration," and the "squandering" of taxpayers' schillings. The *Neue Kronen-Zeitung*, a tabloid with a tendency toward sensationalism, which had been engaged in a running battle with Fartacek since the previous September, when the Vice-Mayor funded a *Punkerhaus*, a home for displaced teen-agers, assailed him for his latest "monstrosity." When I called Fartacek's office to speak with him about the attacks, his secretary told me that the Vice-Mayor was not available for comment. He had left on vacation for the Yucatán.

Harald Lettner, Salzburg's Mayor, was left holding the ball. Lettner himself had just returned from a three-week vacation in the United States, and seemed not to have been fully aware of the scale of the Thuswaldner project when it was approved. An acquaintance who had accompanied him into Mozart Square on Saturday said that the Mayor had been "nearly lynched" when he arrived. Lettner had told the assembled crowd that he hadn't expected the monument to be "quite so large," and had assured them

that "such a thing would not happen again." However, he stood by Fartacek's decision, stating that he felt Salzburg could well afford "a little self-irony" in the Mozart Year. "Even if I am stoned, this work of art will remain standing until the end of the week," Lettner told the press.

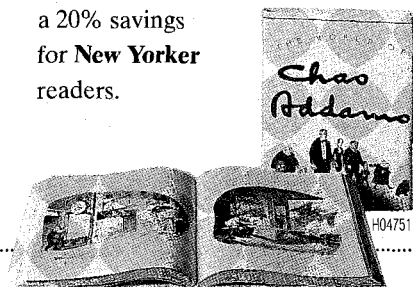
Lettner's position threw the city government into an uproar. Conservatives saw an opportunity to attack the ruling Socialist Party. A representative of the Freedom Party condemned "this desecration," maintained that the Thuswaldner sculpture stood in direct violation of local ordinances for the preservation of the old town, and called for its immediate removal. The Chamber of Commerce issued an open letter denouncing the "slandorous and crude action against the alleged marketing of Mozart." The letter asserted that the attack on commercial activity "has long been part of the worn-out repertoire of artists who themselves insist on a much too parochial concept of culture," and it charged that Lettner's administration, in permitting Thuswaldner to "disrupt the climate between culture and commerce," had been nothing less than "irresponsible." Lettner called Fartacek in Mexico and reported that "all hell" was breaking out in Salzburg. On Tuesday, the *Kronen-Zeitung* head-

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Nearly all of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

lined a full-page picture of the Mozart statue buried in shopping carts "In Salzburg 'War' Rages Around Mozart."

By Wednesday, Thuswaldner's sculpture was looking rather abused and shabby. Because several shopping carts had been pulled loose, the pyramid was slumping. Large placards scrawled with denunciations of the *Kronen-Zeitung* hung near the top of the installation. (They had not been put there by Thuswaldner.) At the base of the monument stood a sign: "Salzburg Office for Pseudo-Culture." The night before, someone had tossed an old toilet bowl onto the heap of carts. On its side were two words in black paint: "*Auch Kunst*" ("Also art").

Tourists used to pass across Mozart Square, snap a picture, and move on, but now clusters of tourists stood before the monument expressing bewilderment or holding forth on art and culture. A plump Italian woman wearing a flowered dress had plopped herself into a cart. With her arm flailing, she called "*Vieni! Vieni!*" to two companions, urging them to join her for a photo. A French couple stood nearby trying to decipher the placards with the help of a yellow pocket dictionary. A tour guide, speaking German with a strong Viennese accent, explained to a group of elderly women that the pyramid was a commentary on the fact that Mozart had hated Salzburg and that now the city was making money off him. "Salzburg was much too provincial for Mozart," the man said. "Vienna gave him the opportunity to write operas. He was much more deeply appreciated there than he ever was in this city."

On Thursday, apparently under the pressure of continuing public protests, Mayor Lettner buckled. That afternoon, Thuswaldner received a telephone call informing him that his sculpture had to be removed that very evening. "Originally, they had said I could keep it up until Sunday, then it was Saturday, and finally we agreed on Friday," Thuswaldner told me. Lettner's office maintained that it had been agreed at the outset that the installation should come down on Thursday. Fartacek's office said that the date had been left rather unclear.

In any case, on Thursday evening, when workers in a lavender Mercedes truck arrived to begin removing the shopping carts and the scaffolding, the

work crew encountered a crowd of perhaps two hundred people, which included virtually the entire artistic community of Salzburg, standing together around the base of the monument. Two Peruvian musicians who had been unpacking their drums, flutes, and guitars for an impromptu concert stopped to watch the demonstration.

As a worker scaled the pyramid to begin removing the carts, Herbert Fux, a colorful Salzburg political activist and a popular movie actor, who, standing near the monument in a rumpled



trenchcoat, rather resembled Tom Hayden in Lieutenant Columbo's outerwear, began to jeer. Others joined in. The worker, tottering on the pile of carts near Mozart's left shoulder, looked nervously at his colleagues in the truck, hesitated, and then slowly descended.

Fux insisted that the sculpture could not be removed until Mayor Lettner himself made an appearance. Someone was dispatched to inform the Mayor, who was said to be having dinner at the Goldener Hirsch, a ten-minute walk from the square. The truck started up and drove away. "Now we will wait," Fux told reporters who had gathered. "They will let the Mayor know. Then we will see whether he has the police 'march in.'"

Thuswaldner, who had learned of the protest action only two hours before and had just arrived from his home, in the mountain village of Kaprun, watched the entire affair with quiet astonishment. "Look at this, just look at this," he said to me. "Artists are usually fighting among themselves. But look at them all here. Painters, writers, architects. Such solidarity." Then he produced a video camera and began filming the crowd.

A half hour later, the truck returned. Fux again stated that he would not permit the removal of a single cart in Lettner's absence. The truck waited for about forty minutes, then left again. By this time, it was nearly ten o'clock. The crowd cheered. The painters, writers, actors, architects, and lawyers congratulated one another and Thuswaldner, and went home. The Peruvian musicians had left an hour before.

Early on Friday, the day Thuswaldner claims had been agreed for the dismantling of his sculpture, the truck returned, and a crew of eight began removing the shopping carts. There

were no protests this time. By early afternoon, Mozart was standing free.

IN Salzburg, Mozart is always more than music. He is serious business, and therefore whatever has to do with Mozart has to do not just with culture but also with politics, economics, and power. As the conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, who contributed as much as anyone in this century to Salzburg's international reputation as a musical center, noted in the early nineteen-fifties, "he has influenced the entire life of this city; his name is preëminent in every cultural event as well as in numerous more practical activities." A stroll through central Salzburg impresses this fact upon even the most casual observer. In the network of narrow streets and open squares pressed into a space of a quarter-mile or so between the stone brow of the Mönchsberg, to the southwest, and the Salzach River, to the northeast, one encounters traces of Mozart at nearly every turn. There is Mozart's birthplace, the house where Mozart lived until he was seventeen; Papageno Square, named after the silver-voiced rogue in "The Magic Flute"; the Mozartsteg, a footbridge across the Salzach; and, of course, Mozart Square. Across the Salzach are the Mozart Residence, into which Wolfgang's father, Leopold, moved his family in 1773; the Papagena Fountain, which honors Papageno's consort; and the Mozarteum, the massive stone reliquary of the Mozart cult, and the repository of the world's largest collection of materials relating to the composer and his work. The town walls are littered with plaques and memorials marking sites where Mozart relatives lived, died, and are buried.

And then there are the privately run, forthrightly self-serving tributes to Salzburg's local hero: Amadeus Design, the Amadeus Travel Agency, Figaro's Hair Studio, Café Pamira, Café Mozart, Café Amadeus, Restaurant Mozart, Hotel Mozart, Hotel Amadeus, the Mozart Cinema, the Mozart Liqueur Manufacturer, the Amadeus Brewery, and Stranz & Seio, a delicatessen on the ground floor of the composer's birthplace, which features Mozart coffee, Reine de la Nuit liqueur, and Mozart wine (Cuvée Amédée). The city museum offers a limited edition of nine hundred and ninety-nine numbered replicas of the

sculptor's original model for the Mozart Square statue. It stands more than a yard high, and it sells for 15,240 schillings, or about fourteen hundred dollars.

There is hardly a shop in the old city that does not sell Mozart busts, Mozart plates, Mozart watches, Mozart music boxes, Mozart ashtrays, Mozart cigars, Mozart lighters, Mozart perfume, Mozart cologne, Mozart key chains, Mozart T-shirts, Mozart lingerie, plastic Mozart dolls (with acrylic powdered wigs), or Mozart chocolates. Bookstores devote entire sections to Mozart books in German, English, French, Italian, and Japanese. For a time last summer, a copy of the original playbill for "The Magic Flute" shared the display windows of Josef Klein's hardware store with a garden hose, an electric hedge trimmer, and a pesticide called Compo.

The Mozartkugel, a spherical, bite-size confection consisting of a pistachio-marzipan center wrapped in nougat and dipped in bittersweet chocolate, has long been Salzburg's best-known commercial tribute to its local hero. There are at least fifteen companies producing a total of well over a hundred million *Kugeln* a year. The firm of Mirabell, which sells its Mozartkugels individually wrapped in a gold foil that bears one of the famous portraits of the composer, and packs them in distinctive Bordeaux-red octagonal gift boxes, commands sixty per cent of the world's Mozartkugel sales. Mirabell will not release exact sales figures but will tell you that if its entire annual Mozartkugel production were placed in a line it would extend from Salzburg to Gibraltar. The Mirabell Mozartkugel, like most other Mozartkugels, is about an inch in diameter.

Salzburg's *Urkugel* was conceived in 1890 by a local *Konditor*, Paul Fürst, as a centenary tribute to Mozart. Today, Paul Fürst's great-grandson Norbert Fürst is the proprietor of the family shop and continues to "craft" the Fürst Mozartkugel by hand in its back rooms, just as his great-grandfather did. Two and a half days are required to prepare the ingredients and fashion a batch of *Kugeln*. The finished product should not be exposed to direct sunlight or heat, Fürst advises customers, and should be consumed within three

months. He will make shipments by airmail only, and never in high summer. The firm's reputation for quality has its benefits. "Our Mozartkugel is very popular among the festival crowd," he says, with a smile. Nevertheless, Norbert Fürst objects to the practice of exploiting Mozart's name to bolster sales. "I don't put pictures or busts of Mozart in my window," he says. "I don't have any miniature violins or music scores." The competition is not so restrained. One magazine ad posed a popular Austrian actress, odalisquelike, atop a mound of twenty-one thousand wood-pulp Mozartkugels. A television commercial shows an American sporting a cowboy hat and driving a convertible near the base of the Fortress of Hohensalzburg; he bites into a Mozartkugel and is transformed into a frock-coated, bewigged eighteenth-century courtier. "Amadeus!" his mini-skirted companion squeals with delight. Fürst, whose shop is just around the corner from Mozart Square, feels that the Thuswaldner sculpture was an appropriate commentary on Salzburg's commercialization of Mozart in general and on the marketing of the Mozartkugel in particular. He doesn't want to exaggerate its significance, though. The sculpture was interesting, he says, but was obviously not a great work of art. "Don't try to read too much into it," he cautions. Similarly, he feels that the Mozartkugel is a confection, and a very fine confection indeed, but still a confection. "It is nothing more," he says, "but it is also nothing less."

The Salzburg Chamber of Commerce defends the mass marketing of the Mozartkugel and the myriad other Mozart products glutting local shops. Certainly businessmen are capitalizing on Mozart, its officials admit, but at the same time the marketing awakens public interest in an important cultural figure. "It depends on how you view the situation," one of them says. "Are we commercializing culture, or are we culturalizing commerce?"

THE great, and largely unspoken, irony of the canonization and commercialization of Mozart is, of course, that Mozart loathed everything about Salzburg—its weather, its people, its rulers. Mozart derided the citizens of Salzburg as *Fexen* (fools), his work at the court as "slavery," and his employer, Archbishop Hieronymus



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Colloredo, as *der Erzlämmel* (the Archbooby). In January of 1779, while seeking employment in Munich, Mozart wrote to his father, "I swear to you on my honor that I cannot bear Salzburg or its inhabitants." What Mozart hated most of all about Salzburg was its provincialism. He claimed that the city had no cultural activity to speak of. There was no opera. There was no theatre worth mentioning. There were no real singers. There were no real musicians. There were, he claimed in a 1781 letter to his father, not even audiences: "When I play or when any of my compositions are performed, it is just as if the audience were all tables and chairs." And he confided to a friend, "Salzburg is no place for my talent."

According to H. C. Artmann, who stands as one of the leading Austrian writers of the postwar period—the others being Thomas Bernhard and Peter Handke—not much has changed in Salzburg since Mozart's time. A few days after the protest at the Mozart statue, I find Artmann, a man of powerful build, who is in his seventies, sitting in a second-floor room of his home, a farmhouse several miles south of town and practically within the shadow of the Untersberg, the mountain that provides the standard dramatic backdrop for postcard views of Salzburg. Dragging on a cigarette, he explains to me that it is as difficult for an artist to endure Salzburg today as it was in Mozart's time, for despite the city's international reputation as a cultural mecca, virtually no artistic activity takes place there outside the festival times. "You saw how many showed up in Mozart Square," Artmann says, referring to the Thursday-night protest, at which he was one of the more prominent demonstrators. "There were just enough people to form a ring around the base of the statue." After a moment, he adds, "And that group included a few lawyers."

Artmann says that anyone with real artistic talent is eventually forced to leave Salzburg. "Peter Handke lived in a house on the Mönchsberg for six or seven years," he recalls. "Then he just couldn't take it any longer. He has been in Paris for the last two years." Artmann also cites Bernhard, who died unexpectedly in 1989, as another artist who despised Salzburg.

"Everything here is opposed to whatever is creative," Bernhard once wrote of Salzburg, "and it remains

true, no matter how vehemently the contrary is asserted, that this city is built on hypocrisy and that its greatest passion is hatred of the intellect and the spirit: wherever imagination is so much as glimpsed, it is rooted out. Salzburg is a deceitful façade, a monument to the world's mendacity, behind which creativity and the creative artist are doomed to atrophy, disintegration, and death."

Artmann blames history for Salzburg's "condition." For more than five hundred years, Salzburg was a province, ruled by prince-archbishops. They controlled virtually every facet of religious and secular life, and they enjoyed a surprising degree of independence within the Holy Roman Empire. In 1731 and 1732, for example, Archbishop Leopold Anton Freiherr von Firmian expelled as many as thirty thousand Protestants from Salzburg—an act that, according to Will Durant, left the province "thoroughly and theocratically Catholic." Over the centuries, the Salzburg archbishops had filled the narrow space between the Mönchsberg and the Salzach with a delightful pastiche of Baroque churches amid rococo palaces—there are said to be forty churches in the town—and instilled in the population a tenacious clericalism.

Artmann suggests that this clericalism crippled the development of democratic values among the Salzburgers, and that a closed mind and an attitude of servility have persisted through the centuries, whether cloaked in the frock jackets of court valets, in the brown shirts of National Socialists, or in the lederhosen of the local shopkeeper who bounds across Mozart Square to hurl epithets at Anton Thuswaldner.

"Salzburg is inhabited by *Radfahrertypen*," Artmann says—a term that translates as "bicycle-rider types." He goes on to explain, "A bicyclist rides with his back down, like this"—and hunches his broad shoulders—"and he continues to kick whatever is below him. That is how things have always been in Salzburg. It is a very unfortunate posture."

It was Mozart's inability to assume the biker's posture that made life intolerable for him in Salzburg. Possibly contributing to his unhappiness was the fact that the hierarchy of the Salzburg court ranked musicians just above the kitchen staff. Having spent his youth in concert tours around the great cities

of Europe—Paris, Rome, London, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Munich, Vienna—and having been courted by royalty and showered with accolades and gifts, Mozart found it difficult to accept the role of a mere employee. He served in Archbishop Colloredo's court most of the time from 1772 to 1781, and during those years the two clashed repeatedly.

In March of 1777, Mozart and his father, also a musician at the court, petitioned for a leave of absence in order to undertake a concert tour. The Archbishop refused to grant

the request, whereupon Wolfgang politely asked for a dismissal from the court. Colloredo responded by firing both father and son. Leopold was soon reinstated, however, and Wolfgang set off with his mother to seek his fortune in Munich, Mannheim, and Paris.

The enterprise proved disastrous for Mozart both personally and professionally. His mother died of fever in Paris, and he was unable to obtain a steady income. In January of 1779, he returned to Salzburg. He sent Colloredo a request "humbly" beseeching the Archbishop to install him as court organist. Colloredo granted the request, and Mozart found himself, at the age of twenty-three, again in the employ of the man he despised, again in the town he had fled, and he fell into a near-Bernhardian state of disintegration.

"He was dissatisfied, and so bored that he let his boredom grow into a kind of pleasure," the Mozart biographer Wolfgang Hildesheimer writes. Mozart cultivated his lethargy. In August of 1780, the languishing genius took up his pen and noted the passing of the days in his sister's diary. The twelfth: "At half past eight, church. Then to Lodron and Mayr. Afternoon Katherl at our house. And Fiala. Thunderstorms and heavy rain."

The thirteenth: "At ten o'clock to the cathedral for the ten-o'clock Mass. Then to Surgeon Katherl's. Herr Wirtenstädter contributed the target. Barber Katherl won. Played Tarot cards with the Tarot cards. At seven o'clock, took a walk in the Mirabell Gardens just the way, in the Mirabell Gardens, one takes a walk, as one



"1991 never really did grow up."

takes it, took, as one takes. Rainy, but no rain. Little by little . . . the skies clear!"

The nineteenth: "While shitting, my humble self, a jackass, a pair of breeches, again a jackass and finally a nose, in church. Stayed home, a pipe up my arse, pipe to my arse a bit. Afternoon Katherl at our house. And Herr Foxtail, too, whose arse I dutifully licked; O delicious arse!—Dr. Barisani came, too. Rain all day."

And so it went, however perversely, day in and day out, through that seemingly endless month, as Mozart made entries up to the eighty-second day of August, 1780.

By the spring of 1781, Mozart was at his wit's end. In June, while accompanying Colloredo's entourage to Vienna, he had his legendary encounter with Count Arco, the chief steward of the Archbishop, in the course of which the Count, after accepting Mozart's letter of resignation, and after having warned the brash court organist that it would be folly to abandon Salzburg for Vienna, administered the infamous "*Tritt im Hintern*," the "kick in the rear," with which Mozart was expelled from Colloredo's services.

Artmann says that artists still flee Salzburg. He himself remains in Salzburg, he says, only because his daughter is still in school. "I am the last artist of any significance in this town," he says dolefully. "That is why the city gives me all these awards—the honorary doctorate, the medals, the trophies. I'm the only one they have left." He adds that he could not bear to be a resident of Salzburg if he didn't

spend much of his time abroad—in Helsinki, Paris, and Berlin. "I never go into Salzburg," Artmann says, casually flicking his cigarette, "except to receive an honor from the city or to have my hair cut."

ADJOINING the Mirabell Gardens—a lovely plot of land on the right bank of the Salzach which is famous for a glorious view of the fortress, for statues of Baroque dwarfs, and for rococo sculptures of robust women in various stages of deshabelle, abduction, and imminent rape—stands the Mozarteum. Completed in 1914—regrettably, the opening celebration festival had to be cancelled because of the outbreak of the First World War—it is an example of high Jugendstil architecture: an off-white façade, with clean, classical lines, marble appointments, and playful flourishes of gold. Now more than three-quarters of a century old, the Mozarteum has worn marble stairs and generous halls hung with dark portraits which call to mind the administration building of a small New England liberal-arts college. Just outside its concert hall, where the students and faculty of the Mozarteum music school perform, stands a larger-than-life tawny bronze statue of Mozart in the buff. The composer is depicted, slender of build and lithe of step, as Apollo Musagetes. He cradles a lyre in his left arm. The briefest swath of ribbon flows from the lyre and falls, like the cascading hair of the Botticelli Venus, discreetly over the top of the loins. The statue is the work of a Jugendstil artist, Edmund Hellmer,

and for all his lofty vision he has bowed to historical veracity in one respect: Mozart's coiffure includes a small, tight, unmistakably eighteenth-century pigtail.

"We possess the largest collection of Mozart materials in the world," Friedrich Gehmacher, the president of the International Foundation Mozarteum, tells me. "We have a hundred and eighty of Mozart's letters, representing about a third of all his known letters. We have more than four hundred letters by other family members. And we have sixty-seven original manuscripts, including the C-Minor Fantasy and the C-Minor Sonata. We also have Mozart's original musical instruments, and the important contemporary portraits of him." The instruments include Mozart's concert piano, clavichord, violin, and viola, and the special child's violin on which he played as a young boy. The paintings include the unfinished portrait by Joseph Lange, thought to be the most accurate rendering of the composer, and the family portrait by Johann Nepomuk della Croce depicting Wolfgang and his sister, Nannerl, at the piano.

"In our library we have the largest collection of writings on Mozart in the world," Gehmacher goes on. "Over ten thousand books." The Mozarteum is currently supplementing its library with a microfilm archive, which is expected to include over a million individual document pages when it is completed. And, finally, there is the *Neue Mozart-Ausgabe*, or the *New Mozart Edition*. "It will be officially completed this year," Gehmacher explains. "We began publishing it in 1955. This may seem strange, but it took us longer to collect, sort, and edit the materials than it took Mozart to write them." He smiles jovially.

Friedrich Gehmacher's chronic use of the first-person plural in referring to the activities of the Mozarteum, past and present, is not inappropriate. Sitting in the wood-panelled conference room, with reproductions of Mozart letters and scores on the walls, and with a large model of the Mozart statue dominating the table, Gehmacher says his family has been involved with the Mozarteum since the late nineteenth century, when his grandfather moved from Upper Austria to Salzburg. Except for a hiatus during the Second World War, there have been Gehmachers on the board of directors ever

since. Friedrich Gehmacher himself has occupied a director's seat for the last twenty-six years. He is a lawyer by profession, and his distant cousin Wolfgang, a successful local businessman, is also on the board and serves as one of two Mozarteum vice-presidents. Wolfgang is the president of the Friends of the Salzburg Festival as well.

According to Gehmacher, Salzburg has Constanze, Mozart's widow, to thank for transforming Salzburg from a quaint Austrian town into the *Mozartstadt*. "We all know how Mozart felt about Salzburg," he says. "But, fortunately, Constanze, toward the end of her life, decided to move here." He glances about the room with an air of deep satisfaction, and repeats, "It was through the generosity of her and her children that we have all this."

Salzburgers have not always been so attentive to the Mozarts. In the early eighteen-twenties, when Constanze retired to Salzburg, she found that people had forgotten her husband completely. They also ignored her. "Although Mozart's sister, Mozart's widow, and her sister were alive in Salzburg up until the previous decade," the Mozart biographer Otto Jahn wrote in the eighteen-fifties, "it never occurred to anyone to ask them about this great countryman and to preserve for posterity the rich treasure of family tradition that surrounded his entire life." Jahn found that wherever he inquired about Mozart in Salzburg, "everything was forgotten, lost without a trace, just like his grave."

Jahn was not completely correct. As early as 1835, it was proposed that a monument be erected to Mozart in Salzburg, but initial attempts to raise money produced such a "shamefully small sum," according to one of the initiators of the idea, the Viennese poet Ludwig August Frankl, that he could not bring himself to record the amount. However, the project attracted the interest of King Ludwig I of Bavaria, the grandfather of Mad Ludwig, the king who drained the coffers of Bavaria with the construction of palaces at Linderhof, Neuschwanstein, and Herrenchiemsee. Ludwig I provided substantial support for the Mozart project, and commissioned the Munich

sculptor Ludwig von Schwanthaler to design a statue honoring "Germany's greatest tone master."

In 1841, construction began on what was then called St. Michael's Square, and the citizens of Salzburg responded with expressions of dismay and outrage. Many could not accept the fact that a statue of Mozart was being erected rather than a statue of Michael Haydn, Franz Joseph's brother and Salzburg's traditional composer laureate. People from both town and country are reported to have asked in bewilderment, "Who is this Mozart, anyway?" The pious watched with growing unease as a monument honoring St. Michael which had long graced the square was disassembled and exiled to the Linzer Gasse, across the river. (It has since been moved to yet another site.) "As the Mozart memorial was being erected," Mattias Koch, a Viennese writer living in Salzburg at the time, recalled, "rumors spread among the local population that the end of the world was nearing and that the Anti-Christ had arrived, for it was coming to pass, as it said in the scriptures, that one would erect false idols, make processions before them, and adore them like heathens."

The construction of the monument may have unsettled and enraged many people in Salzburg, but it pleased Constanze immensely. Moreover, she was informed that the statue would be positioned to face her apartment, so she could look out each morning at the memorial to her late husband. This arrangement meant that the Mozart would look east, away from Salzburg and toward the distant city of Vienna.

Constanze died in March, 1842. Six months later, at the September unveiling, Mozart's two surviving sons, Carl Thomas and Franz Xaver Wolfgang, known as Wolfgang Amadeus, Jr., were the guests of honor. Constanze's death had prompted a change in plans: when the monument was erected, the statue faced west instead of east, leaving Mozart, a sympathetic expression on his face, to gaze eternally into the heart of Salzburg.

Salzburg's eleventh-hour effort to woo Mozart's failing widow paid off. In her will, dated June 23, 1841, Constanze, apparently flattered by the attention, bequeathed Mozart's clavichord to the Mozarteum, a music school that had been founded that year in honor of her husband. The balance of



Mozart's belongings passed initially into the hands of his sons, but both men died without heirs, and most of the Mozart artifacts in their possession eventually found their way into the vault of the Mozarteum. In the intervening century and a half, the Mozarteum has moved vigorously and resolutely to capitalize on its initial investments. In 1877, in connection with the Leipzig music publisher Breitkopf & Härtel, it began printing the first complete critical edition of Mozart's works. In 1880, it opened a museum in Mozart's birthplace, and subsequently bought the building. In 1912, construction began on the new Mozarteum, designed to house both the library and the music school. "If Mozart's lineage hadn't died out, we would have been left with nothing," Friedrich Gehmacher muses.

IN the wood-panelled conference room of the Mozarteum, looking at the display of Mozart manuscripts and the reproduction of the Schwanthaler statue, and listening to Friedrich Gehmacher review the Mozarteum's efforts to preserve the Mozart legacy, one is tempted to dismiss the composer's personal quibbles with Salzburg. But when memory lapses, Vienna tweaks the conscience.

"The ten-year reign of Emperor Joseph II, 1780 to 1790, almost exactly coincided with the decade that Mozart spent in Vienna," Peter Weiser, who has overseen Vienna's Mozart Year celebrations, likes to remind people. "Without the liberalism, the tolerance, and the humanism of the Emperor, Mozart would never have broken out of the provincial, Catholic narrow-mindedness of his youth to discover that ideal, enlightened image of mankind which informs his music." Vienna, Weiser means to say, with its opera, its theatre, its patrons, its audiences, its progressive ideas, and, most important, the respect it accorded a man of talent, provided Mozart with the spiritual detoxification he needed after spending his formative years in Salzburg.

Mozart thrived in Vienna. "I can say with truth that I was very well pleased with the Viennese public yesterday, when I played at the concert for the widows in the Kärntnertor Theatre," Mozart wrote to his father early in April of 1781. "I had to begin all over again, because there was no end to the applause." The following month, Mozart, who was in the pro-



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cess of breaking permanently with Archbishop Colloredo, had determined, to his gratification, that Vienna seemed to prefer the servant to the master. Mozart wrote to his father of the heady revelation: "I am more highly respected in Vienna than he is." In 1784, Mozart received a hundred and seventy-six responses to his request for concert subscriptions. In his first years in the imperial city, Mozart was all the rage.

Vienna could charm and inspire, but Vienna could also forget. After 1785, Mozart's fortunes waned. Debts accumulated; subscriptions declined. By 1789, only one name remained on Mozart's list of subscribers—that of his loyal patron, Baron van Swieten. Vienna had found other diversions. In speaking of Mozart's Vienna years, Rudolph Angermüller, the general secretary of the Mozarteum, smugly recalls Count Arco's prophetic warning to Mozart just before his expulsion from Colloredo's services: "Believe me, you allow yourself to be far too easily dazzled in Vienna. At first, it is true, you are overwhelmed with praise and make a great deal of money into the bargain—but how long does that last? After a few months, the Viennese want something new."

When I travelled briefly to Vienna last February, what struck me most about the city in Mozart Year 1991 was that it felt pretty much like Vienna in any other year. Viennese diffidence toward this bicentenary commemoration is understandable. Along with Mozart, Vienna can lay varying degrees of claim to Haydn, Beethoven, Mahler, Brahms, a bevy of Strausses, Vivaldi, Gluck, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Suppé, Lehár, and Schoenberg. A tram ride around the Vienna Ring, with its imposing equestrian statues and massive neoclassical façades raised in honor of princes, kings, emperors, and Elysian heroes, brings home to one the tough competition for posthumous attention in this city. While Salzburg attends meticulously, often obsessively, and always protectively to the Mozart legacy, Vienna's attention to Mozart has been capricious and, on occasion, negligent.

Take the Little Kaiserhaus, at Rauhensteingasse No. 8, for example. It was here that Mozart spent the last year of his life, working on, among other compositions, his Piano Concerto No. 27, his Clarinet Concerto in A Major, "The Magic Flute," and "La Clemenza

di Tito," and it was here that, at five minutes to one on the morning of December 5, 1791, having broken down in tears hours earlier while rehearsing passages from the Requiem, and having asked that his pet canary be removed from the room—he could not endure the chirping—Mozart, in an unconscious and fevered state, died in the presence of, among others, his sister-in-law, Sophie Haibel. "His last movement," Sophie recalled more than thirty years later, "was an attempt to express with his mouth the drum passages in the Requiem. That I can still hear." The Rauhensteingasse, a narrow, colorless street with only a few shops, including an antique shop and a toy store, runs parallel to the bustling pedestrian zone that feeds into the square before St. Stephen's Cathedral. The Little Kaiserhaus, in which Mozart let an apartment in September, 1790, was torn down a century and a half ago. Today, a concrete building stands in its place. Last February, I visited the site, and found the building occupied by Steffl, a department store with

TRAGIC ARCHITECTURE

School, prison, trees in the wind,
I climbed your gloomy stairs,
Stood in your remotest corners
With my face to the wall.

The murderer sat in the front row.
A mad little Ophelia
Wrote today's date on the blackboard.
The executioner was my best friend.
He already wore black.
The janitor brought us mice to play with.

In that room with its red sunsets—
Under its rays everyone fell silent.
It was eternity's time to speak,
So we listened
As if our hearts were made of stone.

Only debris was left
Between the cracked, peeling walls,
And one window gone blind
Staring at the same wintry sky.
But the rest gutted,
Not even a naked light bulb left inside

For the prisoner forgotten in the solitary,
Eyes closed like a lover,
The bad child left behind
Watching the bare winter trees
Lashed by the driving wind.

—CHARLES SIMIC

gritty tile floors and bins of discounted merchandise.

The management had erected a memorial to Mozart on the fifth floor. It consisted of a large bust prominently displayed at the top of the escalator in the middle of the sporting-goods department. The bust, burnished to a mottled silver, with the shirt ruffle highlighted in muted gold, stood on a six-inch-high marble pedestal fitted with brass decorations. The pedestal, in turn, stood on a waist-high wooden shelf. A marble plaque was affixed to the wall just to the left of the bust. It read:

To the peerless master
of the art of music
who lived here until his death,
this memorial
has been dedicated
by Pietro de Galvagni
during the renovation
of this building
1849

To the right of the bust was a statement in German, English, French, Italian, and Japanese announcing that the management of the Steffl department store, in coöperation with the

Historical Museum of the City of Vienna, was preparing a Mozart memorial room on the ground floor of the building next door.

I returned to Vienna in September to visit the proposed exhibit. Steffi had vacated the premises. A makeshift clothing store occupied the ground floor. The escalator to the upper floors was barricaded. I asked a cashier if she knew where I could find the Mozart bust. She did not. Nor could she tell me anything about a Mozart memorial room next door.

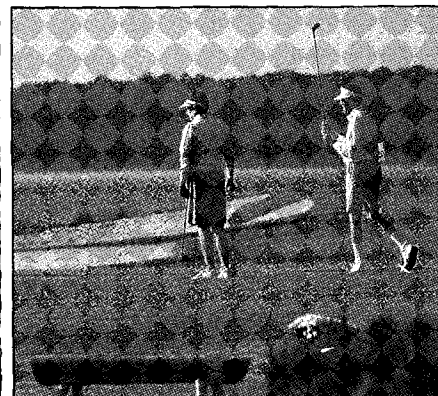
I walked the length of the Rauhensteingasse and found no such room, but I did notice a large wooden façade that replicated—according to a small plaque in several languages—the Little Kaiserhaus as it had appeared in Mozart's time. The façade was a fine piece of stage scenery, with doors of solid wood, and with real lace curtains hanging behind glass windowpanes. An occasional passerby paused before the structure and rapped on the door to see if it was solid. I found no sign there of the planned memorial.

In fairness, it must be said that Vienna did put on a number of Mozart exhibitions in 1991, among them "Mozart's Travels," "Mozart's World of Sound," and "Requiem: Mozart's Final Year." The city's main exhibit was "Zaubertöne: Mozart in Wien 1781-91," at the Künstlerhaus. There was an abundance of period artifacts, ranging from playbills and powdered wigs to birthing tongs. Commentaries beside the vitrines often related the objects to the activities of Mozart's personal and professional life. If we had Mozart's billiard table, this is how it would look. If Mozart ever saw a giant metal-and-wood static-electricity generator (Hildesheimer argues that Mozart's brief encounter with Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer inspired the "magnet cure" in "Così fan tutte"), this is most likely what Mozart would have seen. And, finally, if we had the post-coach chamber pot used by Mozart during his travels across Europe—after all, he spent a third of his life in coaches—it would most likely resemble this one.

ONE afternoon last spring, I went out to Schloss Klessheim, a ten-minute drive from Salzburg, to see the city's Mozart-bicentennial exhibition, "Mozart in Picture and Sound." Klessheim is an impressive eighteenth-

century rococo palace whose image has suffered in this century. Following the Anschluss, Klessheim served Hitler as a guest residence, and it was here that he met with Mussolini in April of 1943. Two rather sinister eagles, of late-nineteenth-century imperial-era vintage, perch above the gates to the grounds. Walking the long promenade to the palace entrance, you can't help hearing the crunch of jackboots on gravel.

The exhibition requires at least six hours. Supplementing lithographs, portraits, and historical documents are seven listening rooms, devoted to the entire spectrum of Mozart's musical composition: early compositions, church music, early operas, symphonic works, chamber music, late operas, and, of course, the Requiem. Each listening room, which can accommodate approximately thirty people, and is equipped with a multi-speaker digital sound system fed with selections from Philips's monumental collection of Mozart's complete works (a hundred and eighty-two compact disks in all), was assigned to well-known, contemporary Austrian artists to "conceptualize" as each of them wished. The acoustics proved to be superb, the music sublime, the art work rather uneven in quality. Christian Ludwig Attersee, one of Austria's best-known artists, took on "Don Giovanni" and, in classic Attersee fashion, splashed bright colors across a triptych, mingling provocative, erotic figures with a tangle of abstract shapes. Arnulf Rainer paid homage to the Requiem by smearing black paint across a series of polychrome lithographs of sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century musical instruments: lutes, lyres, *chitarroni*, harps, violins, harpsichords, trumpets, cornets, a positive organ with gravity bellows, and what appears to be a tightly wound helical horn. Graf + Zyx, the collective name by which she, Inge Graf, and he, Walter Eberl (Zyx), bill themselves, plugged video monitors into a computer that generated a random series of lines, squares, and dots. That room was just the place to sit back, close your eyes, and enjoy Mozart's Quintet for oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and piano (K. 452). Valentin Oman, a fifty-six-year-old painter, who took up the challenge of Mozart's church music, created fourteen painted vertical panels in his room's high-ceilinged space. Vague martyred figures loomed through a thick overlay



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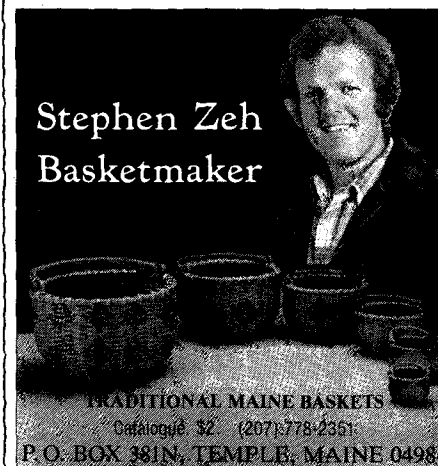
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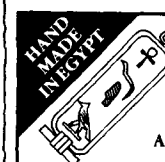
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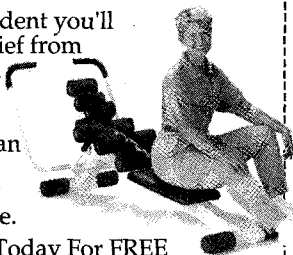
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of earth tones accented by streaks of red and orange suggesting the windows of a Gothic cathedral.

Salzburg also unpacked its rare treasures: the tea-and-sugar chest that Mozart used on his travels, a silk wallet, a lock of hair, a mother-of-pearl case, a tobacco box, a gold pendant, and seven mother-of-pearl buttons. Among the brief commentaries and occasional Mozart bons mots accompanying the displays was a particularly gratifying extract from a Mozart letter. "I want to know nothing more about Salzburg," the composer fumed. "I hate the Archbishop to the verge of madness."

I was surprised to see that the exhibitors had decided not to display Salzburg's most tantalizing bit of Mozartiana: the Mozart skull. This much disputed piece of bone, whose authenticity has been alternately confirmed and disproved several times in the course of the last ninety years, is currently in the Mozarteum's possession. The alleged Mozart cranium, which the Mozarteum's official medical expert, Dr. Hans Kaserer, refers to as "the casing that held all that sublime music," is missing the lower jaw and a number of upper cusps. On the lower right side toward the back of the skull is an inscription in faded black ink that reads "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, † 1791, geboren 1756" and is accompanied by the sketch of a lyre. About an inch below this point, and slightly forward, at the base of the right temple, is the inscription "Musa vetat mori. Horaz." (The fragment belongs to a line from Horace, "The man worthy of praise the Muse forbids to die.") Across the top of the skull is a faded orange sticker bearing the words "Rescued during the exhumation of the communal grave in 1801 by the grave digger Jos. Rothmayer, who had noted the site where he had buried Mozart's coffin; and presented as a gift by his successor Jos. Radschopf to my brother Jacob in 1842. Hyrtl."

When I went to the Mozarteum and asked where the skull was, Geneviève Geffray, who helped prepare the exhibition catalogue, explained that the *Mozart-Schädel* was in the Mozarteum vault and that the organizers of the exhibition had never had any intention of displaying it. "A skull cannot contribute anything to our understanding of Mozart," she said, rather firmly. She told me that since

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my visit to Klessheim an explanation of the skull's absence had been posted. She also told me the skull was a fake.

The *Mozart-Schädel* has long been a suspect relic. Ever since May, 1902, when the Mozarteum acquired the cranium, experts have puzzled over its authenticity. In tracing the provenance of the skull, it was determined that there were at least two Mozart skulls in circulation at the turn of the century—one with eleven teeth, another with seven. One of these came into the possession of the Mozarteum. The other vanished. In the course of the past ninety years, the Mozarteum skull has been subjected to diverse scientific scrutiny, including chemical analysis, radiological and morphological studies, and soft-tissue reconstruction. The results, whether tending to confirm or refute the authenticity, remained inconclusive. Last April, Walther Brauneis, a researcher at the Denkmalamt in Vienna, came across a revealing document. He found a signed statement in which the Viennese anatomist Joseph Hyrtl attested that his *Mozart-Schädel* had seven teeth. The Mozarteum skull has eleven. In August, the Mozarteum released an official statement to the effect that, because of the discrepancy in the number of teeth, "the skull in the Mozarteum cannot be shown to be the same as the alleged Mozart skull of Hyrtl." The Mozarteum, however, purposely avoided stating categorically that the skull was not that of Mozart.

Angermüller has a reason. He reminded me that the Mozarteum possesses several locks of Mozart's hair. If there were some way to test the hair and the skull, he pointed out, it might be possible to establish a genetic link between the two relics. Geffray would just like to forget the whole matter. "That poor skull has been through enough," she says. "I don't care whose head it was. I just wish people would finally let it rest in peace."

OVER the years, the accumulated uncertainties about Mozart have led to no mean number of interpretations, manipulations, and exploitations. Every age has claimed "its Mozart," be it the child prodigy, the rococo gallant, the tortured Romantic, or the bridled revolutionary. Even the Biedermeier era—the mid-nineteenth-century doldrums between the decline of despotism and the rise of nationalism—found a place for Mozart. In Eduard

Mörke's classic 1855 tale "Mozart's Journey to Prague" we encounter Wolfgang, in an artistic hiatus between the composition and the première of "Don Giovanni." His genius temporarily suspended, Mozart becomes an Everyman. He eats, sleeps, relaxes. In our day, the playwright Peter Shaffer, with his foulmouthed, table-vaulting Amadeus, has provided the Mozart of the post-Watergate era. No individual, whether President or prodigy, is without his warts.

When the Nazis seized power in Germany and in Austria, they sought to fashion a Mozart for the Thousand Year Reich. The judicious scholars of the Mozarteum went to work. Erich Valentin, then the director of research and, until recently, the president of the German Mozart Society, drafted a presentation outlining "Mozart's Responsibility as a German." (It is an unsettling experience to leaf through the Mozarteum files of these years and encounter letters bearing familiar names and the sinister closing words "With best regards and Heil Hitler!") In 1940, as the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's death neared, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart emerged from the sombre halls of the Mozarteum as the towering Aryan Übermensch of European culture.

"The great master from Salzburg," the local Party head Gustav Scheel proclaimed in Mozart Square on the afternoon of December 5, 1941, "is one of the leading German Europeans who have shown Europe that Germany has every right to claim its dominant role on this continent." The weather had been cold. Snow and swastikas covered the Mozart statue. Scheel urged the assembled crowd to draw from the music of Mozart, who "understood better than anyone the soul of the German people," the inner strength to prevail in the war with Russia. "In the grave struggle of these days for the preservation of Europe and European culture," Scheel observed in conclusion, "we commemorate this day solemnly and deeply, but are nevertheless determined to continue the struggle." Mozart's "Ave

verum" was intoned, wreaths were laid at the base of the statue, and the crowd marched off. Later that afternoon, there was a performance of the "Jupiter" Symphony, followed that evening by the Requiem.

The Nazis were not the first to discover Mozart's Teutonic soul. In Prague, he had been hailed as the "German Apollo." "Mozart's Germanism is a matter of pride to the German people," Friedrich Kerst wrote around the turn of the century. "To him 'German' was no empty concept, as it was to the majority of his contemporaries. He is therefore honored as a champion of German character and German art, worthy as such to stand beside Richard Wagner."

Mozart left himself open for this one. His letters bristle with Germanic chauvinism. He wrote to his father from Paris in May of 1778, "I pray to God daily to give me grace to hold out here with fortitude and to do such honor to myself and to the whole German nation." In a letter written to the playwright Anton Klein in 1785, Mozart longs for the day when "we Germans . . . begin to think as Germans, to act Germans, to speak German, and, Heaven help us, to sing in German!!"

It is one of the great cultural wonders of the postwar era that Austria has so successfully divorced Mozart from his German roots and appropriated him as exclusively Austrian property. Equally astonishing is that at the same time Austria has been able to dissociate itself almost entirely from its native son Adolf Hitler, who was born in the Austrian town of Braunau, spent his formative years in the Austrian city of Linz, first came to political consciousness in Vienna, and retained his Austrian citizenship until 1925, when he was thirty-five.

Rudolph Angermüller, himself a German expatriate, declares, "Mozart was neither German nor Austrian," and goes on to explain, "He was born in Salzburg, which at that time was an independent archbishopric. Mozart is not a German. He is not an Austrian. He is a Salzburger."

ON the morning of Saturday, October 5th, exactly four weeks to the day after Anton Thuswaldner began stacking his shopping carts around the Mozart statue, the *Salzburger Nachrichten*, the leading local daily, re-



ported that Vice-Mayor Fartacek had announced at a meeting of the Socialist Party that he was temporarily suspending his candidacy for vice-mayor in the 1992 election. Fartacek said that he would not resume his candidacy until he had "exposed" the slur campaign being waged against him by the *Kronen-Zeitung*. The article cited Fartacek's insistence on the right of "a political figure" to "fight for his honor."

Although Mayor Lettner admitted that his deputy had emerged from the *Kronen-Zeitung* attacks "not without a few scrapes," he maintained that he had not pressured Fartacek to withdraw his candidacy. The activist Herbert Fux, who crashed the meeting, implied that Lettner had staged a coup in Mirabell Palace, the seat of the city government. "Someone who has the courage to run a respectable cultural policy," Fux told the press, "should not be muzzled by the kind of unqualified functionary they used to have in Moscow."

That week, I called on the Vice-Mayor. His office, a spacious room with thirty-foot ceilings and decorated with black Scandinavian lamps and furniture, offers a pleasant view of the palace grounds. Fartacek is casually dressed: a white shirt with red and gray pinstripes, no tie, black wide-wale cords, well-worn but flawlessly polished wing-tip shoes, and bulky bright-red socks. He is in his mid-forties, but has a distinctly boyish look. When he smiles or laughs, which he does frequently, gold fillings glint. When I came in, a half-empty pack of Memphis cigarettes was lying on the table.

Fartacek explained that the "Mozart affair" was just the most recent scuffle in an ongoing brawl with Salzburg conservatism. He quoted a long list of aspersions and epithets that had appeared in the pages of the *Kronen-Zeitung* over the past year. The most unsettling was the lexical invention *Geldvernichtungsmaschine*, which translates as a machine for exterminating taxpayers' money. "I enjoy a controversy, I enjoy criticism, but not this kind of abuse," he told me, leaning back in his chair. "I am not a professional politician. I don't need to put up with this. I can always go back to teaching." Before he became vice-mayor, he was a professor at Salzburg's Academy for Pedagogy.

Fartacek admitted that he had ex-

pected the Thuswaldner project to provoke controversy but had not anticipated such raw malice and rage. "We had nearly six hundred Mozart events in Salzburg this year, and they all glorified Mozart's relationship to this city," Fartacek said. "I thought we could afford to have one event that spoke the truth about the relationship of this composer to his home town." He paused to light a cigarette. "Every-

one here talks about 'our Mozart.' They plaster his name over everything in the city, but none of them will acknowledge how he really felt about Salzburg. We maintain this conspiracy of silence, this deception. I think we should be able to look at the reality at least once this year, and perhaps even with a bit of irony and humor."

Fartacek, like Artmann, holds Salzburg's past responsible for the intolerance of the present. He traced its history from the prince-archbishops' courts of the eighteenth century to the beer gardens of the present day. He said that, at best, between ten and fifteen per cent of the population of Salzburg took part in "high culture"—that is, music, museums, the theatre—and that this represented only a marginal improvement over the age of despotism. "The remaining ninety per cent or so want nothing more than their beer tent, their oompah band, and a carousel for the children," he declared.

What Fartacek said next I had heard time and again here in Salzburg—that a writer, a painter, a musician could not survive under such conditions, that there was no tolerance for new ideas, that there was no nourishment for creativity or freethinking. "They drive the artists away," Fartacek said. He had grown serious. "When a society loses its artists, it loses its basis for critical and independent thinking. It is not only the end of artistic culture; it is the end of political culture, the end of political parties." He looked at me darkly. "We have been through that before, here in Austria."

And what would Mozart have thought of the city's response to the Thuswaldner sculpture?

Fartacek's face brightened. "Mozart would have laughed," he replied, "and would have said to you, 'Just one more piece of evidence that confirms my relationship to Salzburg.'"

—TIMOTHY W. RYBACK



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Discipline and Romance

DIFFERENT kinds of twentieth-century opera were represented by the December productions of the Juilliard Opera Center and the Manhattan School of Music. The Juilliard revived Samuel Barber's "Vanessa," a late specimen of romantic grand opera; Manhattan gave the American première of three short operas by Alexander Goehr—music-theatre pieces. In "Vanessa," trivial subject matter is elaborated for large forces; the Goehr operas have serious subjects and are written for very small forces.

"Music theatre" became something of a catchphrase in the sixties. Sometimes it was used of productions in which the staging and the acting of traditional works were strong enough to complement admirable musical execution or compensate, perhaps, for mediocre musical execution. (This sense is explored in the Norton volume "The Music Theater of Walter Felsenstein.") Sometimes it was applied to operas, such as Penderecki's "The Devils," that had theatrical effectiveness but little musical interest. More strictly,

"music theatre" described musical dramas for small forces, and especially those conceived by composers impatient with the expense and apparatus of grand opera and with the conservatism of grand-opera companies and their audiences. Stravinsky composed "The Soldier's Tale" (1918), with its band of seven, to be portable. Benjamin Britten founded the English Opera Group, in 1947, to perform "The Rape of Lucretia," "Albert Herring," "The Turn of the Screw," and their successors by many different composers. The E.O.G. orchestra was usually about twelve strong; the Pierrot Players, which Peter Maxwell Davies and Harrison Birtwistle founded in 1967, used an ensemble of only six (the "Pierrot Lunaire" quintet plus percussion) in most of its music-theatre shows. John Cox and Goehr's Music Theatre Ensemble, founded at much the same time, on occasion used as many as nine players. These companies coexisted in friendly rivalry; Birtwistle composed "Punch and Judy" for the English Opera Group, "Monodrama" for the Pierrot Play-

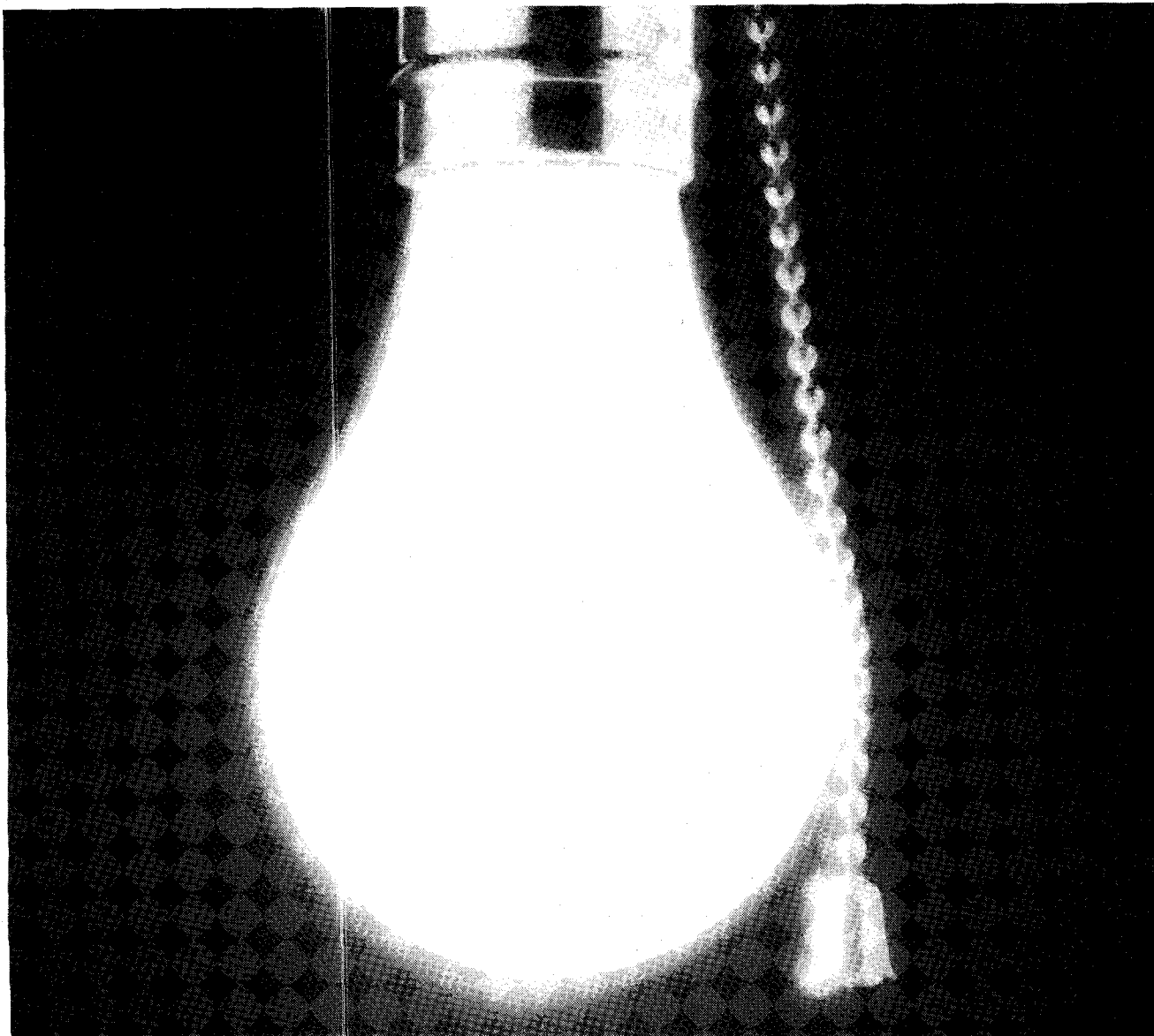
ers, and "Down by the Greenwood Side" for the Music Theatre Ensemble. In Germany, Mauricio Kagel was already a prolific music-theatre composer; "Sur Scène" had appeared in 1962. Ligeti's "Aventures" and "Nouvelles Aventures" took the stage in 1966.

Monteverdi's dramatic madrigals "Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and "Ballo delle Ingrate" were often performed by the music-theatre troupes. The repertory available to an opera company with an orchestra of a dozen or so players and a handful of able singers is rich and varied. It reaches from Monteverdi, Cavalli, and Purcell, through Kurt Weill and Hindemith, to Britten, Davies (whose "Lighthouse," for three singers and twelve players, has been widely produced), Birtwistle, Hugo Weisgall, Dominick Argento, and onward. Each year brings more works. Recent successes have been John Casken's "Golem," Mark-Anthony Turnage's "Greek," and Hans-Jürgen von Bose's James Purdy opera "63: Dream Palace" (set in Chicago but not yet heard there). The Canadian Opera's latest piece, John Oliver's "Guacamayo," performed in Toronto and Banff and broadcast throughout Canada, uses five singers and twelve players to create a colorful, fascinating fantasia on Mayan legends. Robert Saxton's "Caritas" (based on Arnold Wesker's play), which Opera North presented last month, calls for an orchestra of only thirteen.

Music-theatre compositions, which tend to be written for specific forces at a specific time, often have a limited life. Experiments can be made, adventures embarked on, and failures risked in a way that few grand-opera companies can afford. The best pieces transcend topicality, and Goehr's three operas do so. They are "Naboth's Vineyard," "Shadowplay," and "Sonata About Jerusalem." "Naboth's Vineyard" appeared in 1968, and "Shadowplay" in 1970, both at City of London Festivals, and the "Sonata" had its first performance in Tel Aviv, in 1971. Independent pieces, each about twenty minutes long, they have been published and, since 1971, generally performed as "Triptych." "Naboth's Vineyard"—the tale from I Kings 21, told partly in English, partly in Latin—is written for a contralto (Jezebel), a



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tenor (Ahab), and a bass (Naboth and Elijah), who join as a narrative chorus and, finally, as the voice of God, and seven players (flute, clarinet, bass trombone, piano duet, violin, and double-bass). "Shadowplay," a dramatization of the Cave parable from Book VII of "The Republic," calls for a tenor (the narrator, Socrates), an actor (the prisoner who escapes from the cave into the light), and five players (alto flute, alto saxophone, horn, cello, and piano). "Sonata About Jerusalem" is a False Messiah tale from the autobiography of Obadiah the Proselyte and an early chronicle: oppressed Jews in twelfth-century Baghdad don green raiment, climb to the rooftops, and wait to be wafted to Jerusalem; but nothing happens. The work was composed in Hebrew and has been translated into English, with a Latin refrain: "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come" (Acts 2:20). The forces are a bass (the narrator), a high soprano (with just a brief solo, announcing the miracle), a mocking child (who cries, "Ha! the Jews wanted to fly to Jerusalem. But they have no wings"), a three-part chorus (two sopranos and contralto), and nine players (flute, clarinet, horn, trumpet, trombone, piano, violin, cello, and double-bass).

The scores are small masterpieces of tautness, efficacy, and economy. Goehr's commands of dramatic gesture for voice or instrument, of instrumental register and timbre, of expressive harmony, and of precisely balanced structure are equally admirable. Who needs a full orchestra when a single clarinet, trombone, or trumpet can be so theatrically and emotionally potent? I had not heard the pieces for twenty years and mistrusted the strength of my response to the music; fearing lest nostalgia had colored judgment, I went to hear them again (there were three performances), and admired them even more. The dramas are contrasted in tone. "Naboth's Vineyard," despite the murderous matter, contains caricature and comedy: Ahab struts confidently to the vineyard (a tiny piano-duet march), and is taken aback by Naboth's tetchy intransigence; Jezebel plans her wickedness with splendid aplomb, easily solving a little household difficulty; Elijah is *very* cross. "Shadowplay" is

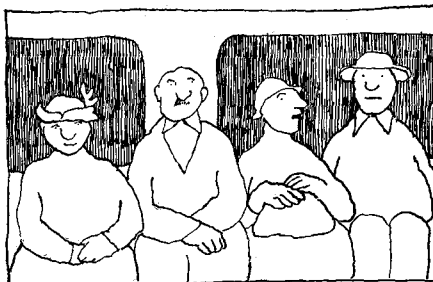
romantic: alto flute and alto saxophone make a sensuous combination; there is a piano interlude of great beauty; and the full ensemble paints tone pictures of a star-filled sky, sunrise seen for the first time, the seasons in procession. The "Sonata"—its formal model presumably the Sonata, with refrain, of Monteverdi's Vespers—mixes matter-of-factness with emotion. In the rooftop scene, which opens with a thin violin line touched by flute harmonics, the essence of a "Va pensiero" (the exiles' chorus in "Nabucco") is caught in a few bars, and the string-chord sighs of disappointment at its close, *poco vibrato* and then *non vibrato*, are heartbreaking.

John Cox's production of "Naboth's Vineyard" in 1968 was simple: the instrumentalists were onstage, the singers just sang, two mimes holding various masks enacted the characters, and the only prop, representing the property that Naboth refuses to sell, was a vinestock. The Manhattan production, directed by Stephen Wadsworth, was a more elaborate affair, and the three operas were linked. Naboth had a liquor store next door to Ahab's town house. God's last words are "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his son's days will I bring the evil upon his house." In the final tableau, two sons of Ahab appeared, as tots; in "Shadowplay" they were adolescents, and in the "Sonata" young men. There one was killed by thugs early on, and the other (who took the part of the narrator) was suddenly shot at the close. "Shadowplay" was set in a cellar, filled with Jews in hiding; shadows from the street outside fell upon a painted-over window. "Naboth's Vineyard" had a cast of twelve, not five (the doublings were not observed), and there was a chorus of twenty (not all singing). The orchestra was in the pit, and the roles for solo flute and solo clarinet were shared

each among three players. The published scores contain brief staging suggestions and proscriptions: "In the ideal performance, instrumentalists, singers and mimes should all be visible and equal in visual importance, there being constant and close dramatic rapport amongst all the component parts of the work. An orchestra pit . . . must be avoided at all costs." The "Sonata" should be done "in a manner and utilising visual elements which avoid all graphic representations customarily associated with Jewry, and its persecution." These were ignored.

David Pountney, a "modern" operatic director, had simple, sensible things to say recently about operatic productions that contradict a creator's clearly expressed wishes: "Audiences, quite rightly, are pragmatic: they like new ideas that seem to work and hate those that don't." In theory, one might chide Mr. Wadsworth for treating Goehr's "Triptych" so freely, as an exercise in directorial ingenuity. In fact, the production did work, and I liked it, very much. It was designed with distinction, by David Birn. It was subtly and strikingly lit, by Chris Akerlind. And Mr. Wadsworth has an eye for imaginative, elevating stage imagery. Scenes from his presentations of Gluck's "Orphée," in Seattle, of Monteverdi operas, in Milwaukee, and of "La Clemenza di Tito," in Houston, return to me whenever I think of those operas; and this "Triptych"—his New York debut—was filled with memorable images. The execution was precise: the actors knew how to move, and why they moved; nothing was forced or unmusical. The singing was consistently accomplished and expressive. The principals were Joanna Johnston (Jezebel), Arn Prince (Ahab), John Kuether (a guest artist, as Naboth and, speaking very well, the prisoner), Keith Heiman (Elijah and the "Sonata" narrator), and Jorge Garza (the "Shadowplay" narrator). David Gilbert conducted adept instrumentalists who enjoyed their virtuoso roles; the trombonist, Johnathon Sloan, deserves special mention, because his part is especially important. The company may have been larger than any that Goehr intended, but it offered ensemble opera—and music theatre—on the highest level.

As a pendant to the operas, the Manhattan School Chamber Sinfonia,



conducted by Glen Cortese, played two of Goehr's string-orchestra pieces at an afternoon concert. In 1976, he composed a setting of Psalm 4 for soprano, contralto, two-part women's chorus, viola, and organ. A work of quiet, grave, flowing beauty, it starts and ends with "white note" music, and flowers in episodes of ingenious counterpoint and chromatic inflection. The material was unexhausted and would not leave him; there followed a "Fugue on the Notes of Psalm 4," for string orchestra, and then a "Romanza on the Notes of Psalm 4," for two solo violins, two solo violas, and strings. Goehr called these works "a new departure for me," since "in some ways the results are simpler and in some ways more musically dense than what I have previously done." The string pieces proved to be fine examples of that mixture of discipline and romance, science and fancy, traditional device and contemporary application which makes Goehr's best music of all periods so good to hear.

"VANESSA" was first performed by the Metropolitan Opera, thirty-four years ago. It's a synthetic work, a descendant of such things as "Adriana Lecouvreur," "Eugene Onegin," and "Arabella," but weaker, duller, sillier, and less skillfully constructed. The libretto, by Gian Carlo Menotti, is tosh—Isak Dinesen stuff sentimentalized and vulgarized. In St. Louis in 1988, Graham Vick staged a serious, wickedly critical (and very elegant) production. In a program note he wrote, "By its very creation 'Vanessa' exposes a great human weakness: the desire to retreat into an invented past." The Juilliard took the piece at face value. Richard Bradshaw, conducting, did show that the score contains a fair amount of what is called "well written" music, but the staging, by Edward Berkeley, was pedestrian and clumsy, and the bits-and-pieces scenery, designed by Patricia Woodbridge, looked as if it had been pulled from stock. Jane Gilbert, the Erika, is a promising singer.

—ANDREW PORTER

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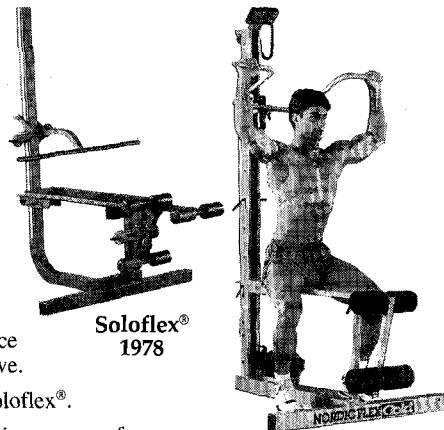
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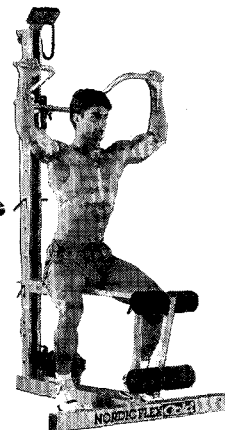
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fear of Flying

STEVEN SPIELBERG's "Hook" means to give a contemporary spin to "Peter Pan," the classic J. M. Barrie story about a boy who refuses to grow up. The movie is a failure in almost every way, but it's unmistakably of our time: its lack of conviction and its panicky eagerness to please are depressingly up-to-the-minute. Barrie's Peter Pan embodies the freedom and beautiful lightness of children's imaginations. He flies, he's immortal, and he lives on a "delectable island" called Neverland, a paradise of endless play. He ventures into the real world only occasionally; one night Peter, as insidious as a draft, steals into the London house of a middle-class family called the Darlings and carries off its dreaming children, Wendy, Michael, and John. The simple, compelling idea of the original story is that kids when they play or fantasize really are (as parents often say they are) "off in another world." Barrie makes us feel the vast distance that separates children's minds from those of their parents. Imaginative boys and girls can seem exasperatingly remote: absorbed, transported, unreachable. Barrie's Peter Pan

story (written first as a play, in 1904, and later as a novel called "Peter and Wendy") is a wonderful fable for youngsters, and it's also a peerless guidebook for puzzled grownups. Here, the writer tells us as he leads us on a tour of Neverland, is where the children go when they get that lost, far-away look in their eyes, or when their faces, transformed by sleep, take on that beatific opacity—*this* is the place that they've flown off to.

Neverland as Barrie imagined it is a world in which the laws of nature and the rules of ordinary civilized life do not apply. It's inherently chaotic: this enchanted realm is populated by an impossible collection of figures from bedtime stories and juvenile adventure tales—pirates, fairies, mermaids, and "redskins." Peter is, of course, named for the Greek god Pan, and there's more than a little Robin Hood in him, too: he lives in the forest with a band of pint-size Merry Men called the Lost Boys. Barrie has tremendous respect for the random, willy-nilly quality of kids' imaginations. He jumbles up all these exotic creatures with a fine heedlessness, as if he were unaware of

their incongruity. "Peter Pan" gives us every kind of story at once, and Barrie seems to know that children will find this perfectly natural: the whole thing goes down as easily as a pudding.

"Hook" is just a lumpy mess, and it's served up in a whopping portion. This vastly expensive (eighty million dollars is the most popular guess about the cost), hundred-and-thirty-five-minute picture adds truckloads of new ingredients to the original mixture, which was already pretty rich; if you were feeling generous, you might see the wild profusion of notions and effects in "Hook" as an extension of Barrie's blithely inclusive, why-not approach to storytelling. But the movie's inventiveness has a desperate quality. Spielberg, who once had the ability to turn the junk-fed imagination of the American middle class into the stuff of soaring pop fantasies, seems to have lost confidence in his own gifts. "Hook" is meant to be "magical," like "E.T." and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," but its tricks feel strained; we're constantly aware of the anxiety and the backbreaking effort it's taking to produce them, and that's no kind of magic at all. Spielberg rushes from one effect to another, casting about frantically for something that will win the audience over for good. Nothing works, but he keeps throwing ever

more elaborate (and more laborious) illusions at us, and "Hook" becomes so cluttered and so frenzied that it's nearly unwatchable. The magician's nervousness makes us squirm: the movie seems drenched in flop sweat. If this picture had been made by anyone else, it would be easier to dismiss. The Neverland of "Hook" feels joyless and claustrophobic, and its oppressiveness is disheartening not only because it violates the expansive spirit of Barrie's story but also because it betrays a profound weariness in Steven Spielberg's attitude toward his art and his audience. In this version of "Peter Pan," the imagination seems like a burden—a terrible, crushing obligation.

The script, by Jim V. Hart

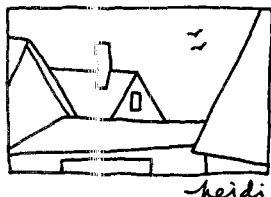


and Malia Scotch Marmo (from a story by Hart and Nick Castle), presents Peter Pan as a grownup American family man named Peter Banning (Robin Williams), who returns without enthusiasm to the scene of his glorious adventures. Peter, it seems, renounced his eternal boyhood and entered the real world of mortality and adult responsibility because he fell in love with the granddaughter of Wendy Darling. As the movie begins, he's a cutthroat yuppie lawyer, specializing in mergers and acquisitions, and he has no idea that he was ever Peter Pan. He's so wrapped up in making money that he neglects his wife, Moira (Caroline Goodall), and his kids, Jack (Charlie Korsmo) and Maggie (Amber Scott). His selfishness is dramatized by his failure to show up for an important Little League game: he promises his son that he'll attend, but business keeps him away, and young Jack, with a forlorn eye on Dad's empty seat in the stands, comes to the plate in the bottom of the ninth and despairingly strikes out with the winning run on base. The Bannings travel to London to visit Granny Wendy (Maggie Smith), and the two children, who have been given the bedroom that the Darling children used to sleep in, are kidnapped by Pan's old nemesis, Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). Hurriedly, Wendy fills Peter in on his legendary past; the fairy Tinker Bell (Julia Roberts) turns up and spirits him away to Neverland to rescue his children. To get them back, he has to become Peter Pan again; the Lost Boys whip him into shape for a climactic battle with Hook and his scurvy band of pirates.

The movie seems unable (or unwilling) to keep its mind on the business of telling a rousing, fantastic adventure. It uses up its energy and our patience in scattershot attempts to appeal to every conceivable audience. At its most abject, "Hook" ladles on boomer-generation sentimentality about parenthood: the "happy thought" that enables paunchy, middle-aged Peter to fly again is "I'm a daddy." The whole sorry spectacle turns out to be a kind of self-help fairy tale, an illustrated lecture on finding the inner child. Peter, having reacquainted himself with the boyish side of his nature, emerges

from his Neverland excursion a changed man. We know he's going to be a better father now. In the end, the Bannings look at one another with a renewed sense of love and respect, a deeper understanding of what binds them as a family. A wider, brighter world has been revealed to them; these, we feel, are people who will soon be making popcorn and watching "Field of Dreams" together.

For kiddie appeal, the movie relies heavily on the Lost Boys, a large multicultural aggregation whose woodland lair now has an urban-playground feel to it: the Boys shoot hoops and zip around on skateboards; their leader, Rufio (Dante Basco), is a teen-age tough guy who



sports a punkish haircut and a permanent Elvis-like sneer. The "contemporary" trappings have the disastrous effect of making Neverland look ordinary, overfamiliar: this is Second-handland. The intent of the interminably frolicsome Lost Boys sequences is transparent: the filmmakers are obviously worried that the younger viewers won't be sufficiently turned on by pirate-story action (who knows from pirates anymore?) or the emotional problems of a Peter Pan in mid-life crisis. When concerns like those are dictating the shape of a movie, everything winds up seeming cheesy and halfhearted. The inner-child theme has no real resonance or urgency; the Lost Boys passages are as banal and perfunctory as Saturday-morning television; and the pirate scenes aren't nearly as rousing as they ought to be—the duels and battles that take place on Hook's ship have the rote, mechanical quality of hourly demonstrations at a theme park. At a crucial moment in the original play, Peter turns to the audience and asks them to clap if they believe in fairies. The people who made "Hook" don't try to re-create Barrie's *coup de théâtre*. They don't dare, because this picture's relationship to its audience is much dodgier and less straightforward than Barrie's relationship to his. Spielberg and the screenwriters are too timid to stake their success on actually requiring our belief in fairies, pirates, or anything else. Like Peter Banning, they're neither here nor there—corporate types who have been dragged kicking and

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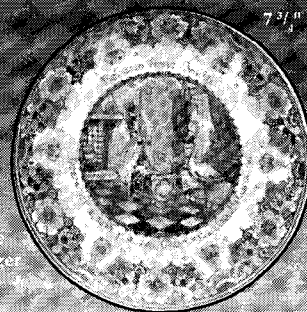
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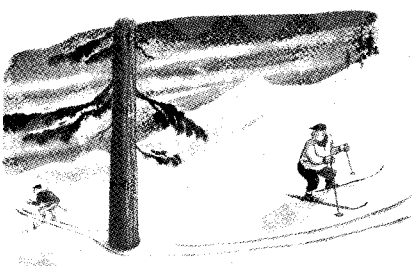
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screaming into an imaginary world that no longer feels like home to them.

The actors hit their marks and strive gamely to give the impression that they're having a rip-roaring time. As you scan their faces, you can almost see the performers racking their brains for the happy thoughts that might allow them to rise above the picture's clunky script and elephantine production. The only actors who look as if they had really found a workable happy thought, though, are Dustin Hoffman and Maggie Smith, and it's probably the same thought for both of them: "I have more technique than anyone else on this set." In filmmaking terms, Spielberg should be able to say something like that to himself, but his work here doesn't express even the pleasure of craftsmanship. The audacious, effortless-seeming wizardry of "Jaws," "Close Encounters," "E.T.," and the best parts of "1941" isn't in evidence in "Hook." If Spielberg's delight in moviemaking has deserted him, it may be because he senses that his rapport with the audience isn't what it used to be. He once told stories and created images with the confidence of an artist who knew that his imagination and ours had the same coordinates—that any Neverland he chose to take us to would be a place we'd recognize. Barrie, who developed the story of Peter Pan out of fantasy games he played with a neighbor's children, wrote a play and a book that achieved this sort of magical complicity between the storyteller and his audience. His intimacy with the dream worlds of Victorian and Edwardian children was profound and wholehearted. The real horror of "Hook" is that it shakes our faith in the very idea of popular art—of stories that grow out of imaginative empathy and shared cultural values rather than out of demographic calculation. Even today, Barrie's "Peter Pan" has the power to convince us that everything is possible. "Hook" brings us back down to earth. It doesn't believe in itself, and it doesn't trust the audience; it says that nothing is possible. Not a happy thought.

A BLOCKBUSTER fiasco like "Hook" can make big-budget Hollywood filmmaking seem absurd, pointless. The great beasts, we feel, can never walk the earth again. (Fittingly, Spielberg's next project, "Jurassic Park," is about dinosaurs.) Every

now and then, though, one of these huge, plush, Oscar-ready creatures heaves into view looking startlingly vigorous. Barry Levinson's "Bugsy," an opulent period gangster movie, is as long as "Hook" (virtually to the minute), but it's much lighter on its feet, and it gives the tradition of high-gloss studio entertainment at least a temporary reprieve from extinction. The movie is largely a showcase for the old-fashioned star magnetism of Warren Beatty, who plays the title character, the legendary Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. Siegel, a Brooklyn street kid who became a leader of a powerful New York mob, moved to Los Angeles in the late thirties, and—to the dismay of his East Coast partners, Meyer Lansky and Lucky Luciano—made himself a highly visible figure, a celebrity who hung out with Hollywood actors and liked seeing his picture in the paper. The screenplay, by James Toback, portrays him as a charming, mercurial psychopath with a rather touching taste for glamour. Although we're free to take him as a metaphor for the Hollywood sensibility at its craziest, the movie doesn't really try to do anything more than reflect his contradictory personality as accurately as possible. Beatty, Toback, and Levinson don't waste time chasing after the meaning of Bugsy Siegel's life. Bugsy is a vivid, unpredictable, one-of-a-kind guy, and the filmmakers seem to realize that they can't take their eyes off him for a second—that if they didn't concentrate hard on the everyday details, if they stopped following all the little hairpin turns of his erratic behavior, they'd lose him. They can't afford to pull back and look at the big picture. Besides, they don't need to. Bugsy Siegel is a fascinating monster; we don't want to take our eyes off him, either.

For a gangster movie, "Bugsy" doesn't have a lot of violent action. It also lacks the sweep and the tragic weight of genre masterpieces like the original "Scarface" and the first two "Godfather" films. Toback's sensation-ally agile script treats Bugsy's life in crime as an occasion of dark, bold comedy, and the movie finds all the violence it needs right inside its main character. Bugsy Siegel is the funniest and most volatile hood since the migraine-plagued killer played by James Cagney in "White Heat." Instead of headaches Bugsy has brainstorms:

watching his old friend George Raft (Joe Mantegna) at work on a movie set, the hero decides to arrange a screen test for himself; on the same set, he spots a gorgeous bit player named Virginia Hill (Annette Bening) and immediately falls in love with her; he buys a Hollywood mansion on impulse, and pays cash for it; and after meeting a slimy Italian count in a night club he hatches a plan to assassinate Mussolini. The assassination scheme is the movie's looniest running gag, and it's also an ideal expression of the hero's personality: it's fantastic and grandiose, and Bugsy's obsession with it comes and goes—it has so many other strong momentary passions to compete with. In any event, most of Bugsy's fierce desires don't remain unsatisfied long enough to become full-blown obsessions; he's swift, decisive, and utterly unscrupulous about getting what he wants. Long-range thinking is not his *modus operandi*. His megalomania is instinctive, appetitive. He's happy to let his boyhood friend Lansky (Ben Kingsley) do all the fretting about business strategy and administrative problems.

As the movie goes along, though, Bugsy's greedy imagination becomes increasingly dominated by two shining objects of desire that even he can't just reach out and grab. One is Virginia, a courtesan who is attracted to dangerous men but isn't intimidated by them. She's tough, wily, independent-minded, and not very trustworthy, and she keeps the love-struck gangster on his toes. She walks out on him regularly, taunts him with other lovers, past and present, nags him to leave his wife (whom he has stashed, along with two daughters, in a suburban house back East). When she's out of Bugsy's sight, he keeps her under surveillance—there's no telling what she might do. The other glittery thing that occupies his mind is a vision—it came to him in the Nevada desert—of a grand hotel-casino that could draw millions of suckers to the dusty frontier town called Las Vegas. He intends to build this gambling palace, which he names the Flamingo (Virginia's nickname), with money staked by Lansky and Luciano (Bill Graham), and he oversees the gigantic project with his customary recklessness, authorizing ever larger expenditures without thinking twice about the consequences; by the time the Flamingo is finished, the cost has grown

from a million dollars to six million, and the investors are not amused. Virginia and her namesake in the desert together bring about Bugsy's downfall. The sly joke that informs the screenplay's structure is the central contradiction of the hero's character: he's a visionary with a fatally short attention span.

This is a rich role for Warren Beatty (who commissioned the script and served as one of the film's producers), and he tears into it hungrily. It's the best kind of star performance; Beatty seems entirely himself, but in a new way. Although he has often been wonderful, he has never been as forceful and alert as he is here. He's ferociously, mesmerizingly funny. Beatty holds the performance together by emphasizing Bugsy's childlike sense of invulnerability—the quality that makes the character so attractive, so ridiculous, and so dangerous, all at once. In the great Hollywood tradition, Beatty has supplied himself with a ravishing siren to share the screen with, and Bening (who benefits from superbly glamorous lighting by the film's cinematographer, Allen Daviau) more than holds her own in her scenes with the star: Virginia's express-train personality is a perfect match for Bugsy's. And the movie is filled with pungent, memorable supporting performances. Kingsley brings a surprisingly dry, elegant sense of comic timing to his portrait of sober Meyer Lansky. Harvey Keitel, as Mickey Cohen, Bugsy's right-hand man in Los Angeles, spits out his profane lines as if they were live firecrackers; he's hilarious. And, perhaps best of all, there's Elliott Gould, who plays the tiny role of Harry Greenberg, an aging, flabby mob schlemiel—a dazed henchman with an alarming propensity for doing the wrong thing. Gould's gentle comic style seems absolutely inspired here: he plays Harry as a Willy Loman who has wandered too far from the old territory. "Bugsy," despite its lavish surface, is essentially a movie of small, lovingly crafted pleasures. It's smart, swanky fun.

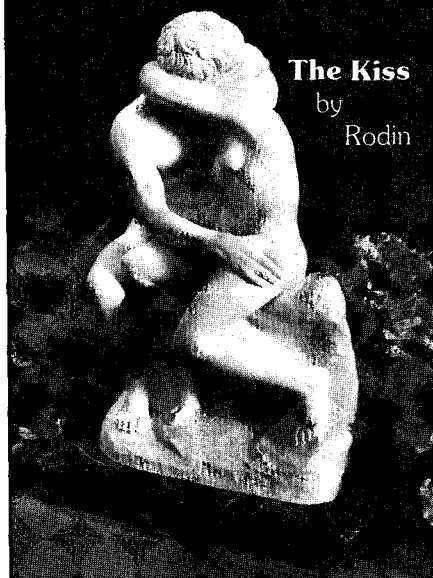
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AROUND CITY HALL

Waiting

ON December 4th, it was announced that the corporate existence of Pan American World Airways was at an end. The very next day, the *Daily News* filed for bankruptcy. Four days later, headlines reported that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the former Evil Empire, would soon be not only no longer an empire but out of business. All three events required extensive commentaries dwelling on relatively ancient glories: on the thirty-five years, for example, when the seventy-two-year-old *News* had the largest circulation of any paper in the United States. The *News* continues in business for the moment. Although its vital signs have been diagnosed as weak, it was vigorous enough to muster up an editorial mourning the demise of Pan Am, for sixty-four years "a great New York institution and a dynamic part of the city's history." The end of Pan Am was ignominious. On December 9th, its assets—primarily, its remaining routes—were offered at auction, piece by piece, in bankruptcy court, with some assets drawing no bids. Meanwhile, the financial news of this city continues to worsen—although no one is predicting that there will be a piece-by-piece selling off of its assets.

Fortunately, there were headlines upon headlines this month, here and elsewhere in the country, that dealt not with the to-be-mourned-for past but with the future—with the question of whether Governor Mario Cuomo would try to take on George Bush in the 1992 Presidential race. Cuomo's decision not only involved his own future but was equated by some of his admirers sincerely—some others would say shamelessly—with the future of the country. Even talk of a New York politician as a serious candidate for the White House has been such a comparative rarity in the last few decades that just the chance of its becoming a reality required more discussion of glory days—the long-ago times when New

York governors had reason to consider a race for the Presidency as almost a perquisite of office. The first President from New York, elected in 1836, was Martin Van Buren; his portrait hangs over the fireplace in City Hall's Blue Room, where Mayor David Dinkins now presides over press conferences several times a day. In eighteen of the Presidential elections that followed—through 1948—a New Yorker, usually a present or former governor, was one of the major-party candidates. In 1904 and 1944, both major-party candidates were New Yorkers. The last nominee from the state was Thomas E. Dewey, in 1948, who lost. The last to be elected was Franklin D. Roosevelt. As the recession deepened in recent months, Roosevelt has been invoked more and more frequently—particularly, of course, by Democrats—as the man who came along in hard times, when the nation was desperately in need of reassurance and leadership. No one in politics doubted that, whatever Cuomo decided, he had speeches ready to hand in which he could mention that the desk he uses in Albany is the one Roosevelt used when he was governor, that it still bears the scars of the wheelchair out of which, as Cuomo said in his first inaugural address, F.D.R. "lifted himself...to lift this nation from its knees"—where, he could then point out, it had been brought by a Republican Administration. "FRANKLIN

DELANO CUOMO" was the heading over a *Times* editorial on the speech.

References to the imperial Presidency are common in political discourse; and in this state, where Cuomo is sovereign, there is also mention from time to time of the imperial governorship—especially after Cuomo has turned in one of his more high-handed and royally inscrutable performances in Albany. The national preoccupation with Cuomo's personal and governing styles has also been a source of aggravation. Most aggravated of all by what they see as his dilatory gyrations have been the declared Democratic Presidential candidates, who have found themselves consigned to a lineup described in some quarters as "Eeny, Meeny, Miney, and Mario." Although Cuomo's performance has regularly been dismissed by political commentators as self-destructive and boring ("Who cares?"), "boring" continues to grab political attention. The non-candidate has been the only figure in most cartoons about the Democratic race. (Answer to pollster: "To tell you the truth, I can't decide whether or not I'll vote at all in 1992." Pollster: "Then I'll put you down for Cuomo." Jeff MacNelly, for the *Chicago Tribune*.) It was not surprising that in his home town (Cuomo is from the borough of Queens) in the middle of November, a month after he announced that he was making plans to announce his plans, one way or the other, the *News* began publishing a column headed "WAITING FOR MARIO." Then, this month, the *Washington Post* began running daily what it called "a thor-

oughly up-to-date but possibly tiresome feature" under the headline "CUOMO WATCH." The watch on December 13th concluded with a quotation from Cuomo's deputy press secretary: "As we all know, Governor Cuomo is probably among the most decisive individuals in public office today."

Cuomo's attention to his national prospects was bound to be a distraction from his work in Albany, but he kept pointing out that it was the other way around: he could not "in good conscience" consider running for the Presi-



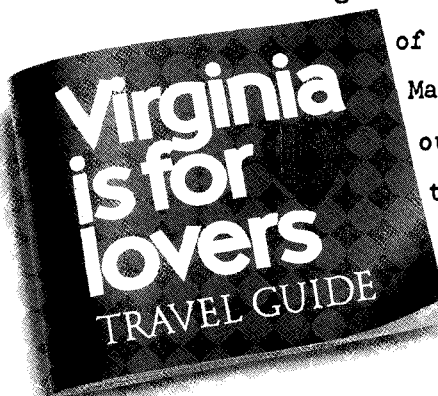
dency—no matter how vigorously he was importuned by Democrats elsewhere (they would not, it was assumed, include Eeny, Meeny, and Miney)—unless he could bring some order to the state's imperilled finances. This would mean settling with Albany's Republicans (who control the State Senate) and Democrats (who overwhelmingly dominate the State Assembly) on what programs to cut and what taxes to impose in order to close an eight-hundred-and-seventy-five-million-dollar budget deficit for the current fiscal year, and perhaps also reaching agreement on a budget for the coming year, so that he would not be campaigning for the White House in New Hampshire and Iowa and at the same time have to be manning the phones to Albany back rooms on state budget matters.

The possible terms of an agreement on state finances which might allow the Governor in good conscience to run for the Presidency were of immense concern to the administration of Mayor Dinkins, who points out several times a day that, despite the state's fiscal problems, the city is counting on more money from Albany this year to fill its own deficit, of around three hundred million dollars. Dinkins has many well-known imperial tastes, such as his pleasure in government by proclamation and ceremony, his insistence on travelling first class wherever he goes, and, of course, his famously elegant wardrobe. As it became increasingly evident after the Mayor took office that his governing talents were not as well made as his wardrobe, cartoons based on "The Emperor's New Clothes" seemed almost too easy a shot; even so, a few artists took it. The Mayor explained to some black reporters last year, "Some people think that with respect to those of us who are African-American it's somehow or other inappropriate to dress well. . . . I suppose some folks are so used to seeing us in dungarees and overalls—you know, out on the plantation or something."

This month, while the Mayor and other local politicians were waiting for Mario with varying degrees of urgency, many of them were also waiting for a decision in another quarter. On December 13th, the jury was in its sixth day of deliberations in the month-long trial of Melvin Miller, the speaker of the State Assembly, who is from

p. 21: Where the daughter of
the stars meets the mother of presidents.

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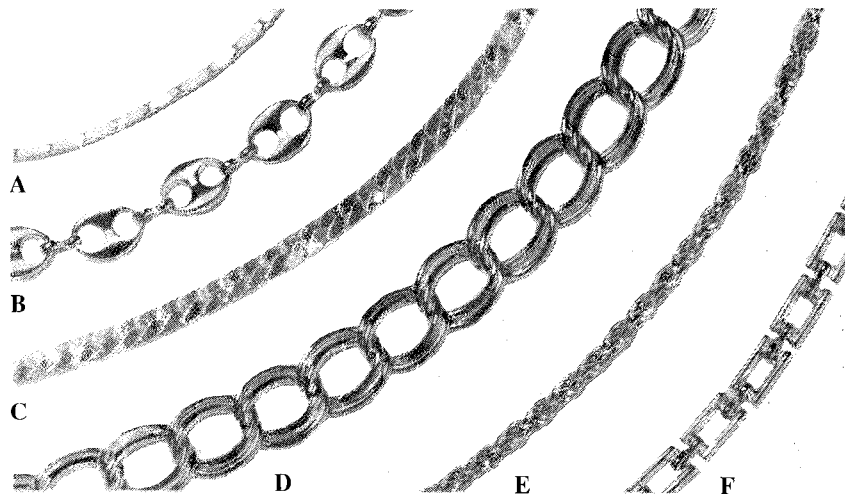
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Brooklyn and had been a tireless advocate for the city's interests, and, despite his responsibilities as a defendant in federal court in Brooklyn, had continued to work with the Governor in trying to bring about some budget agreement with the legislators. Miller's indictment—some of his fellow-Democrats naturally considered it darkly suspicious that the indictment had been brought by United States Attorney Andrew Maloney, who had been named to that post on the recommendation of Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato—was on nineteen counts, primarily involving fraud in investments in cooperative apartments. Fellow-politicians tried to cheer him up by pointing out that, of the four most recent Assembly speakers, including Miller himself, three (two Democrats and one Republican) had been indicted—a record that would not cheer up most political scientists—but neither of Miller's indicted predecessors had been convicted, the cases against them having eventually been dismissed. Still, the Governor's effort to reach agreement with the legislature so that he could join the other Democratic Presidential candidates on the campaign trail was a hard sell. If Miller was convicted, he would be automatically out of the Assembly—and, of course, the speakership. This would remove him from the negotiations, possibly compelling the Governor to decline to run for the Presidency.

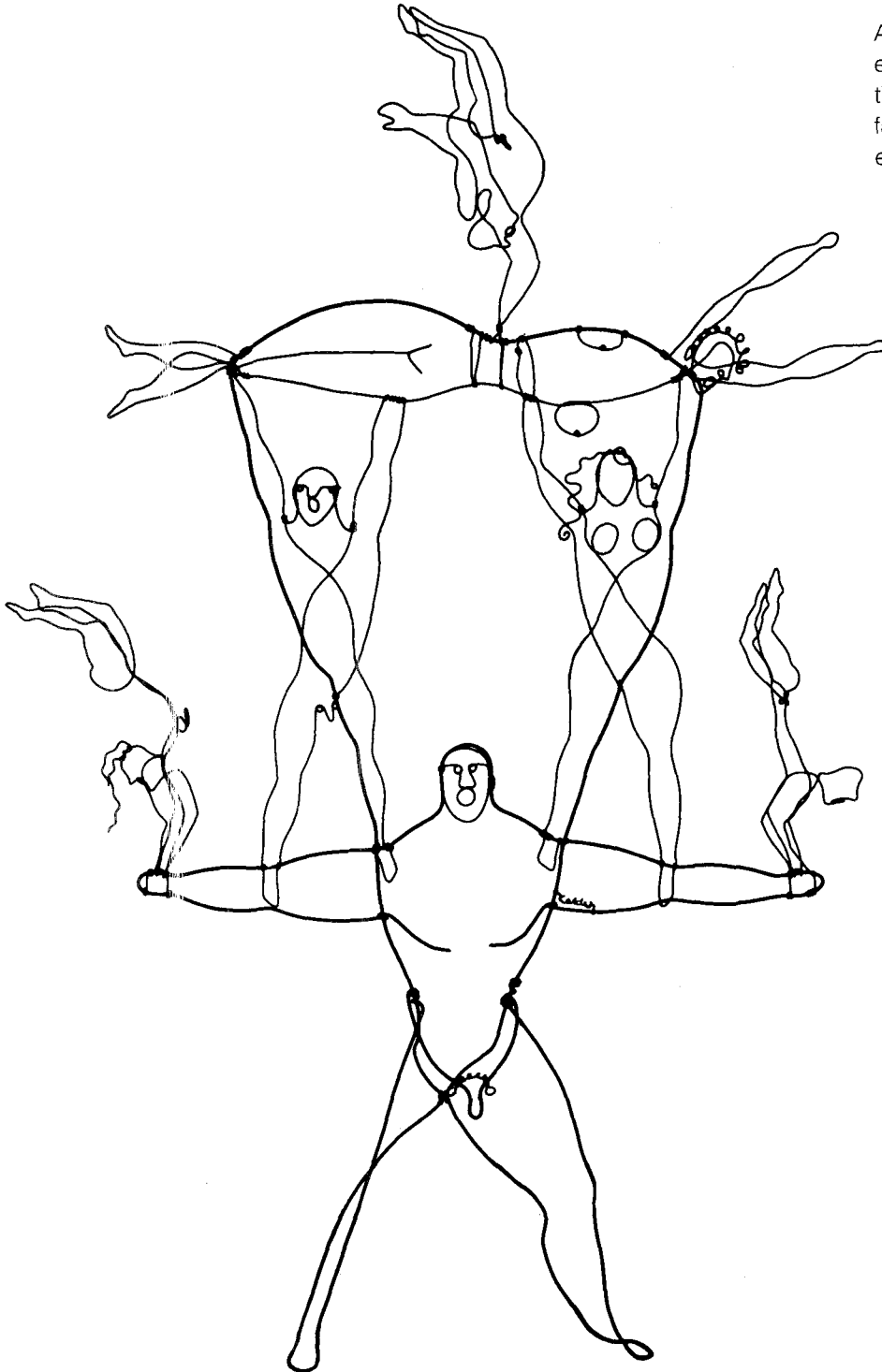
Besides waiting for the outcome of the Miller trial, state and local politicians and financial figures were concerned about another event: the December 13th meeting of the State Financial Control Board, which, as usual, would take place in a room next to the World Trade Center office of the Governor, who is the board's chairman. The Control Board was set up during the city's fiscal crisis in the mid-nineteen-seventies, and largely ran the city's financial affairs until its fiscal condition improved. The board's powers could be revived under certain circumstances. By the time it met this month, State Comptroller Edward Regan, the only Republican holding statewide office, and a member of the board, was known to be planning to introduce a resolution calling for a partial revival of its powers, on the ground that the Mayor had demonstrated that his administration did not have the political will to make the

changes in local government—such as cutting the work force and reducing the city's obligations—that could enable it to work its way out of its present fiscal mire. The Regan resolution was not expected to pass at the meeting; Chairman Cuomo could see to that. But even in rejection the proposal would raise a spectre of Cuomo's responsibilities that might further discourage a Presidential race. While he was running for the White House and trying to run the state, too, he could conceivably—if things got even worse for the city—also face, as the board's chairman, having to preside over the city's affairs.

DISTINGUISHED visitors and undistinguished City Hall regulars who try to find out from Dinkins just how poorly he thinks things are going in the city he's in charge of often report that it is almost impossible to get a direct answer, or even to get his attention. Of course, many politicians do tend to find crises in distant places—especially foreign countries—more compelling than those close at hand. Even some of President Bush's fellow-Republicans have complained about how much more time he has devoted to events overseas than to the troubles, and particularly the economic troubles, of Americans. A few weeks ago, Senator John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island, said of a comprehensive-health-care proposal he planned to submit to the Senate that he thought he could win Bush's support for it "if we can get the President's attention." The foreign country to which the Mayor of New York's attention has regularly veered lately is South Africa—what he calls his "homeland," in the sense that it was from somewhere on the African continent that his ancestors were brought, "chained and whipped in the hold of a slave ship," as he described it in his inaugural address, in January, 1990. On his pilgrimage to his homeland last month (it cost close to two hundred thousand dollars, most of the money coming from private sources, and lasted eight days, ending on November 18th), he was accompanied by a delegation of some sixty people, including his wife, Joyce; a number of high-level city commissioners; prominent black business, labor-union, and educational leaders; and friends, such as the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, who joined the Reverend Al Sharpton

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in Crown Heights last summer to protest the treatment of blacks by Jews. While Dinkins was in South Africa, he spent several hours on a tour—led by Nelson Mandela and other representatives of the African National Congress—of the shantytowns of Soweto, and he was appalled at the poverty he saw there; it was much worse, he said, than anything in New York.

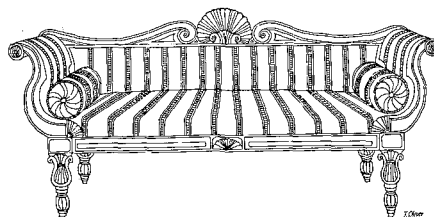
As soon as the Mayor got home, local advocates for the homeless began plying City Hall reporters with reminders that Winnie Mandela, during the Mandelas' 1990 trip to the city, had called Harlem New York's Soweto. They noted that Dinkins moves from one place to another in a chauffeur-driven car, virtually never walking, free-style, among local residents, poor or not, and claimed that he therefore has very little firsthand knowledge of poverty in his own city. Moreover, they pointed out, there were plenty of shantytown communities here—known as "Dinkinsvilles"—and there would have been more if the Mayor hadn't ordered them to be knocked down and carted away from Tompkins Square Park and other places. Despite such carping, in the weeks that passed after his return South Africa continued to weigh heavily on the Mayor's mind. On December 9th, his official schedule included what was described as a Human Rights Interfaith Prayer Service on the front steps of City Hall. Many people assumed that the Mayor would be calling for greater racial harmony among the city's residents, as he had often done before. However, his speech was devoted to pleas for the end of apartheid in South Africa. The event did not go smoothly. Representatives of the homeless, including some from Tompkins Square Park, heckled him on and off throughout his speech, demanding to know why he had gone all the way to South Africa to meet with shantytown types but would have nothing to do with them here. Some held up signs that referred to him as "Lord Mayor"—the title by which he was often respectfully addressed in South Africa. It was clear that respect was not what his City Hall visitors intended to convey. Dinkins urged them, in his usual well-modulated tones, to blame not him but Washington. As they continued to interrupt, the Mayor said, in tones that actually verged on loud, "You be quiet a minute, hear? Just shut up a minute!"

It was understandable that the Mayor might be moved to yell at hecklers or anybody else if he gave any thought to the abysmal results of his recent popularity polls. The most frightening one yet, taken by the Gallup organization and published in *Newsday* on December 15th, showed him with an overall approval rating of twenty-six per cent. A Gallup spokesman described this figure as being "on a par with the twenty-four per cent that Richard Nixon received in the summer of 1974 before the Watergate scandal forced his resignation." Among white residents, who gave Dinkins thirty-one per cent of their vote two years ago, his latest score was twelve per cent. Seventy-one per cent of the city's Hispanics supported him in 1989; twenty-eight per cent do now. Among both Catholics and Jews, who gave him thirty-five and thirty-nine per cent of their 1989 vote, respectively, his support has dropped to ten per cent. Even among blacks, ninety-eight per cent of whom voted to elect him the city's first black mayor, there was a startling falling off to fifty-three per cent. Long before the publication of these disastrous numbers, campaigns to succeed the present mayor were gearing up. Indeed, some New Yorkers had the impression that Andrew Stein, the president of the City Council, had been campaigning for mayor almost since Dinkins took office. The Republican candidate for mayor two years ago, Rudolph Giuliani, who had been the United States Attorney here, came within two percentage points of defeating Dinkins, so it was no wonder that he assumed a rather proprietary air toward the post on a December 10th visit to City Hall to testify before the city's Campaign Finance Board. Dinkins, he told reporters, had to make radical changes, including "moving out a number of key people," such as deputy mayors. "I'd like to see the Mayor do better," Giuliani explained, "because if I end up taking over I'd like to see the city in better shape than it is." Dinkins, asked for some comment on these remarks, said dryly, "I am pleased at his concern for

the city." Some days later, in a television interview, Giuliani complained that when Dinkins' stewardship is criticized he "retreats into black victimization" and argues that "I'm being held to a higher standard because I'm the first black mayor," and Giuliani added, "He should cut it out." In response, Dinkins accused Giuliani of injecting racism into the contest.

IT was impolite of one of the late-night television comedians—it could have been any one of them, in a spare moment from trashing Cuomo or Dan Quayle—to report that the new area code for New York is 911. Still, the word that New Yorkers most often use when they describe what has been going on at City Hall for the past year is "sad." It is often uttered sadly, for even many New Yorkers who didn't vote for Dinkins in 1989 believed there was a good chance that he would be the right mayor at this stage of the city's history. *Newsday's* City Hall bureau chief, Jennifer Preston, described most employees of local government—that is, those below the rank of mayor—as being in a state of clinical depression. Dinkins appears to be buoyed inwardly by the belief that the various elements that (or so he complains daily) are responsible for the city's troubles and for the public's view of how his administration is handling them—that is, the federal government, the state government, and especially, in recent months, the media—will come to their senses and do right by the city and by him without his having to take any decisive action. While he waits for this to happen, however, his expression is generally mournful as, in interviews and at press conferences, he refers in aggrieved tones to the failure of others to meet what he sees as their obligations. The term "clinical depression" has also been applied to City Hall reporters, whose job description requires them to drag themselves several times a day from Room 9, the pressroom, across the rotunda to a mayoral press conference, which will very often turn out to be nothing more than a photo opportunity.

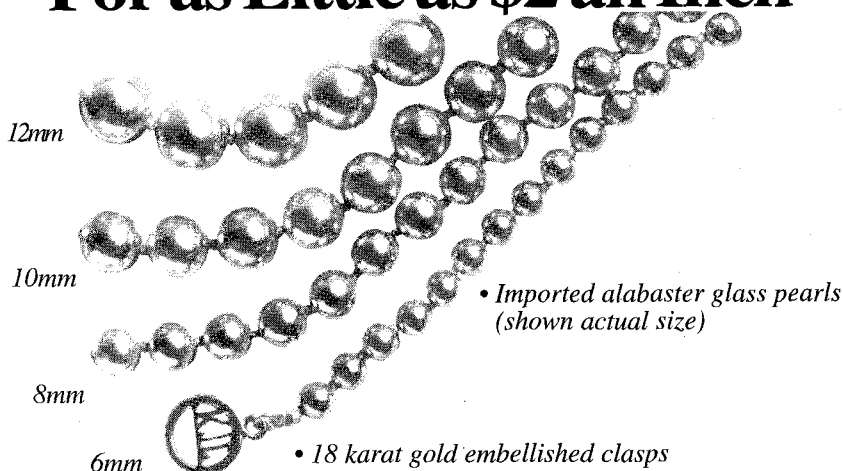
Dinkins' sharpest expressions of hostility toward the New York press, and particularly the *Times*, were provoked by what he saw as the unfair coverage of his trip to South Africa. The members of the press who went along with the Mayor duly reported



that although the purpose of the trip was to foster New York City's economic interests in South Africa, among both whites and blacks, Dinkins' attempts to meet with South African leaders, other than Mandela and those close to him, were mostly unsuccessful. President de Klerk declined to take time to see him, and so did Foreign Minister Botha until, just as Dinkins was leaving, Botha finally turned up at the airport. The Pope did not find time for the Mayor in Rome, despite a special plea made, at Dinkins' request, by John Cardinal O'Connor. However, during Dinkins' one-day stay in Rome, Mayor Franco Carraro, in a demonstration of intermunicipal solidarity, gave him a big welcome, rolling out a thick red carpet and laying on a costumed honor guard blaring trumpets. "The red carpet, the trumpets, the pageantry, it was quite a show," the Mayor said happily afterward. "I gather it's reserved for heads of state." It certainly beat having beer cans pitched at him back home, which was part of his reception in this year's St. Patrick's Day Parade. The *Times*, which had sent a reporter along on the trip, did not run a story on the Rome stopover. The Mayor referred to this omission almost daily at press conferences and during interviews in the weeks after his return as an example of the biased coverage of the trip.

On December 5th, the Mayor met, at the newspaper's request, with *Times* editors and reporters in the Mayor's auxiliary office, in City Hall's basement. In preparation for the session, Leland Jones, who is Dinkins' press secretary, and another member of the press staff prepared a ten-page memo demonstrating how poorly the *Times*, in their view, had treated the Mayor. It was somewhat ironic that the story about the memo ran, in *Newsday*, on December 11th, the day that the two-hundredth anniversary of the enactment of the Bill of Rights, with special emphasis on the First Amendment and its guarantees of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, was celebrated at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism. The memo dealt not only with the South Africa trip but with the paper's coverage of the city's financial crisis. It asserted that the *Times*, along with other papers, was more concerned with style than with substance—a charge that some of those who heard about it considered aston-

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ishing from the man who is known as the photo-opportunity mayor. The memo complained that positive developments in the Dinkins administration were often ignored, and that the Mayor was not quoted as often or as lengthily as the administration felt he should be. Having conducted a random sampling of a hundred and sixteen mayoral press releases in recent months, Jones found that the *Times* had run stories on 36.2 per cent of them, the *News* on 32 per cent, the *Post* on 34.5 per cent, and *Newsday* on 44 per cent. The statistics did not seem to prove that the *Times* was exceptionally inattentive to the stories the Mayor's office put out. And one probable result of publicizing the numbers was that *Newsday*, whose coverage of Dinkins has been particularly sharp, would be mortified at being listed as the most willing of all the papers to have its news columns reflect Dinkins' handouts, and might make sure that they did so less in the future. Presumably, from the tone of the memo, a paper that covered a hundred per cent of Dinkins' press releases would have been judged the fairest (to the Mayor) of them all.

The memo also dealt with several lengthier *Times* stories, totting up the number of words allotted to Dinkins. In one story, the memo complained, three hundred and ninety words had been devoted to comments about the Dinkins administration's fiscal record by Felix Rohatyn, the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation (which was set up to sell the city's bonds in the mid-nineteen-seventies, when no one would buy them from the city directly), and only seventy-seven to the administration's response—although, since Rohatyn was a major player in the resolution of the city's financial problems half a generation ago and is a major player in the crisis that confronts the city today, his views might have been seen by the *Times* as being of more significance than Dinkins' unvarying response that places the blame elsewhere. The memo complained, further, about a story in the paper in which reference was made to the Mayor's bodyguards' having carried around hundreds of Mets sweatbands to hand out to South African children. The bodyguards had also helped with the baggage of the Dinkins delegation, and with the baggage of the *Times* reporter as well, the memo said, and the sweatbands should not have been

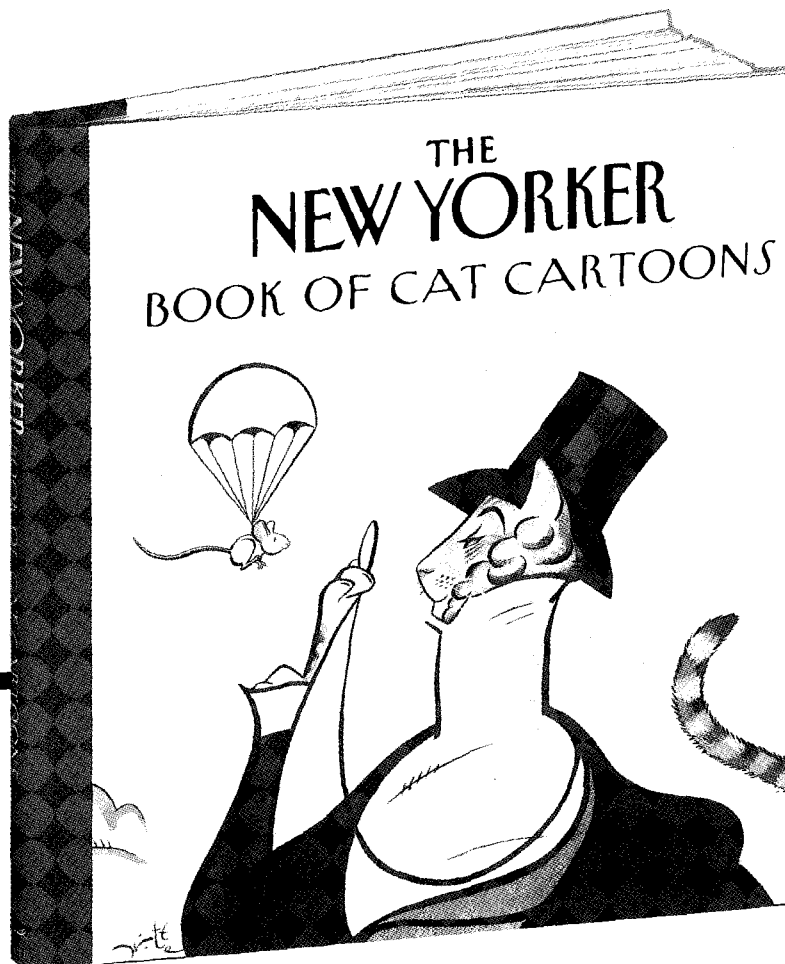
mentioned unless it was also mentioned that the bodyguards had handled the *Times* reporter's suitcase. "We're proud of our coverage" was the response of Gerald Boyd, the metropolitan editor of the *Times*. The memo seemed to be a revelation of the almost paranoid degree to which the Dinkins administration is convinced that its putting out of a self-congratulatory press release should be treated as news.

The memo did not deal with the *Times'* treatment of another overseas trip the Mayor had scheduled for himself and a smaller delegation this month (it was eventually cancelled, when cooler heads prevailed): several days at an international tennis tournament in Munich, with most expenses paid by the German tournament sponsors. So far, Dinkins' seeming penchant for wanting to be anywhere but in this city has not resulted in any local equivalents of the T-shirts, said to be selling very well in Washington, that say "The George Bush Anywhere But America Tour" and "George Bush went to Rome and all I got was this lousy recession."

THE Control Board met as scheduled, unfazed by the fact that the date was Friday the thirteenth. City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman noted at the meeting that in the past year New York had lost a hundred and seventy thousand jobs—more than in any year of the nineteen-seventies fiscal crisis—and that indications were that it would lose a hundred thousand more in 1992. At the last minute, State Comptroller Regan had been persuaded by other board members—in particular, by the Governor and his allies—not to introduce his resolution to restore some of the board's powers over the city's finances. Those who had persuaded him, he said, had promised that they would make sure the Mayor acted more aggressively to solve the city's problems. After the session, the Governor went back to negotiating on the budget with Republican and Democratic legislative leaders. Assembly Speaker Miller had been scheduled to join them late in the day, after the jury that was deliberating on his case in Brooklyn adjourned for the night. About 6 P.M., however, word came that Miller—for whom Friday the thirteenth indeed turned out to be unlucky—would not be joining them: the jury had brought in a verdict convict-

ing him on eight counts, including six counts of fraud.

The fifty-two-year-old Assembly leader is an opera fan. When he came before the television cameras after the verdict, he said that he was reminded of the end of "I Pagliacci," when Canio cries, "The comedy is over." So was Miller's life as a legislator. Even as he spoke, a scramble was under way among the legislature's Democrats to name his successor, so that the negotiations on the state budget, which could determine whether or not Cuomo would run for President, would not be held up. If the chosen successor was not from Brooklyn, a long-standing precedent would be violated: there had been no Democratic speaker from any other county in the state since 1913, when Al Smith, who was from Manhattan, was named. The acting speaker, James Tallon, of upstate Broome County, who temporarily took over from Miller, tried to establish his credentials for permanent possession of the post by pointing out that he was born in Brooklyn. On December 15th, however, the Democrats settled on sixty-four-year-old Saul Weprin, of Queens, who was a longtime ally of another Queens politician, the Governor. During the last fiscal crisis, the Assembly speaker, the Governor, and, for that matter, the Mayor were all from Brooklyn, but this time it would be Queens most of the way. And the Republican State Senate majority leader, Ralph Marino, who had been supported for election to that post by D'Amato, is, like D'Amato, from Long Island's Nassau County, which borders Queens. Any prospect that negotiations on the state budget would now go with neighborly smoothness vanished, however, when Weprin noted jocularly that he hadn't been the speaker for three hours before Marino put out a press release denouncing him. Cuomo supporters were entirely serious when they reacted to the Miller indictment and the holding up of the budget as a Republican plot to keep Mario from being elected President. The Governor described D'Amato as an "attack dog" sent against him by the Bush forces. "If you made up your mind that they were doing this only to prevent you from running," he said as the deadline for filing in New Hampshire loomed, "then the solution would be"—or, of course, maybe not—"to save the state by running for President." —ANDY LOGAN



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BOOKS

The Art of Seeing

IT is said that in medieval times the popes bestowed on the more diligent of their bishops the gift of bilocation, which is to say the ability to be in two places at once. This enviable boon puts me in mind of the variety of activities that the teacher, writer, and lecturer Vincent Scully contrives to carry out; for him, bilocation is a commonplace, and even trilocation is by no means exceptional. Scully earned his bachelor of arts and his Ph.D. at Yale; and, to the delight of uncounted thousands of spellbound undergraduates, he has been teaching there since 1947. On attaining the age of seventy-one, this year, Scully was obliged to follow Yale's strict rules in respect to retirement, and he is now the

university's Sterling Professor of the History of Art Emeritus. But he regards the suffix "emeritus" as a mere statistical mishap: he will go on teaching, on occasion, at Yale and will also teach at the University of Miami, in Florida; he will be lecturing wherever, as an indefatigable scholar gypsy, he is called upon to do so; and he will be preparing a series of eight films on the history of architecture. The films will take several years to complete, and he hopes that they will successfully complement a book that he has just brought out, called "Architecture: The Natural and the Manmade" (St. Martin's; \$40).

Given the grandeur of nomenclature that professors become accustomed to in academe, it was perhaps only to

be expected that the latest of Scully's many books should bear a bowwow title, but I confess that my heart quailed when I first encountered it. I feared that I might be embarking on a volume that, in architectural terms, would be roughly the equivalent of Thomas Aquinas's "Summa Theologica." On opening the book, I was relieved to discover that Scully's title was only that familiar and quite humble thing, an umbrella, under which he has brought together the sum of a long lifetime of learning and teaching—an omnium-gatherum in eloquent written form of his incomparable lectures, in and out of the classroom, on subjects so diverse that a single sizable abstract noun, "Architecture," was required to shelter them.

So far from being intimidated by the title of the book, some of us may even be emboldened to question the formal equivalence implied by Scully's linking of "the natural" and "the manmade" in his subtitle. Architecture is certainly man-made, but in what sense can it ever be said to be natural—ever be said, indeed, to be anything but unnatural? In a brief preface Scully assigns a meaning to "the natural" that coolly resolves the difficulty; a connection to nature is what he is speaking of, not an equivalence with it. He writes:

The relationship of manmade structures to the natural world offers . . . the richest and most valuable physical and intellectual experience that architecture can show, and it is the one that has been most neglected by Western architectural critics and historians. There are many reasons for this. Foremost among them, perhaps, is the blindness of the contemporary urban world to everything that is not itself, to nature most of all. That highly dangerous condition is beginning to change for the better at the present time. My life's work, like that of other scholars in many disciplines, has been largely devoted to dispelling it.

So from a treatise on Tenan, a sacred mountain at Teotihuacán, in the Valley of Mexico ("in all likelihood the most important ceremonial center the North American continent ever produced"), we turn to sacred mountains in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Aegean; from "the ideal world of interior space" in the Hellenistic and Roman world we advance to the Gothic cathedral; from town and garden in



"Marriage and water, I find, don't mix."

Italy we travel to the classical French gardens of Le Nôtre and then to the exquisite geometrical flowerings of the fortifications of Vauban; and from Palladio we progress to the English garden. We end in the modern age with the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington—that primordial-seeming cleft in the earth, designed by a student of Scully's, Maya Lin, of which one is irresistibly tempted to say that it is in all likelihood the most important memorial the North American continent has ever produced.

A compliment paid to academics more often than they deserve is that they wear their learning lightly; in Scully's case the compliment is just. The vividness of his lectures remains agreeably undiminished in a printed text. One recognizes at once his sardonic, Connecticut Yankee voice in the following rebuke to certain unidentified predecessors:

It has been the fashion among all too many scholars, and perhaps especially among the hard-nosed American archaeologists of the generation just past, to deprecate the Greek religious sense and condescend to the Greek gods. The nineteenth-century prejudice, nourished from Judaic and Christian sources, that monotheism represents a "higher" set of religious conceptions than polytheism, clearly played a large part in the formation of that attitude. Does it make sense? Surely not. It is difficult to imagine that the belief in a single jealous male god of uncertain temper represents a "higher" spiritual state than the belief in many gods, male and female alike, each an embodiment of some aspect of human life as it can be empirically known and experienced.

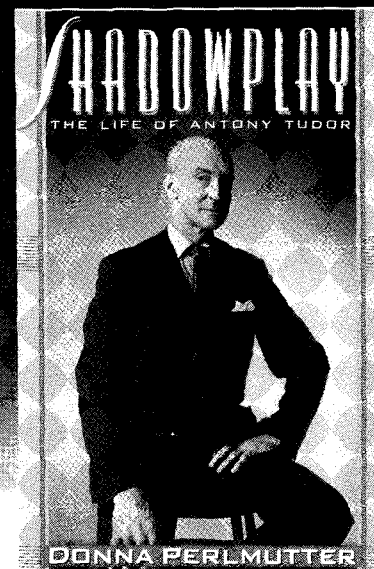
We hear Scully speaking still more colloquially when he salutes Nicolas Fouquet, the builder of the ravishing seventeenth-century château and garden at Vaux-le-Vicomte: "The beautiful portrait of him by Nanteuil was made just at the moment he was completing the garden. Across his face shimmer those fugitive expressions of intelligence that are the lights of the soul. His eyes are gleaming with wit and a touch of malice. He is alive with that wonderful French sense of irony and manner that we saw embodied with hardly more sweetness and no greater charm in the faces of the statue-columns at Chartres. He is a lovely man." Encountering "lights of the soul" and "He is a lovely man," we think. A distinguished scholar, this Scully, but with a certain Hibernian weakness for unverifiable hyperbole. The tone of voice—the lilt—is one to be heard more often in the smoky twilight of a

Dublin pub than in the dry-as-dust library stacks and classrooms of New Haven.

Generations of Yale students have revelled in Scully's oratorical eruptions. Like another celebrated speaker-preacher, Buckminster Fuller, Scully seems to defy the laws of physics by gaining energy in the very act of expending it. According to pious legend, he once became so excited in the course of pointing out a certain detail in the photograph of a villa in the Veneto that he lost his balance, fell off the platform on which he was standing, broke his wrist, picked himself up, got back on the platform, and went on lecturing. Like many other pious legends, this one has no basis in fact; Scully has said that he suffered the injury in the course of defending himself in a mock duel that took place at one of Yale's undergraduate colleges. The sort of pedagogical ardor that the legend celebrates, however, served to strengthen the bent toward architecture of such now eminent members of the profession as David Childs, Herbert McLaughlin, and Robert A. M. Stern; other Scully students—Neil Levine, Helen Searing, Norma Evenson—have gone into the teaching of architecture; and still others, having a businesslike turn of mind, have gone into real-estate development, armed with loftier aesthetic ambitions than are commonly to be found in that dog-eat-dog occupation. One of the leading builders in New York, Daniel Rose, has said that, as a member of Scully's first class, he was inspired to learn how much more there is to the act of construction than the laying of bricks and mortar: "Vince saw spirit where I was seeing nothing but matter. He's been a challenge to my conscience ever since."

Although Scully's credentials as an authority on the history of architecture are of a high order, it is as an evangelist of the art of *seeing* architecture that he may achieve his place in history. Like most evangelists, Scully manifests a confidence in the veracity of his message which becomes an integral part of it. He makes courageous leaps in the dark and, more often than not, finds light wherever his disciplined intuition prompts him to land. The statement with which his book opens—"The shape of architecture is the shape of the earth as it is modified by the structures of mankind"—is character-

"Fills one of the lamentable gaps in dance history...."



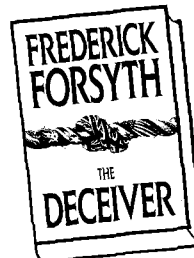
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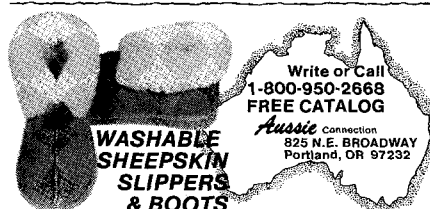


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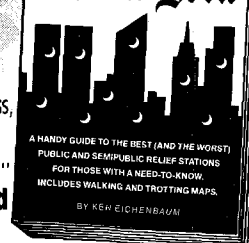
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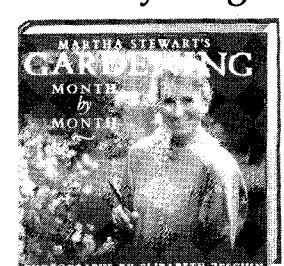
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istically encompassing, and we brace ourselves for the handing down, on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, of further pithy dicta from on high, having to do with how mankind sees the shape of the earth and proceeds to modify it. "Do [human beings] attempt, for example," Scully asks, "to echo the shapes of the landscape or to contrast with them? In a rather too large generalization, it might be said that all pre-Greek or non-Greek cultures chose the first alternative and the Greeks more or less invented the second."

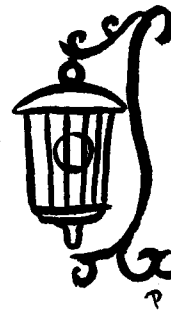
It is Scully's thesis that, as Europeans transplanted to America, we still adhere to the Greek persuasion, and are eager to impose upon our landscape feats of technical prowess that are at odds with nature even when they appear benign. The rocky little island of Manhattan, once heavily forested and laced with springs and streams, is no exception to this rule of adversarial showmanship. Scully says of contemporary New York, "The skyscrapers seem to rush forward to populate the tip of the island as it sails out to sea, each one clamoring to be seen from afar, as if floating on the water. Behind the skyscrapers the man-made grid stretches the length of the island, dramatizing its length as the great avenues rush uninterrupted to the north." (In order to animate the photographs that accompany the text—many of which have served as slides accompanying his lectures—Scully makes use of highly charged verbs. Stationary objects acquire an unexpected velocity: skyscrapers and avenues rush, the island of Manhattan sails.)

For an example of mannerly accommodation to the environment, Scully leads us out of the shadowy man-made canyons of Wall Street and into a natural canyon—indeed, the Grand Canyon. The Pueblo people of that region, in their non-Hellenic fashion, chose centuries ago—and to this day continue to choose—to echo the shapes of the landscape in their architecture. They seek to correct the chief failing of their landscape—lack of water—by dancing: a method that, whatever its efficacy, at least leaves the environment undefiled. We late-arriving Americans try to remedy the lack of water not by dancing but by a surgical reshaping of the terrain. We construct

the Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, prompting, among other defilements, the growth of Las Vegas, a city made possible by the electric power that the dam generates. Meanwhile, so many states plunder the waters of the Colorado that today it is the only major river on earth that has no mouth: the last of its flow trickles across the border of the United States into the sands of Mexico instead of pouring tumultuously, as it once did, into the Gulf of California.

With practice, and at the reiterated seductive promptings of Scully, the art of seeing becomes a kind of second sight: he teaches us to take in far more than is immediately presented to the eye. Even in a state of ruin, some structures, we come to learn, possess an aura of once intense activity, whether sacred or profane. Something of significance happened within their walls: in pagan days, a propitiatory bloody sacrifice, human or animal; in Christian times, the sacrament of the Mass, in which God Himself is eaten. Again and again, we find in taking the measure of a structure that it is both itself and more than itself—that it arouses in us emotions of delight or dread because it contains the vehement ghost of its intention.

In "Architecture" Scully has conjured up an army of such ghosts, with a zest and a wit that do much to counterbalance the dreary physical appearance of his book. Its whitish, Mylar-like dust jacket and equally pale layout are at odds with the flavor of the text. Scully himself accepts part of the blame. Having mentioned in his preface that "all the chapters . . . have in common the fact that they are conceived visually, as part of an extended visual experience," he doesn't hesitate to acknowledge that the book "is illustrated in large part with my own slides and photographs, veterans of many teaching years," and goes on to explain, "If sometimes technically primitive and battered by time, they at least illustrate what I have seen myself, and so supplement my text as others, however accomplished, cannot normally do." Granted Scully's amateur standing as a photographer, the reproduction of the black-and-white photographs in "Architecture" is in many cases so poor as to make them nearly valueless. A caption under a photograph will



identify distant mountain peaks—critical in helping to justify Scully's often questioned theories about the siting of temples—but the peaks will prove invisible. A large photograph of the Hagia Sophia purports to demonstrate how a building can be dematerialized into a Platonic ideal of circle and square; what we actually confront is a deteriorated photograph on its way to depicting ectoplasm.

When it comes to the art of seeing, mature ghosts are to be welcomed; immature ectoplasm is not. But how little the defects in the production of this book amount to compared to the robust voice that we encounter on every page, exhorting us to escape "the blindness of the contemporary urban world to everything that is not itself, to nature most of all"! In the course of seeking to make good our escape, we venture with Scully far beyond the formal boundaries of academic architectural history. Boldly, we enter a realm of speculation going back into prehistory—a period in which Scully, with his atavistic intuitions, appears quite comfortably at home. From Lascaux on, Scully sees man attempting to satisfy needs both physical and spiritual in environments that have proved more or less inimical to him. The attempt has been heroic and indiscriminate (it has brought us Versailles as well as the Hoover Dam), and has exacted a formidable price. That which is man-made bedevils nature, and nature takes its revenge by turning the man-made into ruins. In this interminable contest I suspect Scully of being a secret agent on the side of nature; certainly he is a lover of ruins and of the kind of twentieth-century architecture (Le Corbusier's, Louis I. Kahn's) that will furnish the handsomest ruins in centuries to come. Nevertheless, he has yet to give up hope on man and what man makes. In the last sentence of the book he urges us "to respect the integrity of the earth, to find a truth in it and . . . shape a community with it for the common good." It is a tall order, perhaps even a preposterous one, but we dare not gibe at it. For what, we may be asked, is the alternative?

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